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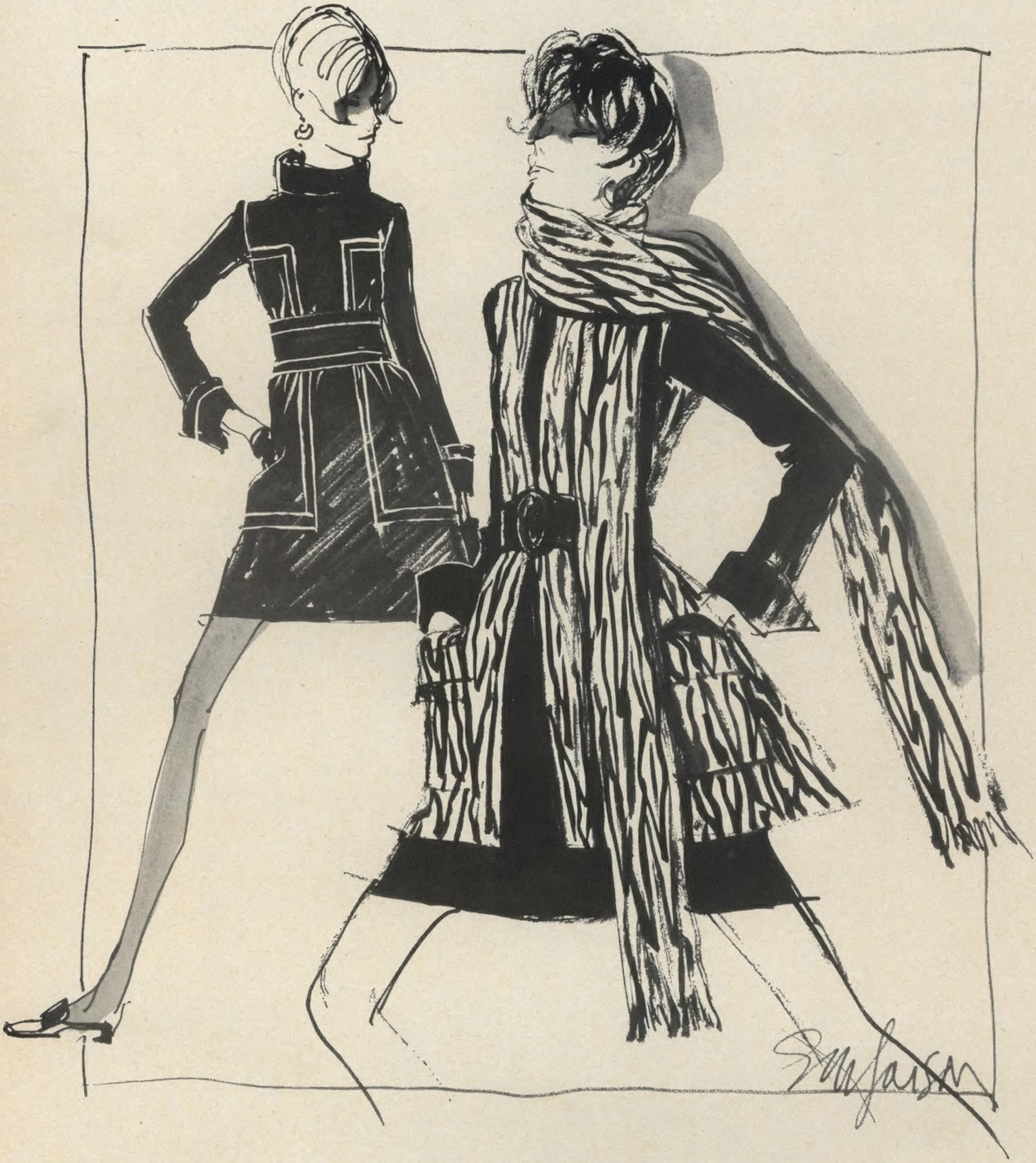

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PENATI

COVER: Loves for evening on the U.S. scene—shirts and pants in luxe-y fabrics, like this electric-blue-and-silver brocade shirt over easy pants. Necktied on the cover, sashed here—and on page 110—with its own belt. Oscar de La Renta; Abraham acetate-wool-Lurex. . . . Hair to be in love with now: the new-blown curving crop highlighted by streaks of burnished gold—delicious lights that streak in fast as lightning, and just as easily with Sheer Delight, a new lightener by Roux. Gilding the gold: Roux's Nice Change hair colour lotion, Gilded Lily. François of Kenneth coiffure. The blaze of cabochon sapphires and diamonds on the cover: Van Cleef & Arpels.

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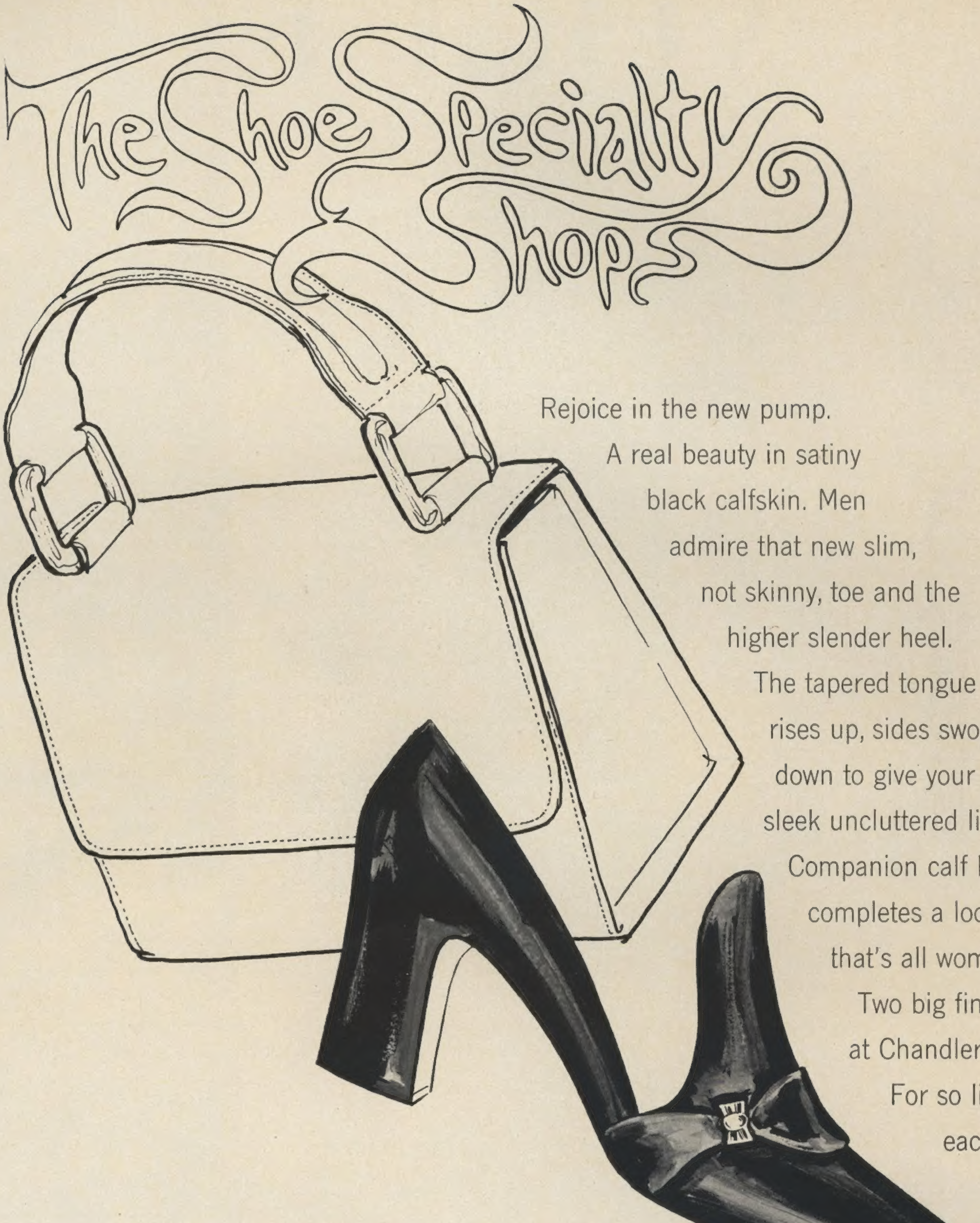

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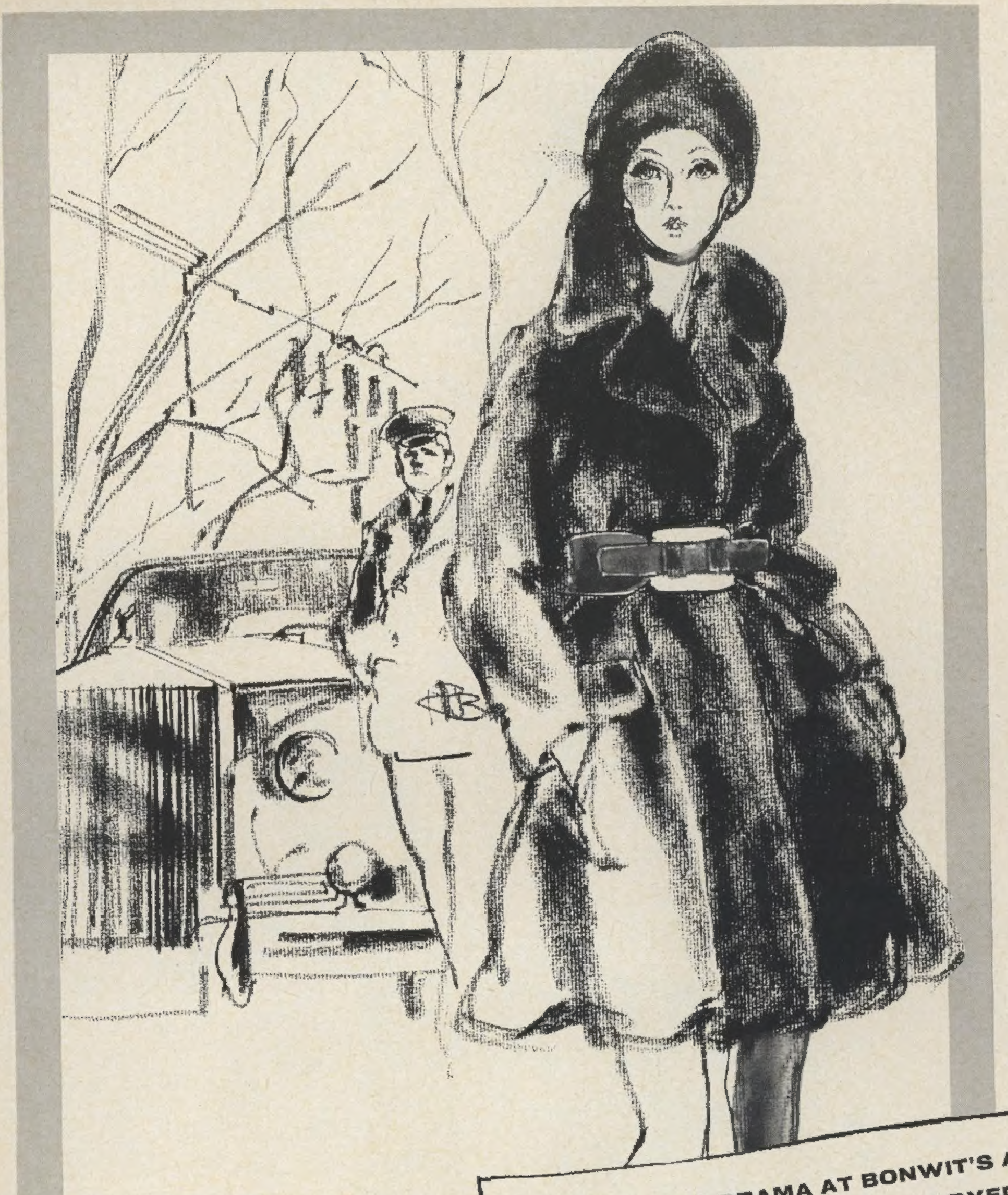

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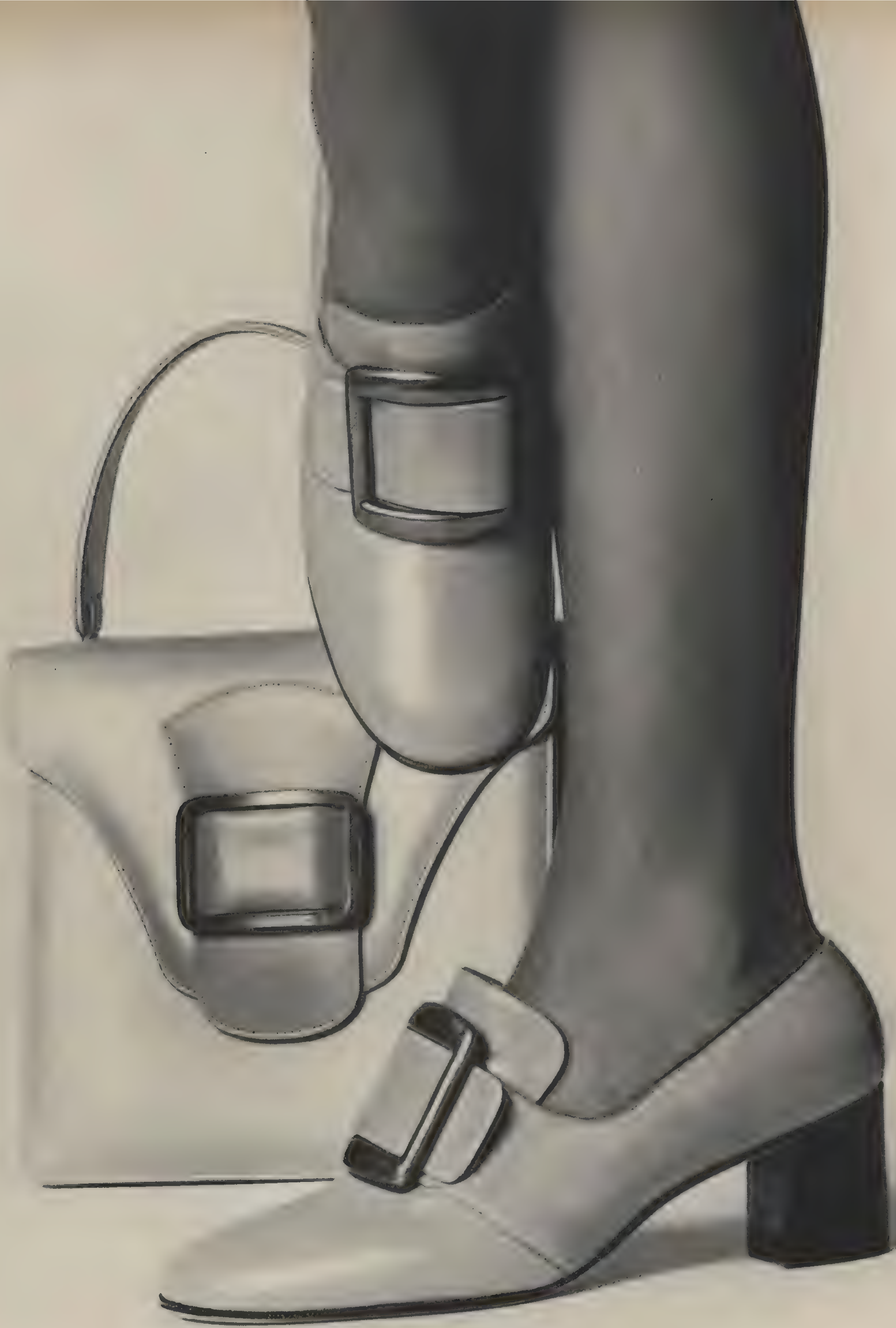

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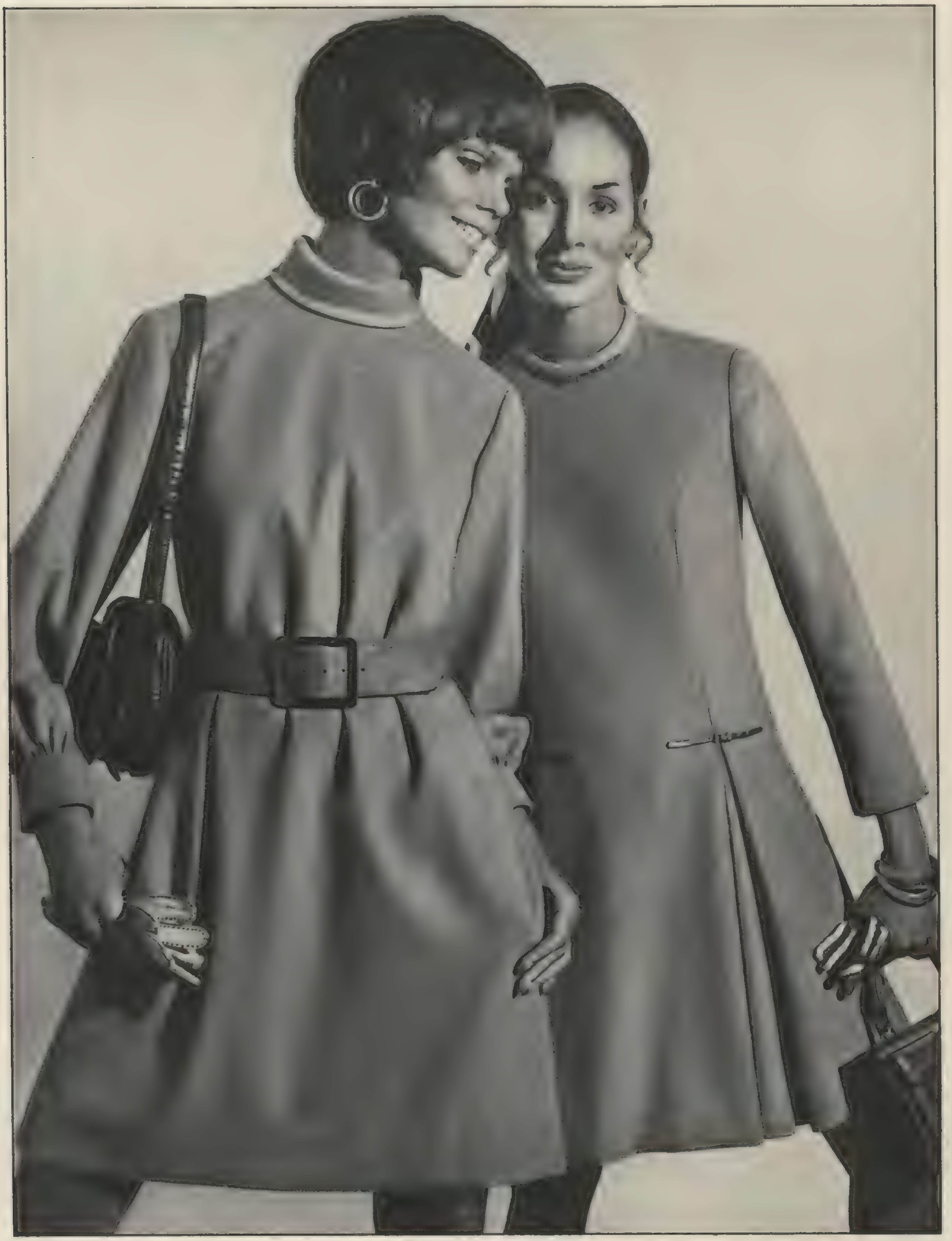

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One of the necessities of the good life imported from Denmark Finland Norway Sweden.

Kimberly

Persian poetry, a wool and metallic knit. About $100. Bergdorf Goodman, J. L. Hudson, Stix, Baer & Fuller, I. Magnin.

a true story

as told to us by Mary Lou H.

I have been washing, rinsing, fluffing, teasing, rolling and breaking my hair for far too long. Having just reached my 23rd unmarried year, I decided it was time for a new me. In looking through the fashion magazines for inspiration, I saw your adorable advertisement for Dynel wigs. I read every word of it.

My first purchase was a smart pull-back fall. I did just as the directions said. I pulled my dreary real hair back and tucked it under my beautiful new Dynel fall. On Sunday, I went for my usual lonely ride in the park. Reggie, with the intriguing green eyes, rode up and asked if he could trot along. I flipped my fall and said, "Why not!"

Next payday, I bought a little stretch wig. I slipped it on, brushed it into place, draped a scarf in a capricious gypsy manner over it and danced and sobbed to the violins at Chez Mario with Mario.

With this run of luck, I knew Dynel held my future in its strands. And it was true. My boss, Mr. Scott, asked me (ME!) to lunch that day. I don't know whether it was my ideas for the new filing system or my wavy wig, but from lunch we went to dinner.

The rains came and so did my adorable wig that absolutely wouldn't wilt. It made me feel young and frivolous. Reggie was calling me constantly.

In the office I took on a more efficient air with a cool, smooth chignon, a great plot to keep Mr. Scott's eye on me. It worked. I was succeeding in business by trying new hairpieces.

It was all too much. I had to have time to think.

I took my vacation and I thought.

It was hot in Acapulco but Carlos was absolutely mad about my super braid and my super brain. I swam and changed my wig. Dynel *was* easy to care for. I danced and changed my wiglet. It's true, all true. You never have to set it, just brush. I sailed and I wore my braid with a garland of flowers he sent daily. Day after day I restyled Dynel with total abandon.

Then back home. I was much more grown up now. I discovered a "beautiful people" look my first day back with a long, long wash-and-wear fall that is irresistible.

I got married. And who do you think I married? Was it Reggie with the intriguing green eyes from the horsey set? Was it Mr. Scott, successful, ambitious, though kind exec? Was it Mario, the Roman, or was it Carlos, bad boy of the Jet Set?

I'll let you guess. Isn't it enough to know my happiness is *not fake anything, it's real Dynel.*

UNION CARBIDE

Lurex puts the pizazz in a plunge-neck shirtdress. Gleaming and glistening in Raxon Fabrics' checked brocade of wool-nylon-and-Lurex® metallic yarn. Green-and-gold, and ours alone, $170. VERY *Saks Fifth Avenue*

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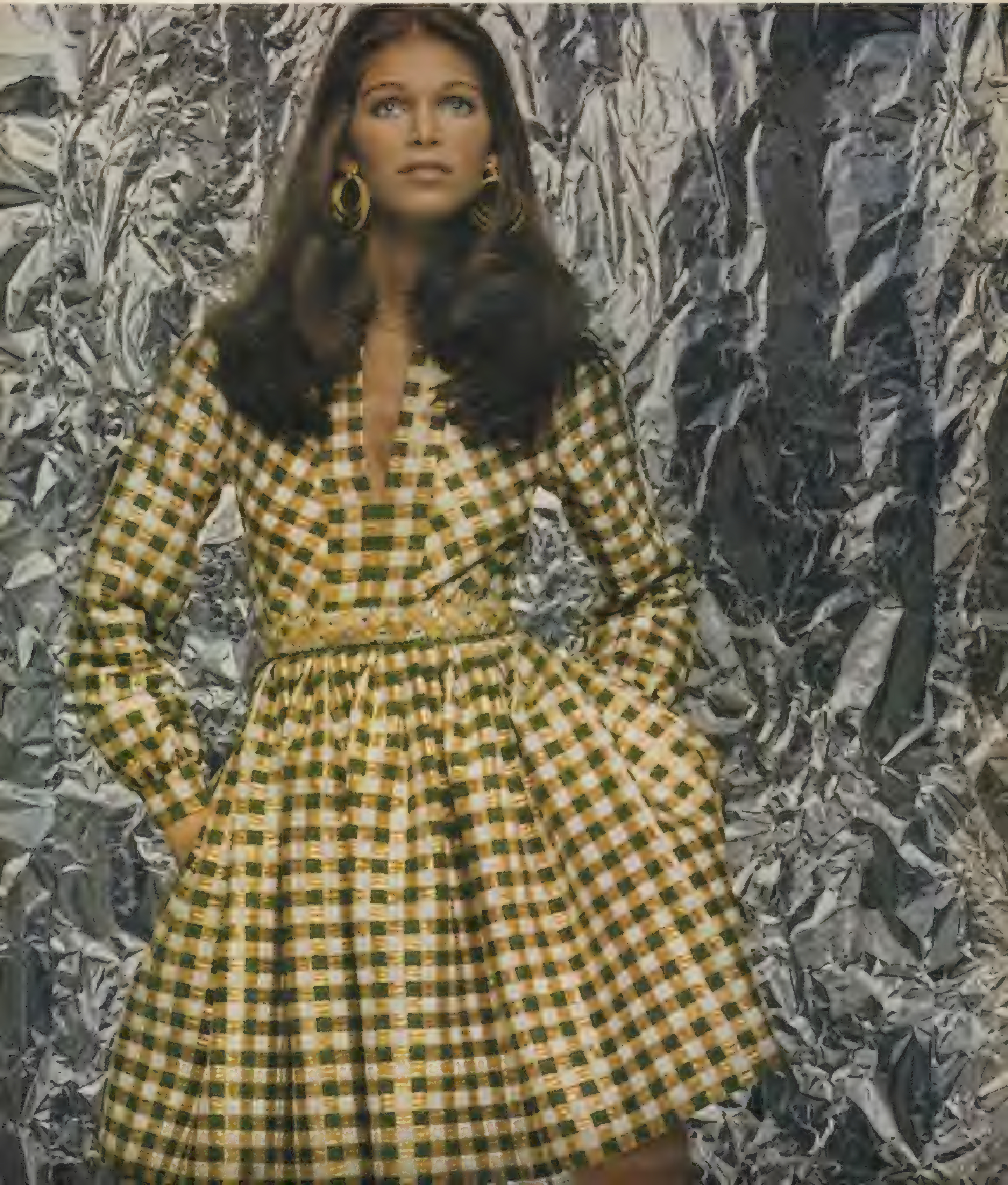

Lurex glitters up a flippy little night-time skim that looks like solid gold but is really a knit.

Wool-and-Lurex® metallic yarn, in gold or silver. Ours alone, $85. *VERY* *Saks Fifth Avenue*

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Lurex sets off the nicest sort of fireworks in knit. Doing jacquard things on a tunic pulled over straight-leg pants. In white or black wool with golden Lurex® metallic yarn, $100. *VERY* *Saks Fifth Avenue*

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Lurex shines forth in geometric patterns by Hawley Fabrics for a costume that's ultra-current and charged with news.

Black acetate brocade with coppery Lurex® metallic yarn. Ours alone, $170. VERY *Saks Fifth Avenue*

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Lurex® metallic yarn showers silk organza with glistening gilt dottings. Making this floaty turquoise shirtdress of TSM Fabric one of the richest around. Ours alone, $145. VERY *Saks Fifth Avenue*

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Lurex lights evening pyjamas of Preston Fabrics with a dazzle that won't be dimmed. In vivid pink or beige brocade of acetate-nylon-and-Lurex® metallic yarn. Ours alone, $160. **VERY** *Saks Fifth Avenue*

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Woman Talk.
Subject: One-size pantyhose.
Hummingbird, Hudson and Gotham Gold Stripe.
All the beautiful colors, $2.50 each.

Incredible.
I've got very long legs
and up to now finding pantyhose
that fit me comfortably
has been a problem.
These really do.

Stella A Wilson

I'm 5'2½" and my roommate's 5'8".
Who'd ever believe we'd be able to
wear the same size! We do.

Jeanne Field

I'm a typical Virgo.
I'd spend at least 20 minutes
figuring out my size.
Now I just look for these.

Myrna Pullen

No more wrinkles.
They look and feel
as though they're part of me.
They're the greatest discovery
since false eyelashes!

Barbara J. Schnepp

Frankly, I thought
one-size pantyhose
were a gimmick
until I tried these.
Whoever invented them
should get an award.

Margot Witty

When I stand up
after sitting for a while
I never worry about
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With these I have one, my own.

Sema Salit

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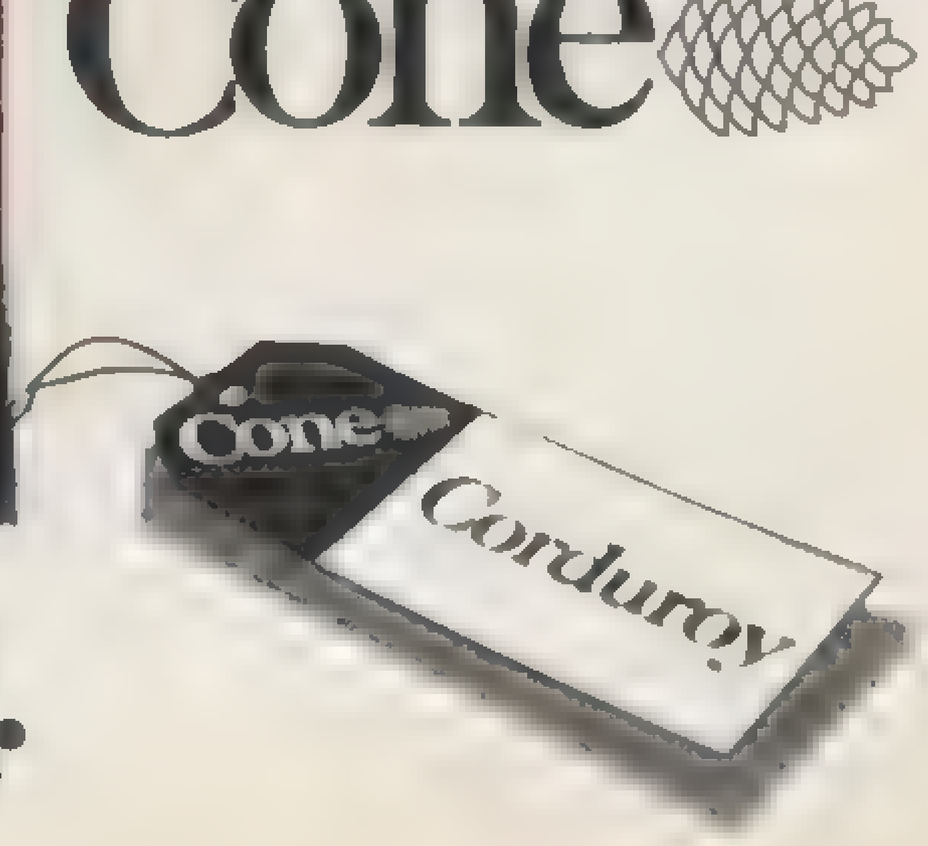

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Clue:

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Clue:

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to call
her own.

Clue:

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somebody whoever you are.

Vera paints India Mangos

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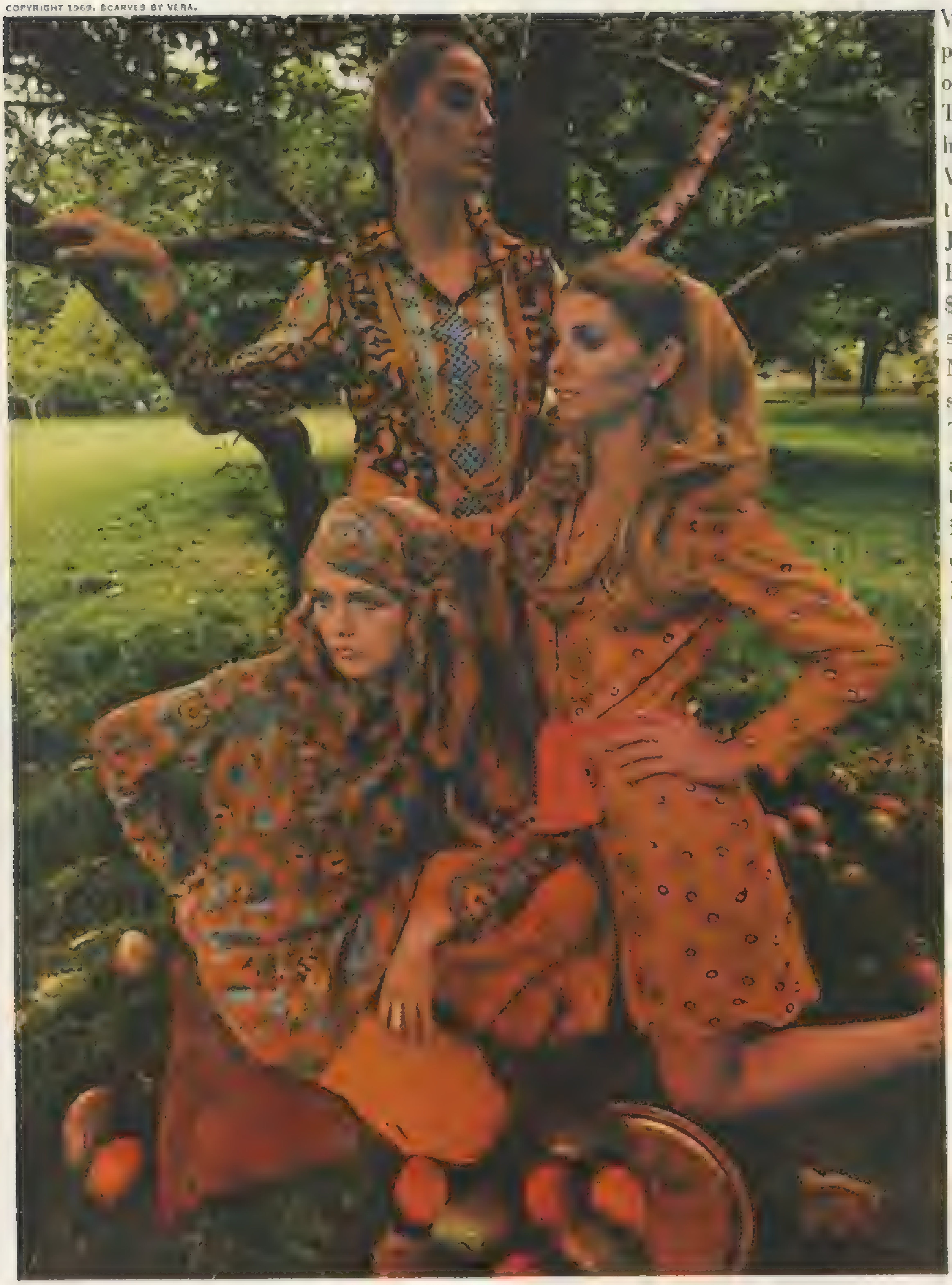

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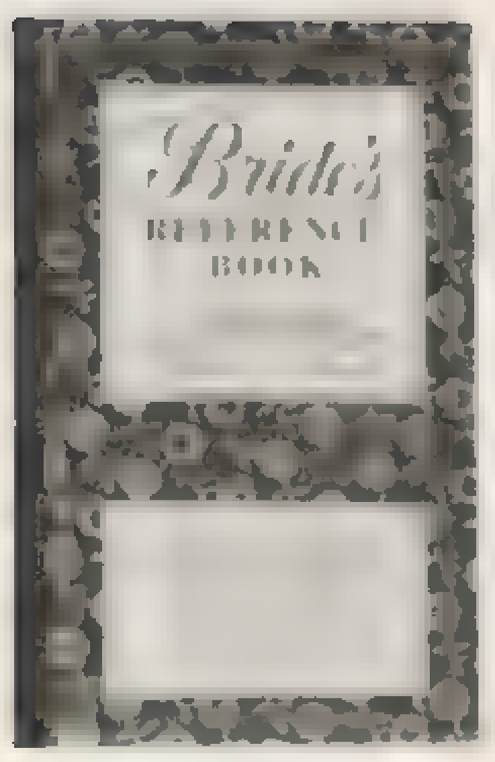
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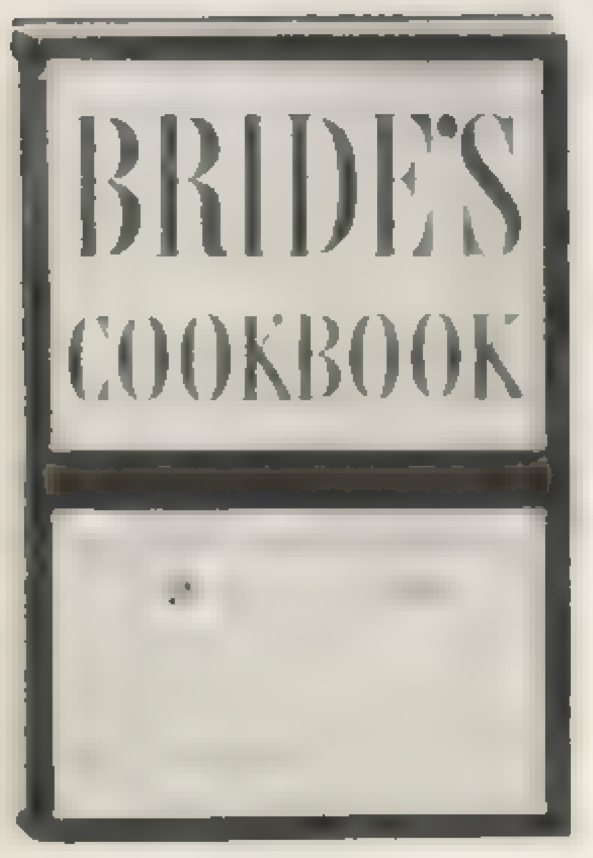
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BEAUTY CHECKOUT

September 15

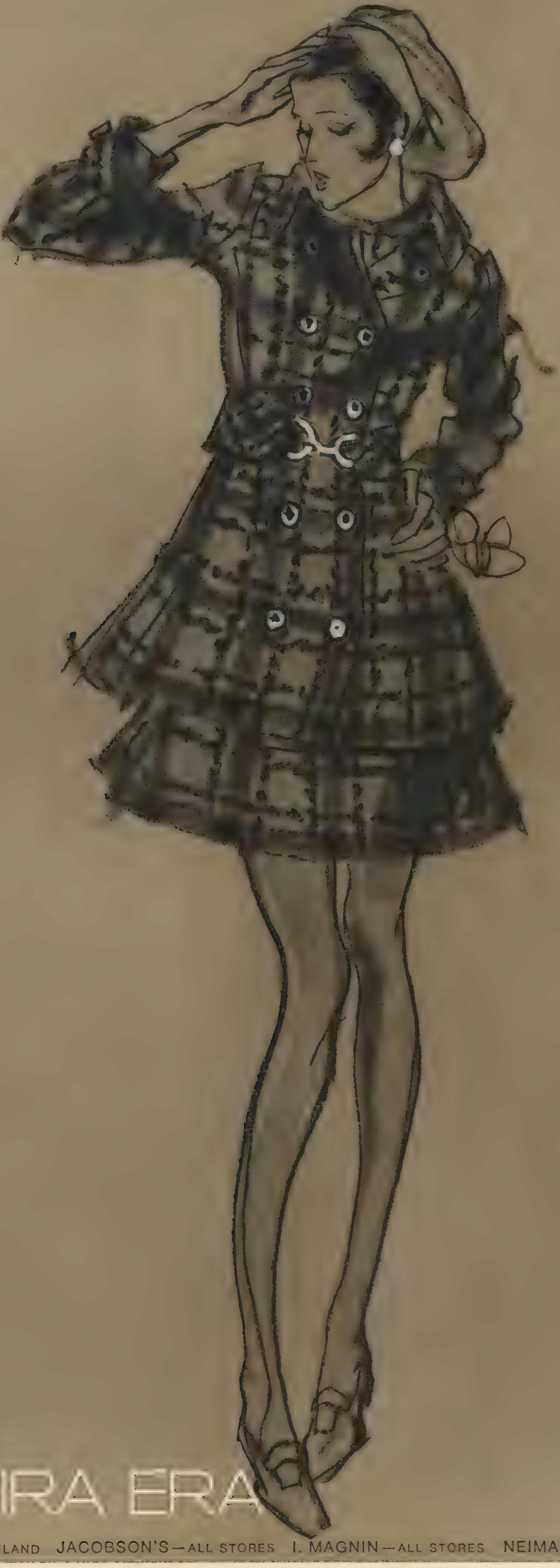
How not to feel fat—just happy in Vienna

The Paragon Traveller emerged from Vienna weighing a pound or two less than she'd entered with. "You lost weight in *Vienna?*" we asked, fearing, of course, for her health. "Yes, and I enjoyed not only every bit but every bite of Vienna," she said, a faraway look—or was it a cook?—in her eye. . . . "Stay in the Viennese countryside. Schloss Laudon, a twelfth-century moat-surrounded castle, is just twenty minutes from the heart of town. It's now a hotel, and rooms are priced in accordance with the style of the authentic antiques therein. (Baroque Louis XVI and Baroque Empires run neck and neck.) But beyond beauty and authenticity, the point is the *exercise.* There are magnificent parklands in which to jog. Swimming pool. A year-round sauna, and a superb masseur on call—at the pool pavilion or in your room. Sweet-tempered horses to ride. Three good clay tennis courts. . . . The food is designed for total delicacy, and nearly all of it produced on the place—milk, meat, vegetables, the marvellous bread and pastries. Bathroom scales at the Schloss should keep you in check, and help you gauge the fetching snacks you'll be encountering in town. . . . *How to go Grinzing without groaning?* The most elegant stube in Grinzing is Poldi Kurtz. Leopold Kurtz has managed a superb restoration of the fourteenth-century building where exquisite food and wines are served at long tables in the garden and two-level wine cellar. Here you can coddle your appetite with the salad of the house—Emmenthaler cheese and ham and wurst with fragrant tomatoes, peppers, gherkins, all cubed identically, all in a masterly mustard-y dressing. They call it an appetizer, but for me it served as a full meal splendidly. . . . *How to avoid the pastries and ice creams at Demel's?* It can be done. While the others are lapping up the gorgeous specialties, you order something not on the menu: a great foaming glass of fresh squeezed orange juice. It's the blood orange that's put into the press at Demel's—scarlet as tomato juice, so beautiful you'll slip past those famous temptations enlarging others at other Demel tables." . . . We'll *try* to slip past them, right in the Paragon Traveller's wake.

Timid Traveller thwarts Russian hair raid

Our Timid Traveller—distant relative (from the nervous side of the family tree, she will tell you) of Vogue's Paragon Traveller—is just in from U.S.S.R. In Moscow, Leningrad, Kiev, and the Black Sea resort, Sochi, had challenging skirmishes with beauty salons. Became progressively more confident about confrontations. "It's a matter of getting the knack of them," she reported. "As in a dentist's office, there is always a crowd of grim patients-in-waiting. Let neither the language gap, nor a quivering disposition to lurk always last in line, keep you from charging through to the receptionist. She will instantly detect that you are a tourist, and in that capacity you'll be attended to at once, can get in and out, reasonably coiffed and manicured, within thirty minutes. Russians great teasers, hair-sprayers. Say *niet, niet, niet* firmly if any of this gets out of hand. Whatever hair spray consists of, the rascal gets syringed on in puddles that leave hair looking like plaster cast. . . . Approach Soviet hair dryer with 'less-is-more' philosophy. It's, you might say, *Red* hot. After trial under fire, I brought my own cotton ear pads and holding net. Even thus equipped, found myself sticking a charred head out for air, while more hardy Russian comrades, who'd been cooking considerably longer, looked on scornfully. Operator pushed my head back under, presumably on theory that only ashes are properly dry. You must learn to fight back, go stand menacingly near operator's chair. If she points back to the dryer, you point at the clock, and she'll give up engagingly. . . . Ignore all guidebook advice about Russians not accepting tips. Hairdressers and manicurists seem to find dollar bill eminently acceptable tribute to the speed and affability with which they dispatch you." . . .

(More Beauty Checkout, page 56)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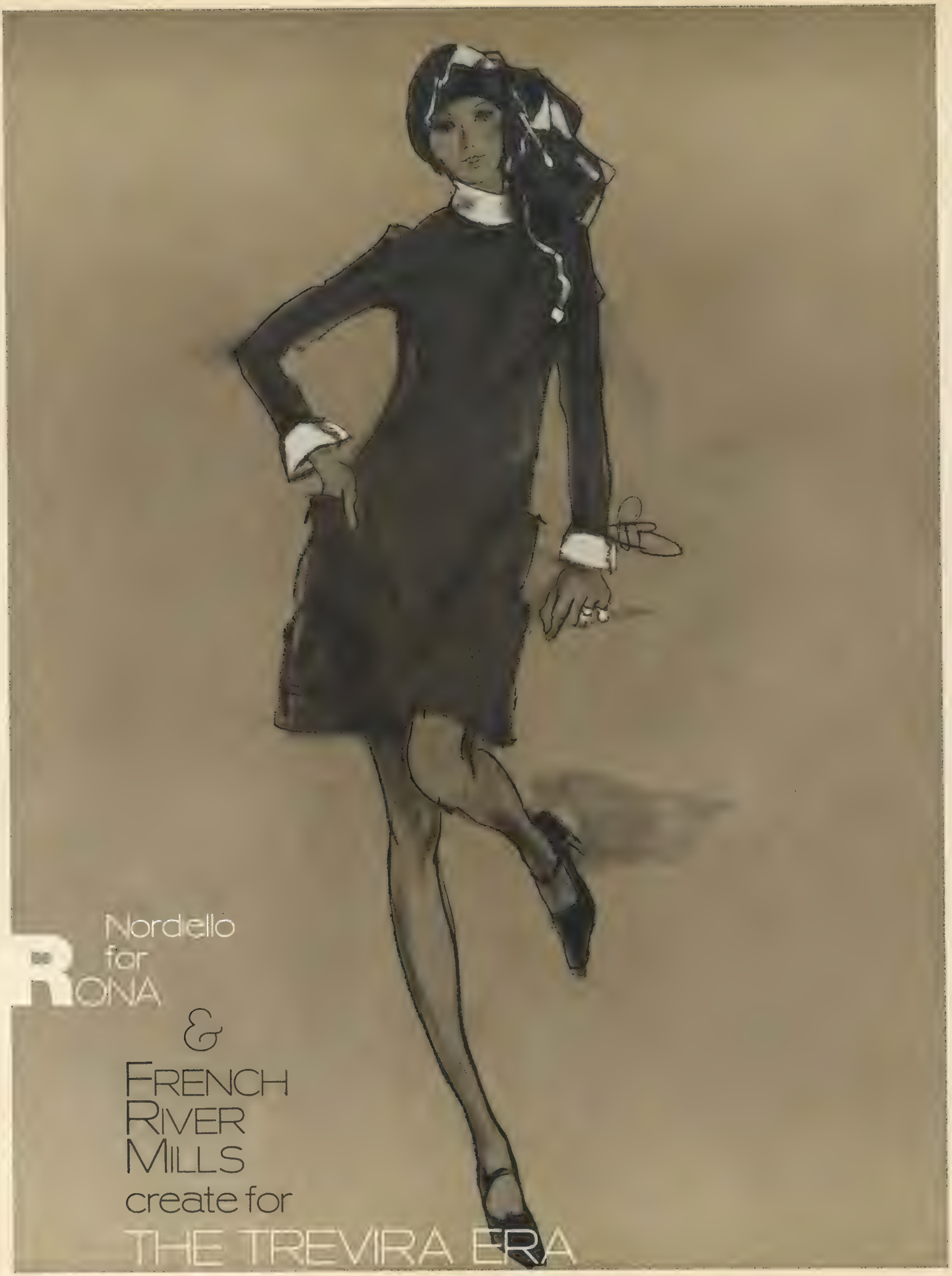
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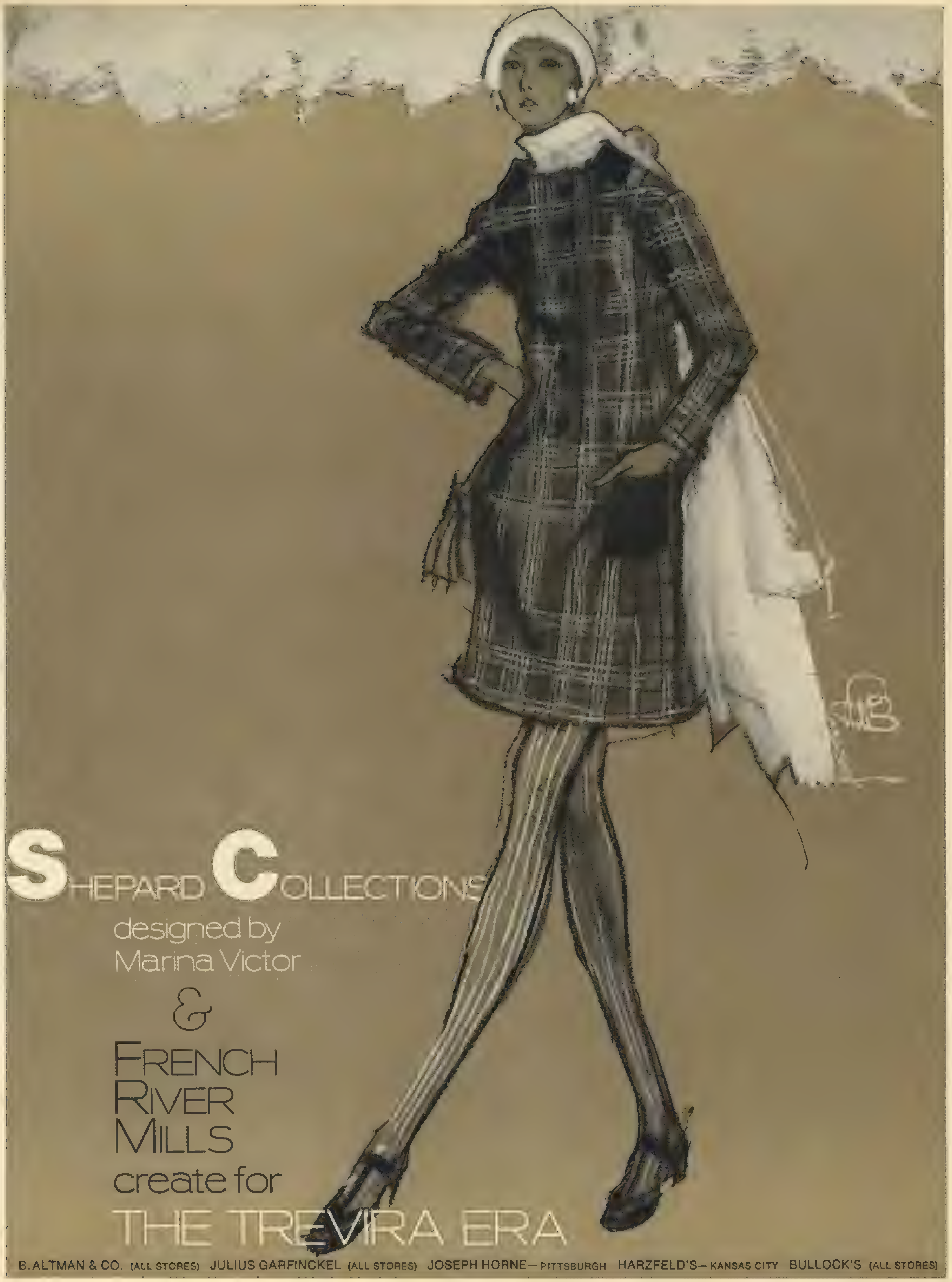
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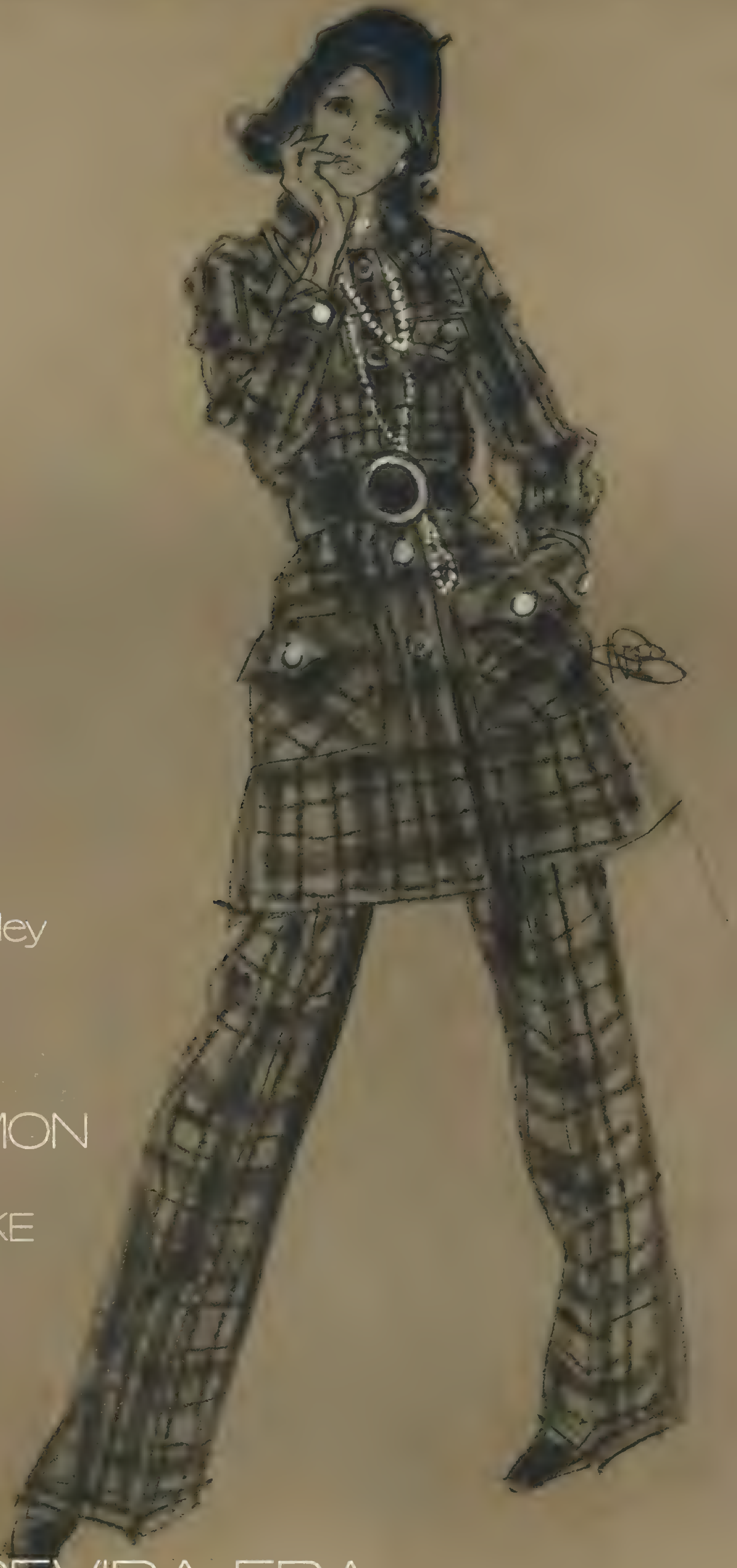

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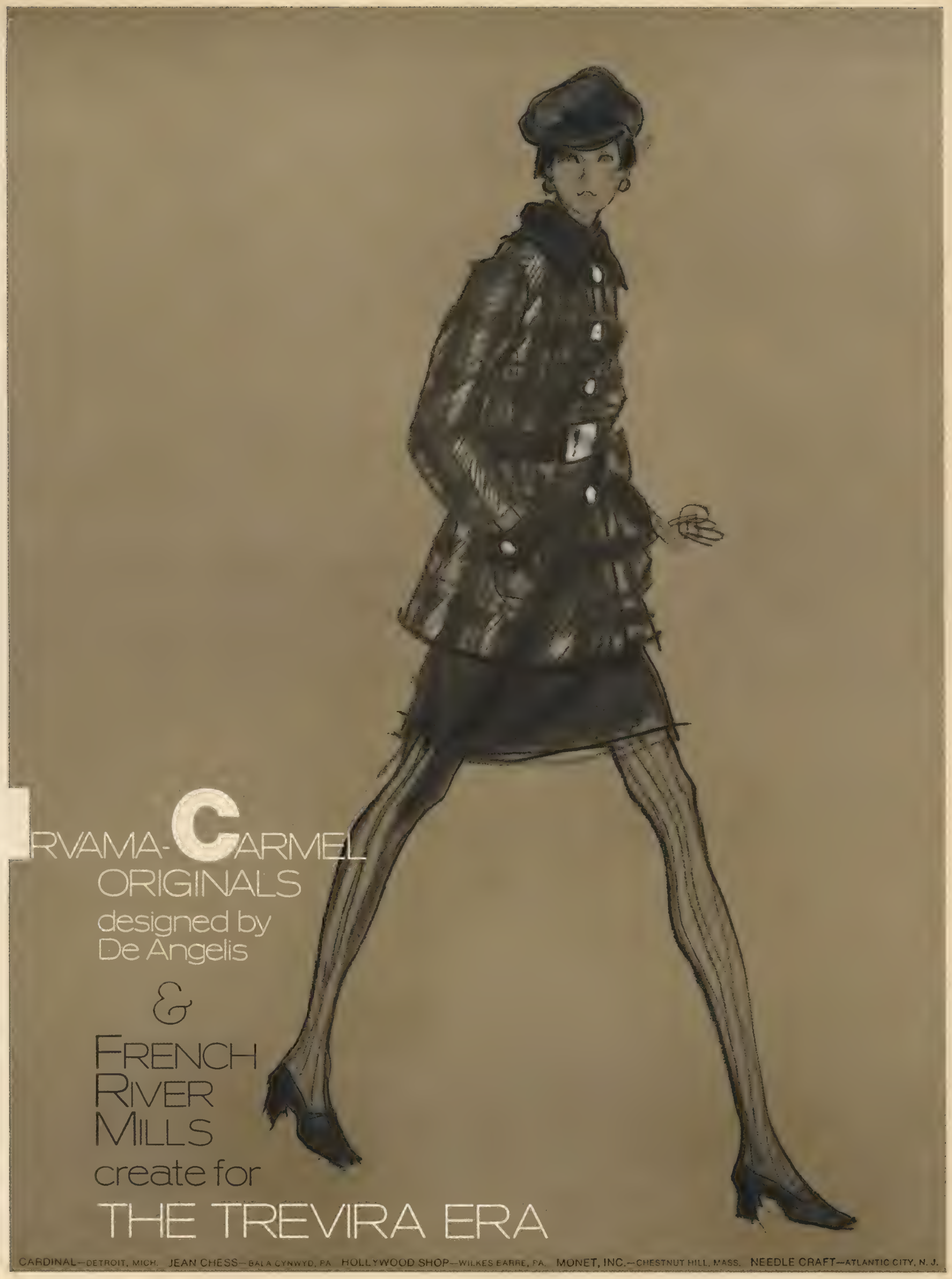

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VOGUE'S FASHIONS IN Travel

BY DESPINA MESSINESI

Indian summer weekends: three great American cities

In autumn, cities rev up. Lights turn on. Doors open. Action begins. After a soggy seashore summer, flying away on a long weekend to New York, Boston, or Washington, D. C. could rev up minds as well. Here, some suggestions on things to see in these three cities.

NEW YORK:

At Lincoln Center, September 16-October 2, the New York Film Festival will be three times new: An orgy of new films shown in the new Alice Tully Hall in the equally new Juilliard Building, a lavish training field for music, drama, and dance open to students as well as professionals.

The best place, not new but proven, for rock concerts plus the eye-music of the Joshua Light Show, is Fillmore East on Friday and Saturday nights.

At City Center one of the exclamation points, September 23-November 2, is the vigorous, young, and appealing Joffrey Ballet Company. For other stirrings in New York, see "Tip Sheet" on page 158.

BOSTON:

The Centennial Observance of Back Bay's great Museum of Fine Arts will begin on November 2 with a vast warm-up exhibition, "Back Bay Boston, The City as a Work of Art." In addition to the museum's nineteenth-century past, the show will include some of the contemporary projects for Copley Square where the handsome Boston Public Library and Trinity Church stand. . . . Boston's newest architecture, a magnificent City Hall, is heavy, modern, unique.

Fenway Court, a museum in an Edwardian Venetian palazzo built by Mrs. Jack Gardner and filled with art and flowers, startles by remaining exactly as it was during Mrs. Gardner's lifetime. Small delights: A bunch of violets stands always before the small religious canvas attributed to Giorgione; before Zurbarán's portrait "Doctor of Law at the University of Salamanca" a bouquet of nasturtiums.

Bailey's, a ninety-six-year-old candy store at 26 Temple Street, is famous for its cocoanut cakes and hot-fudge sundae sauce almost the black of black velvet. Same goodies at the new Bailey's—392 Boylston Street, near Copley Square.

WASHINGTON, D. C.:

The Corcoran Gallery of Art: November 14, Robert Morris will have his first major exhibition showing his Minimal sculpture; a few works never before exhibited, plus drawings and studies—from 1961 to the present.

The Freer Gallery of Art, famous for its superb collection of Oriental art and the complete span of Whistler's work as painter, draftsman, lithographer, and etcher, includes the Peacock Room, the only known example of interior decorating painted by Whistler. There hangs the full-length portrait of the British shipowner who commissioned the room but who refused to meet Whistler's price, and, in addition, a painted panel of fighting peacocks—one with shillings in his plumes, the other guarding a heap of shillings—that expresses Whistler's indignant feelings on rich patrons and poor artists.

At Smithsonian's National Collection of Fine Arts: October 24, Stanley William Hayter, a British printmaker living in Paris, will have a retrospective exhibition of some two hundred prints. In the late 'twenties, many well-known artists—Miró, Picasso, Calder, and Tanguy—came to Hayter's studio, Atelier 17, for advice on the technicalities of printmaking.

On the Mall, the Botanic Garden Conservatory's new lighting system gives the illusion of sunshine. The great domed palm house, never below seventy degrees, has the warmth of springtime; the cacti house—a desert dryness.

OPERATIONS WEEKEND:

The business of hotel reservations, the waiting for confirmations and rates, as well as a relaxed program—theatre in New York, sight-seeing in Boston and Washington—are part of the "weekend package" arranged by Eastern Airlines. Irrespective of plane fare, the cost depends on the length of the weekend—two nights or three—and on the hotel that visitors choose. As an example: A two-night weekend at New York's Waldorf Astoria with one theatre evening is a flat $48 for each of two persons sharing a double room. (Same plot at the Barclay Hotel: $44.55.)

The flights, the foresight, and the unexpectedly low prices are, of course, the offspring of Eastern Airlines, as is the fresh idea of dressing Eastern's stewardesses in sporty navy outfits—jumpsuits with red-lined jackets, mini-culotte skirts with nifty boots or knee socks, and furry beige coats, beginning Oct. 15.

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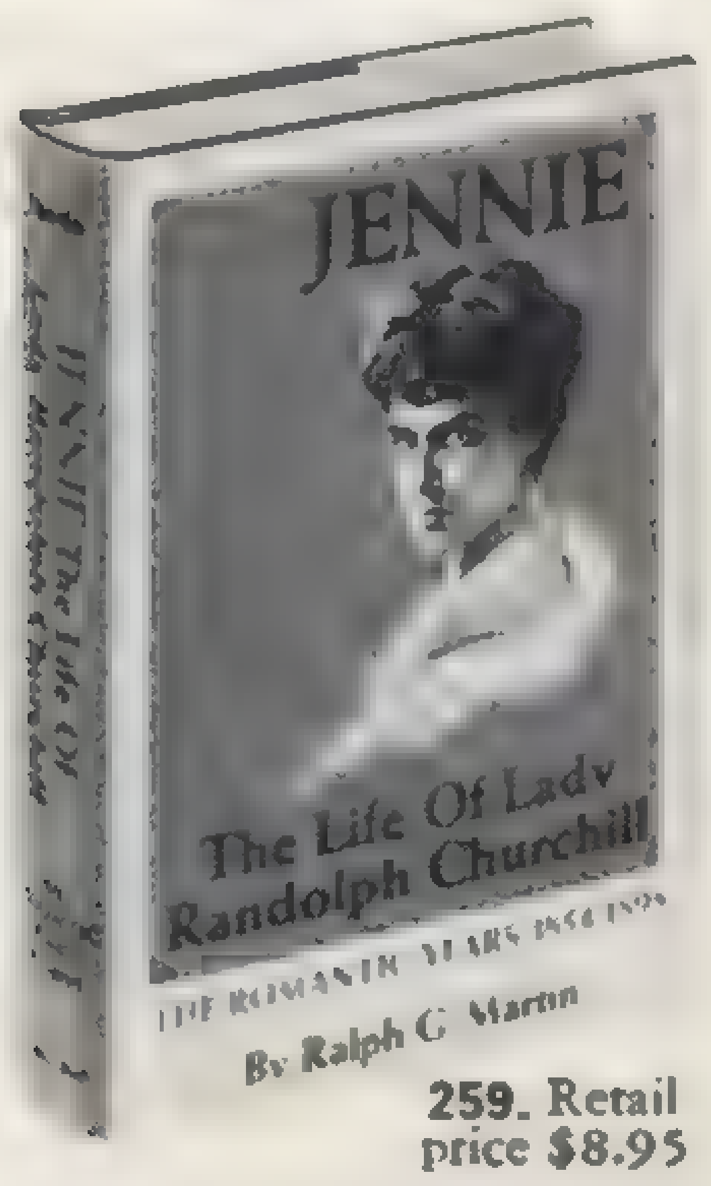
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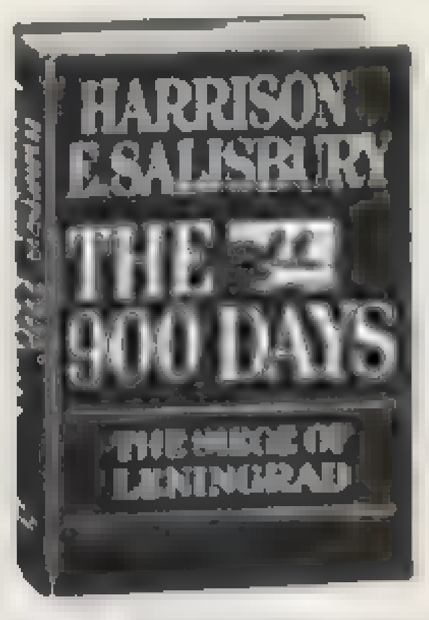
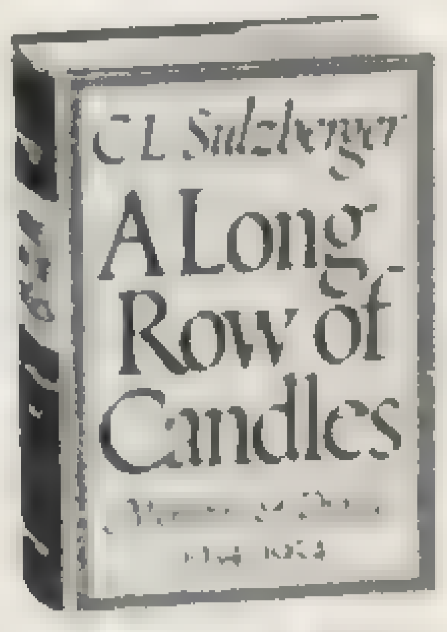

HARRISON E. SALISBURY
THE 900 DAYS
THE SIEGE OF LENINGRAD

484. THE 900 DAYS The Siege of Leningrad *by* HARRISON E. SALISBURY. Photos (Retail price $10)


C. L. Sulzberger
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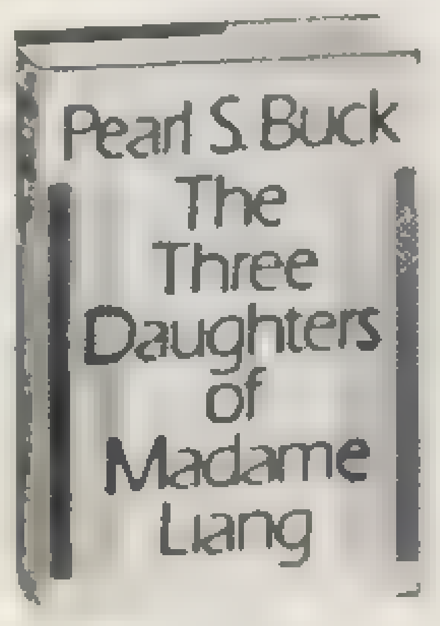
188. A LONG ROW OF CANDLES: The Memoirs and Diaries of C. L. Sulzberger, 1934-1954. Photos (Ret. price $12.50)


Pearl S. Buck
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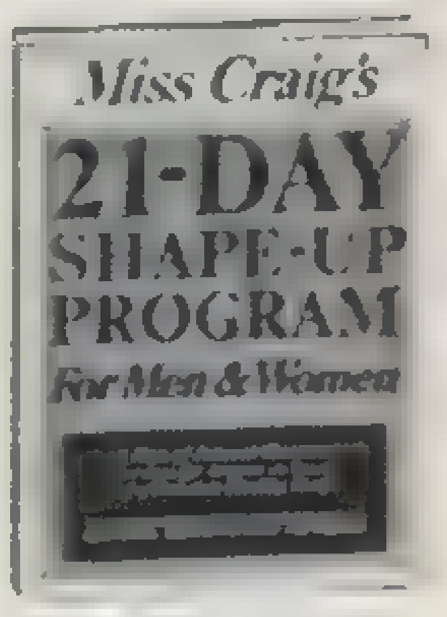
204. THE THREE DAUGHTERS OF MADAME LIANG *by* PEARL S. BUCK (Ret. price $6.95)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104. MISS CRAIG'S 21-DAY SHAPE-UP PROGRAM: For Men & Women Illus. (Ret. price $6.95)

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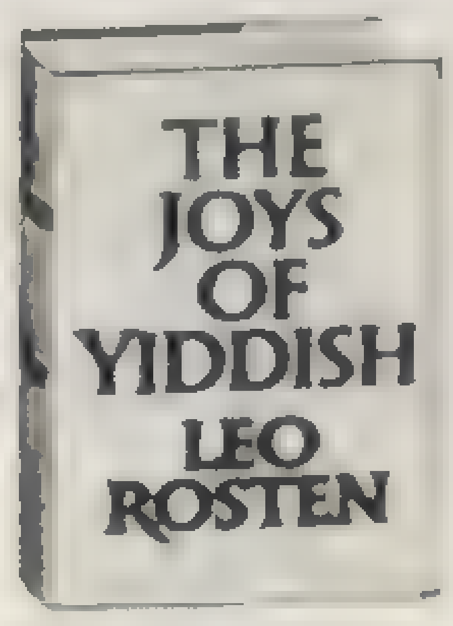
JOHN CHEEVER

207. BULLET PARK *by* JOHN CHEEVER (Ret. price $5.95)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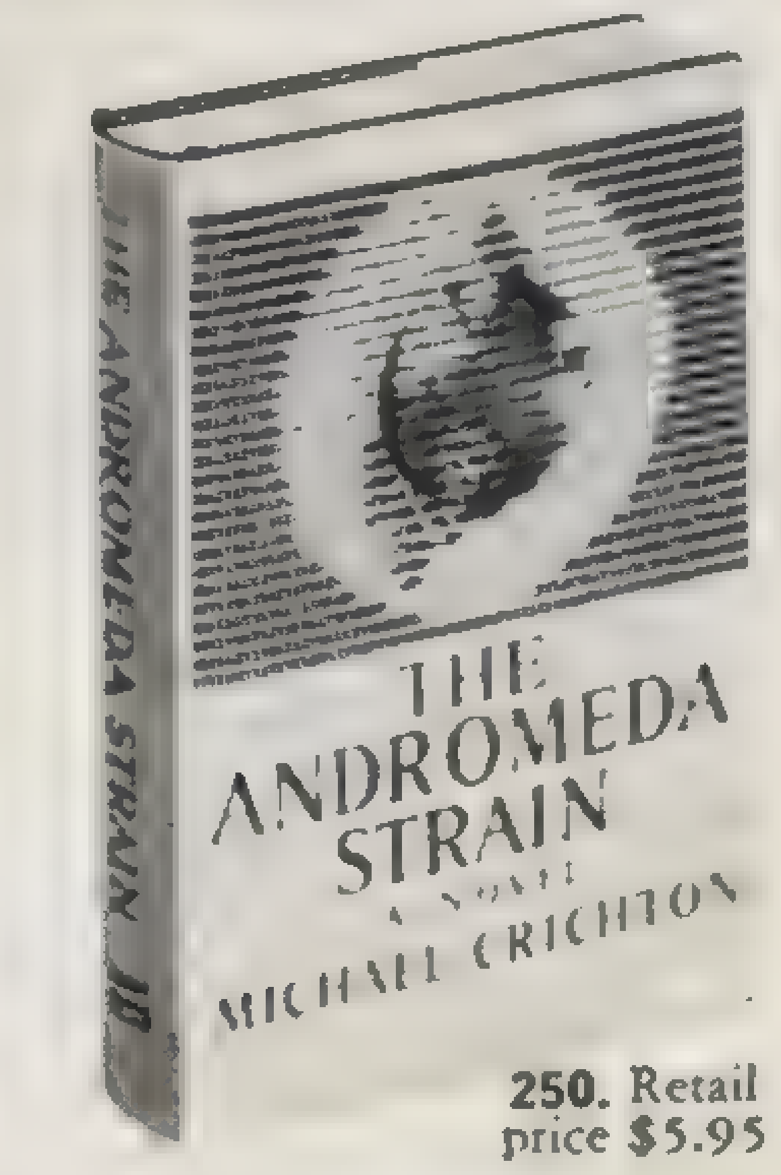
LEO ROSTEN

233. THE JOYS OF YIDDISH *by* LEO ROSTEN (Retail price $10)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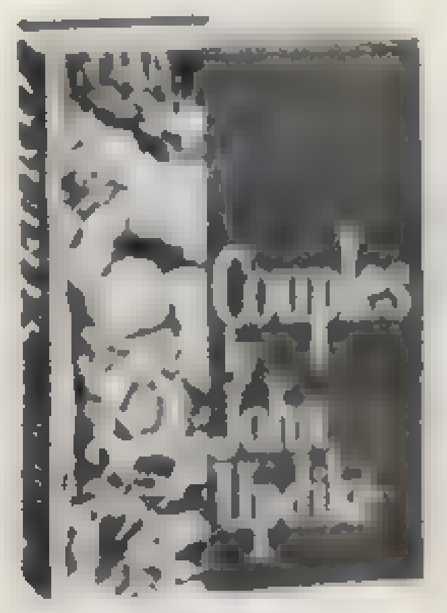
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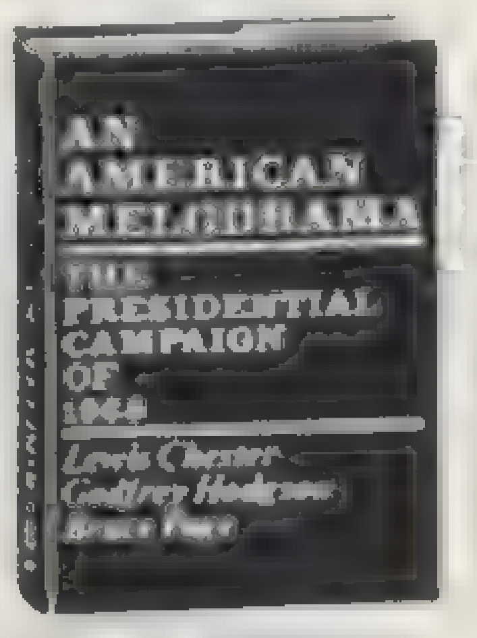
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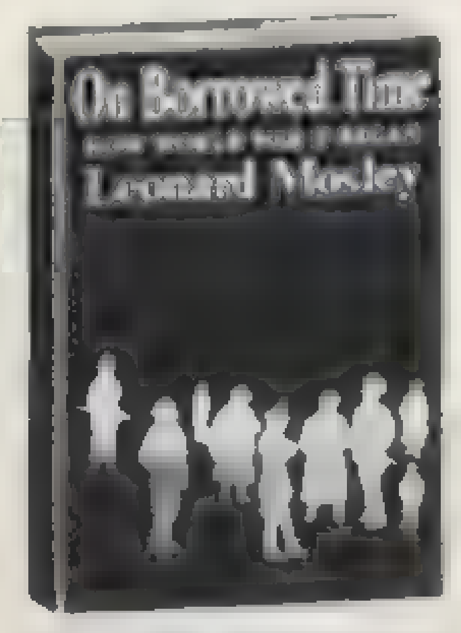
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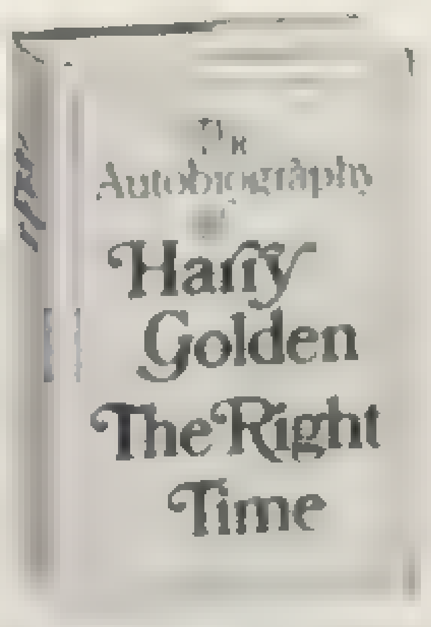
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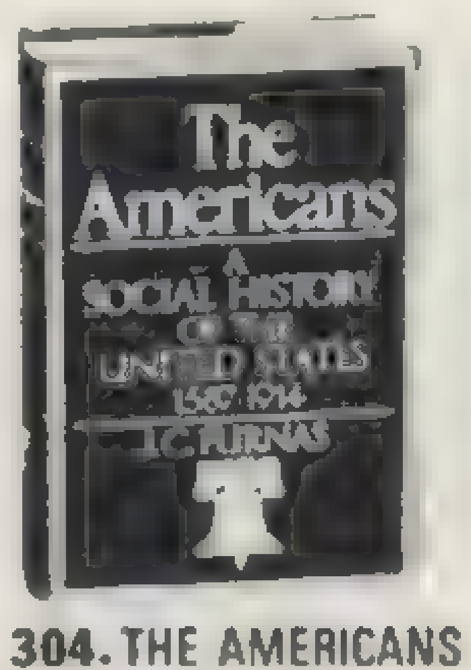
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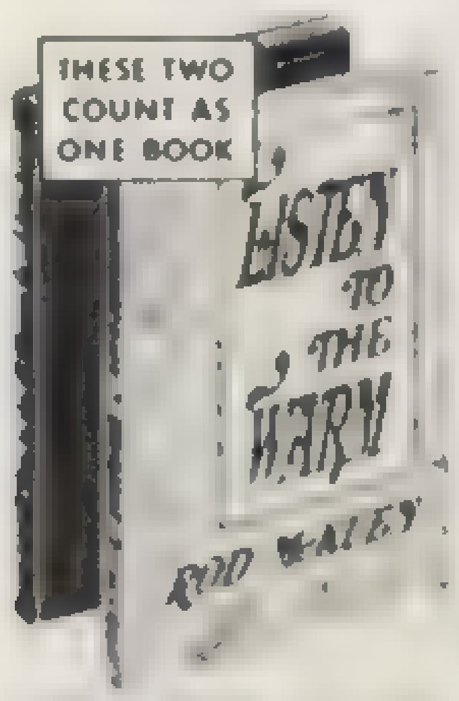
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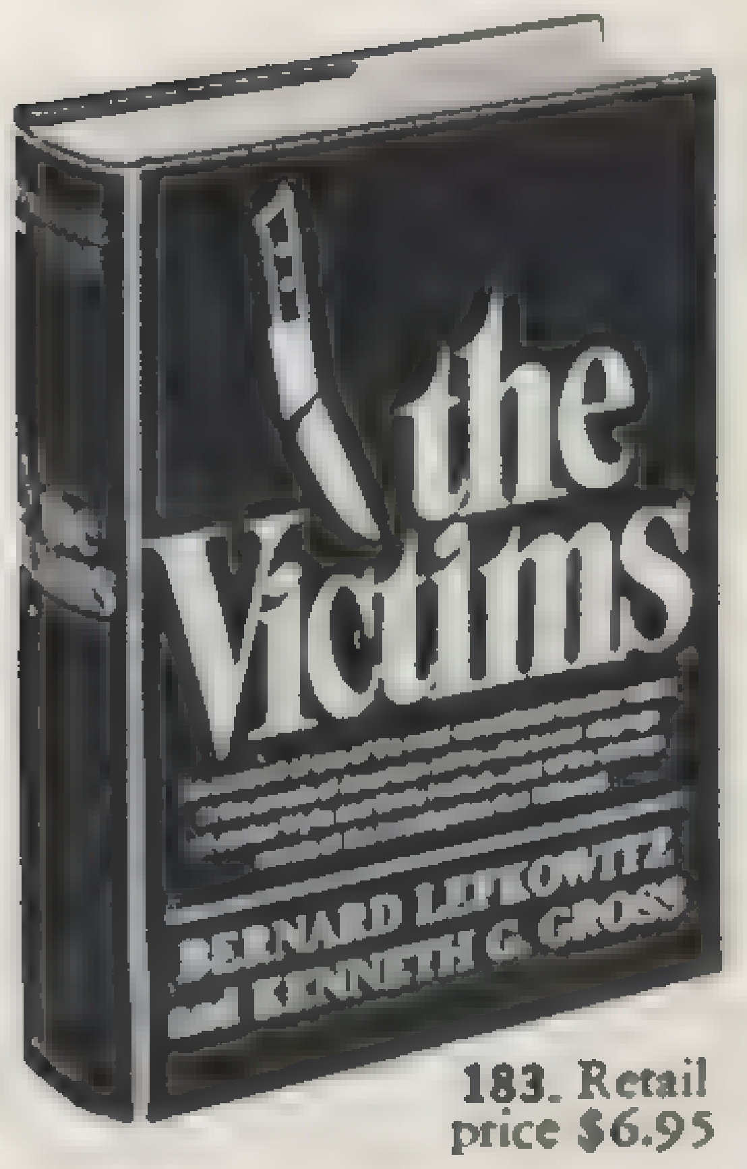
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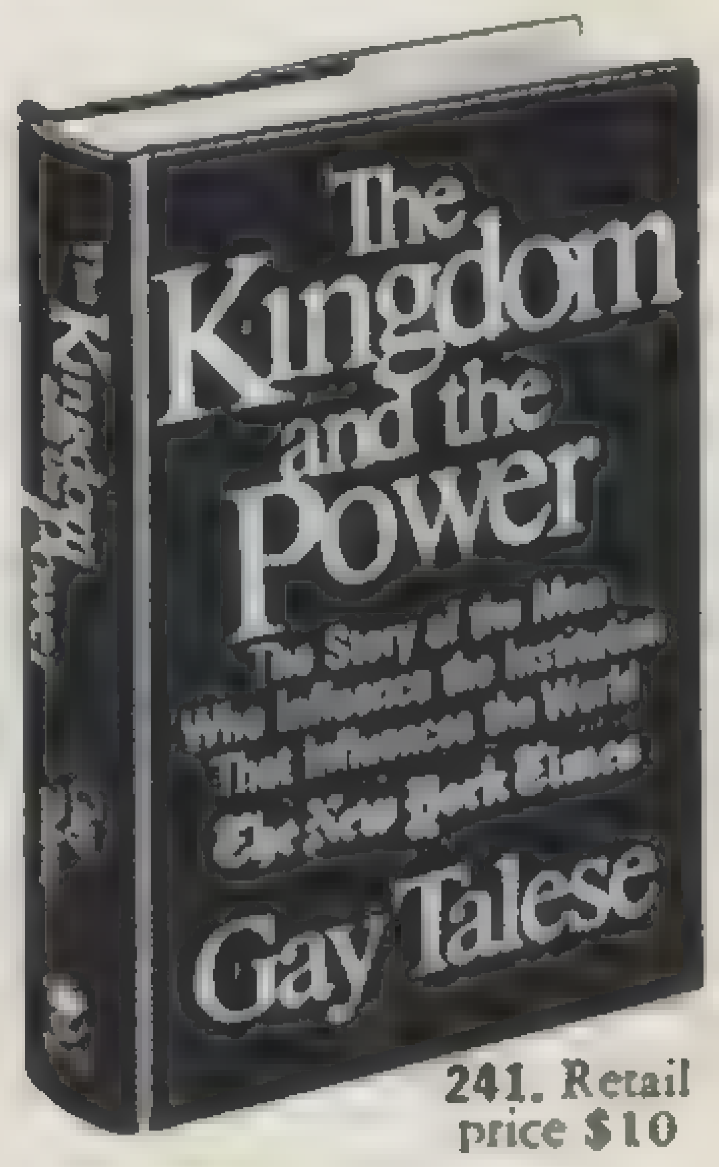
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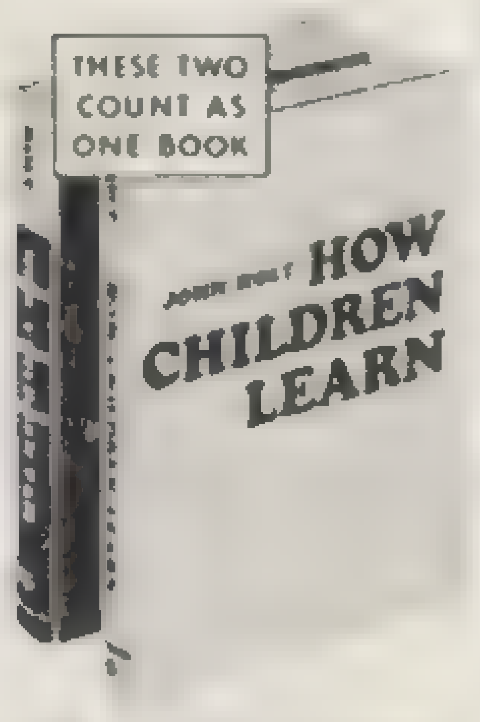
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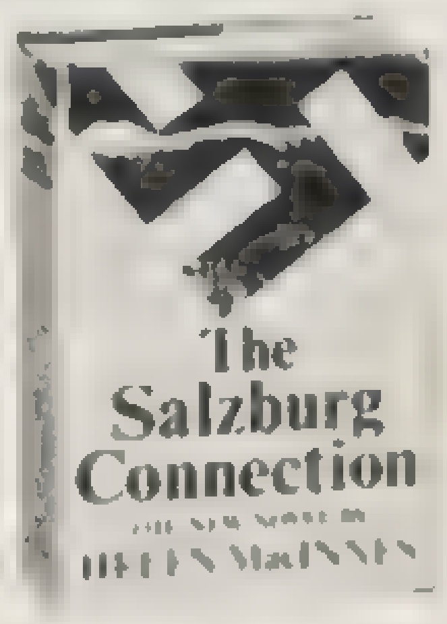
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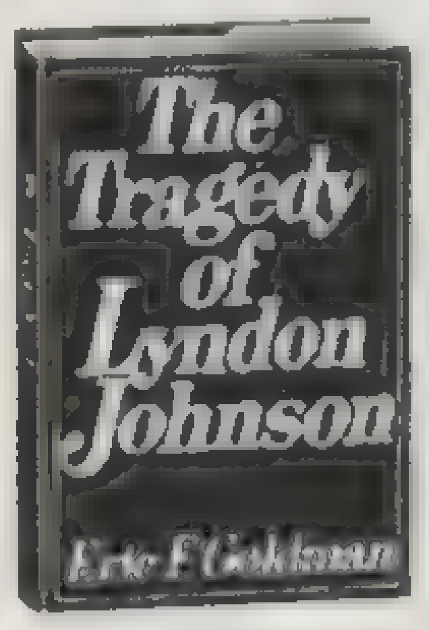
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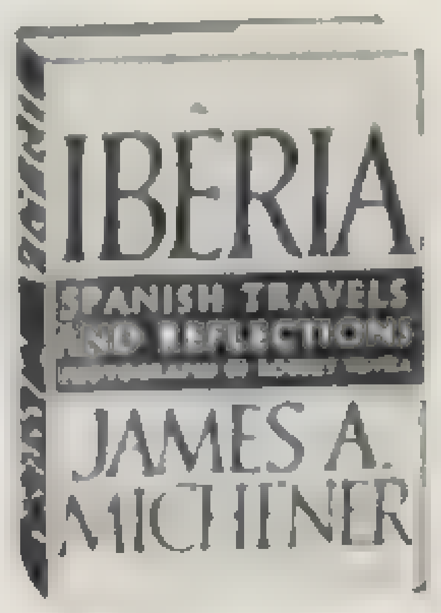
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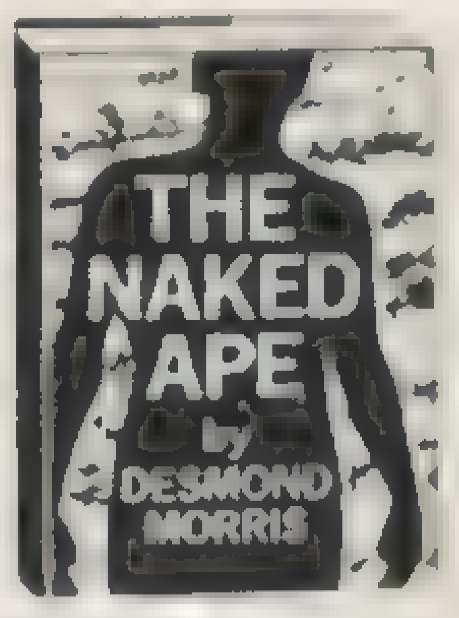
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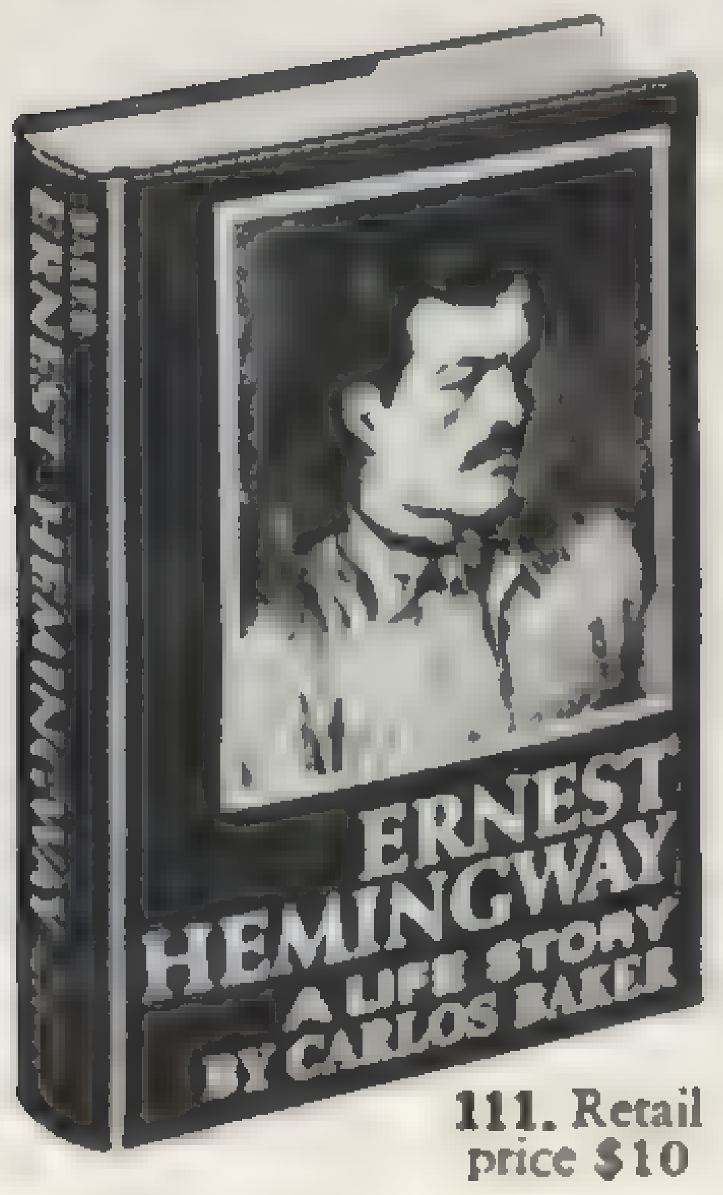
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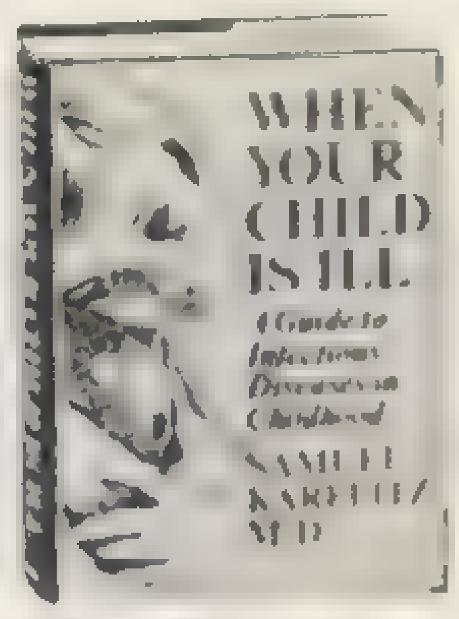
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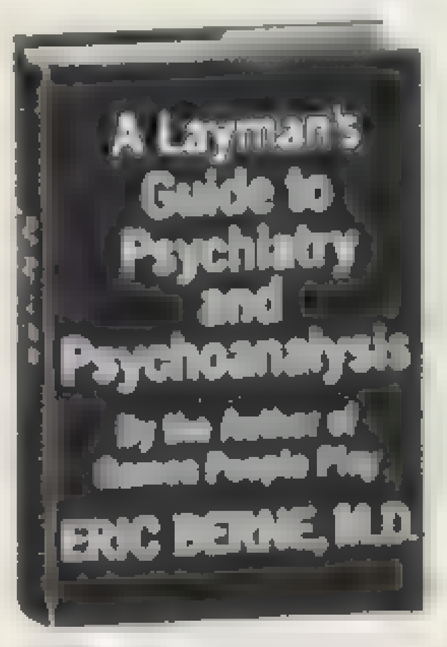
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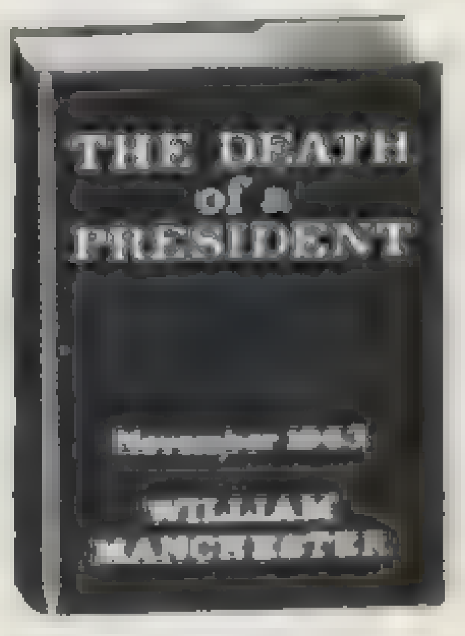
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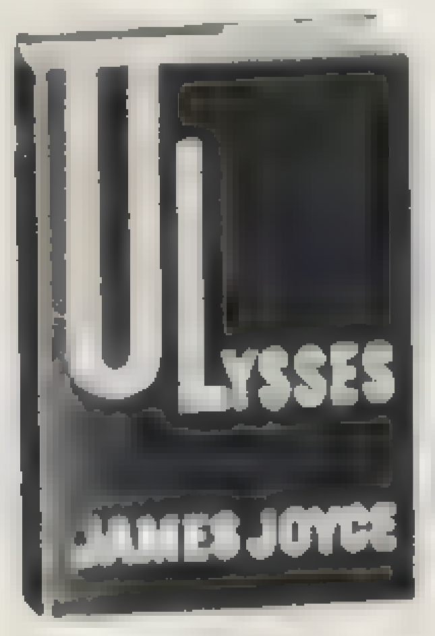
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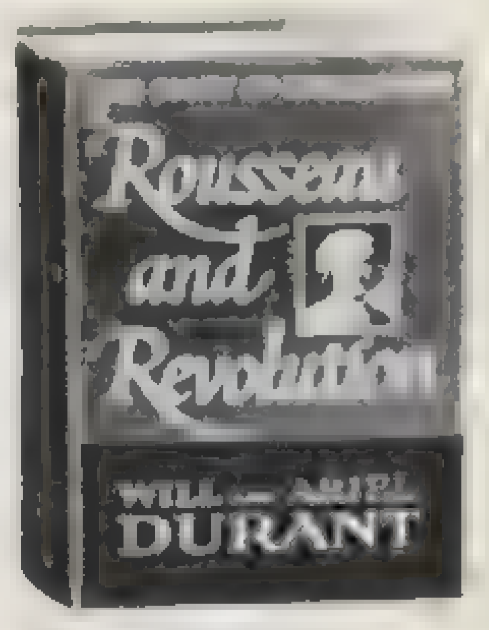
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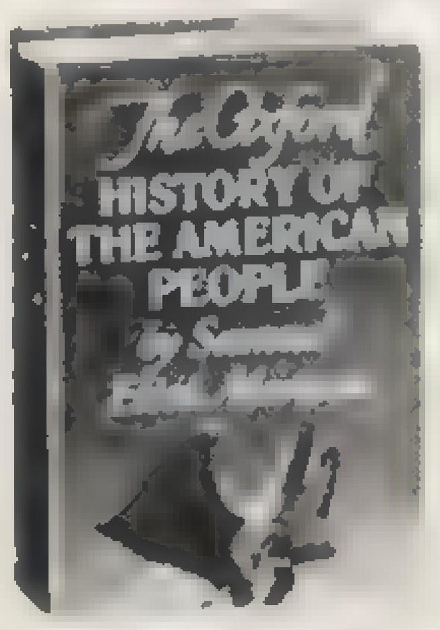
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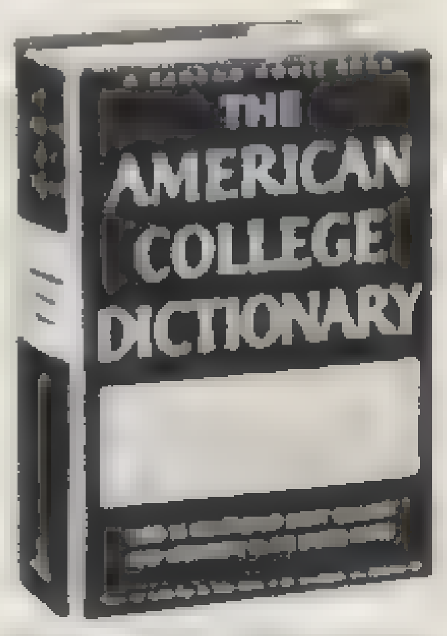
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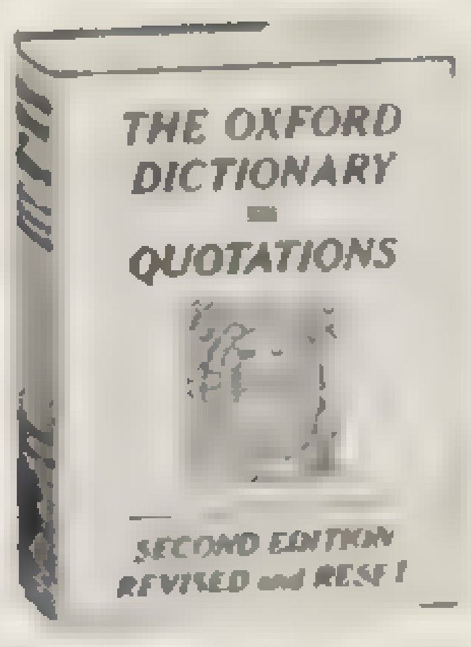
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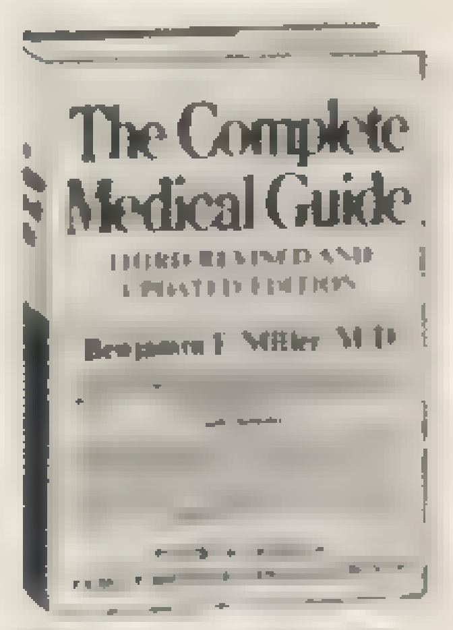
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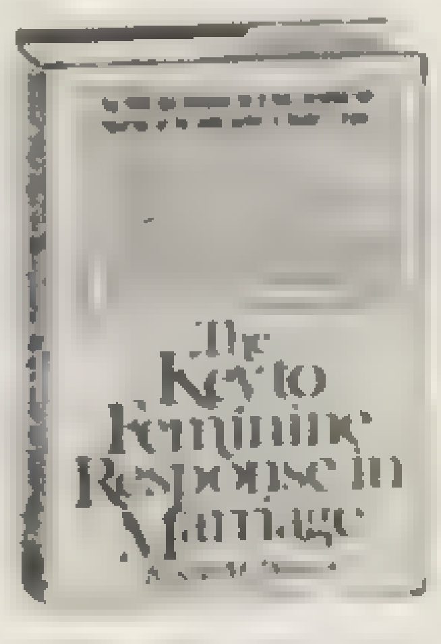
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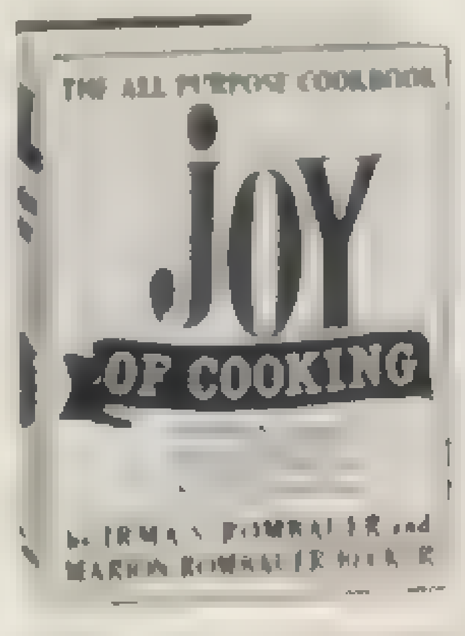
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VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY

Do you dream in French?

Do you skip a pulsebeat when you muse about the lake at Armenonville on a Sunday afternoon? Do your eyelids flutter at the memory of those pink-candled chestnut trees near the Champ de Mars? And have you been aware of reverberations of the most intriguing sort happening in reverse? The dear ones at Dior have been night-and-day-dreaming about you, and are sending over not only thought-waves, but—more thrillingly—a blithe new fragrance called Dioressence, made expressly to adulate everything that is beautiful and generous and desirable about the American woman. Dioressence has a sexy, expensive smell—leafy but lush—like the Bois de Boulogne, carpeted with narcissus, and it has been richly concentrated to outlast even the other Dior scents. It may be enjoyed in Bath Perfume. an essence that concentrates on lingering; Eau Parfumée Spray, stronger than cologne; and the incredibly creamy, moisture-thick Body Lotion.

You're only young twice

Your chronological age, which should be of burning interest to no one but your gynecologist, is a prosy, unalterable fact. Your cosmetic age, in this prideful era of disciplined bodies and tended skin, becomes an almost imperceptible shift from Really Young to Young, and with the suave cooperation of 2nd Début, it should be harder and harder to peg your group. The formula of this dewy, silken-surface liquid is built around something called CEF, the initials of Cellular Expansion Factor. A factor which is said to not only grab moisture from its own environment, but to enable moisture to penetrate the stratum corneum and be retained there. It has been cannily constituted in two intensities: CEF 600 for under-forty, and CEF 1200 for over-forty, both of which give peak performances when employed nonstop. The 2nd Début people are not lolling about on one laurel. however, so you can cosset your skin-tone further with Liquid Cleanser, solicitously non-alcoholic Skin Freshener, and CEF 600-drenched Hand and Body Lotion.

Romance language

As any woman knows, words can carry one just so far. Beyond that, it is best to trust one's message to the oblique glance, the exquisite caress, and the meaningful scent. Pertegaz, who turns out some of the most inspired clothes not only in Spain, but in all the world, has poured his beauty-loving Latin heart into a perfume he calls Diagonal. It is a proud and graceful whirl of flowers—some real, some imagined—tied together with a flourish of green. The newest Diagonals include Natural Spray Eau de Toilette, Bath Oil, Bath Mousse (which is in glorious gel form), and Crème de Parfum to smooth and soften your skin *después del baño.*

A cloud you can bank on ....

Possibly, just possibly, the lightest soufflé of makeup yet devised. ... No huff—just a light-fingered touch—and a puff of makeup drifts out. ready for easy application. It skims softly over the skin leaving a sweet haze of colour—no trace of oil clouding its wake. The name of this featherweight charmer drifting in in a pretty aerosol cylinder? Sheer Puffery Foam Foundation by Coty. Glowing along with it: Sheer Puffery Foam Blusher, the same fly-away texture in iridescent colours, not only supplies necessary ingredients for a blush but might also be put to good use glossing up a fading tan which wishes you'd never left Fire Island. (More Ready Beauty, page 54)

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Enchanted autumns
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Autumn is a golden time on Hilton Head. Heady. Heart-lifting. Mellow as a sun-warmed winesap. Golf on Sea Pines Plantation's three spectacular, championship courses is at its best. The $100,000 Heritage Golf Classic makes Thanksgiving Week memorable. There's fine sailing, charter fishing, hunting. The Plantation Club for superb tennis, swimming, cuisine. The elegant William Hilton Inn. An autumn island world unlike any other - anywhere. By car, boat or as near as the jets that serve nearby Savannah, Georgia daily. Even closer if you decide on a second home or a permanent one here. For information, write: William Hilton Inn/ Sea Pines Plantation, Box 1036-LL, Hilton Head Island, S.C., or contact the Robert F. Warner, Inc., office in your area.

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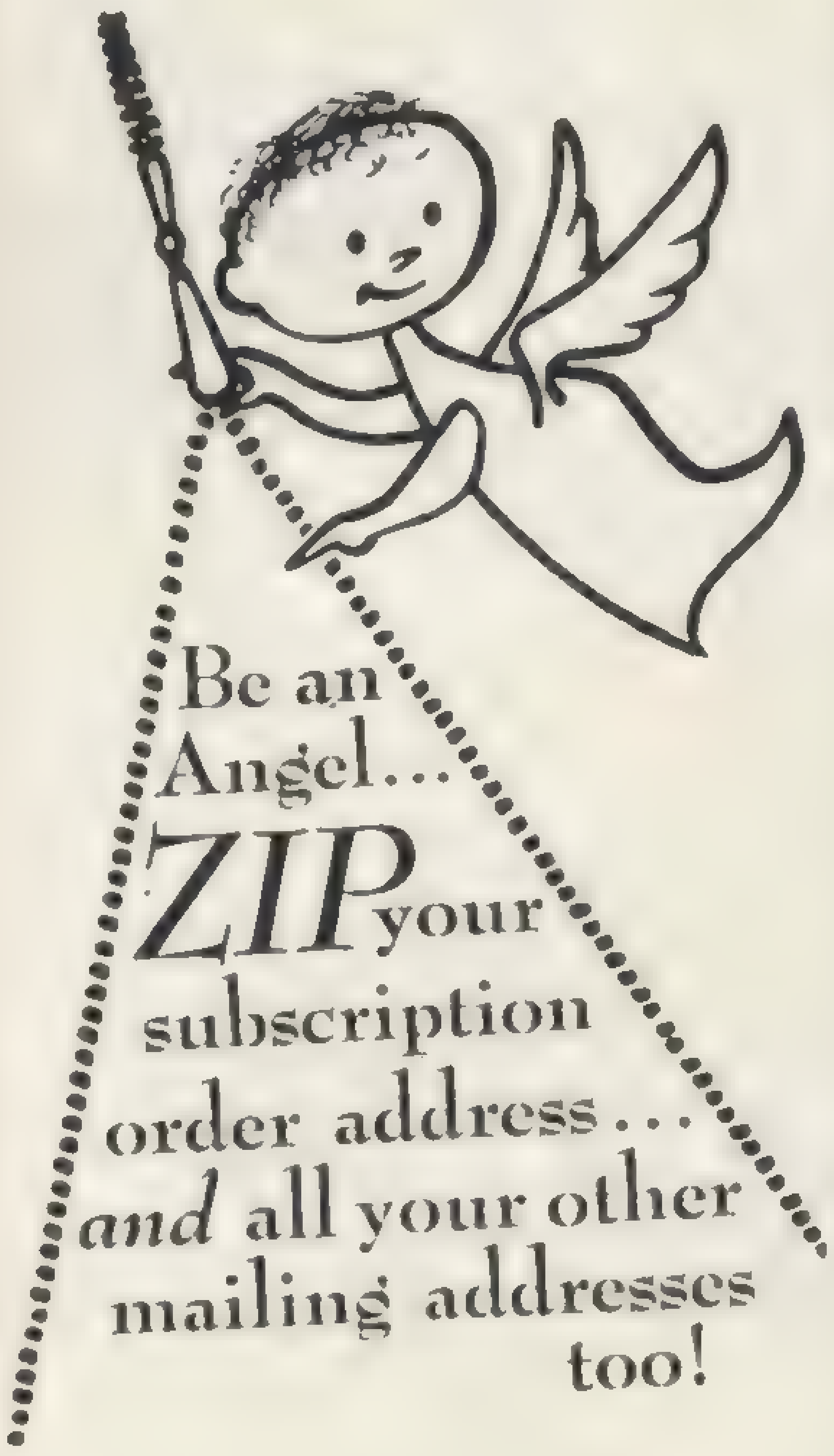

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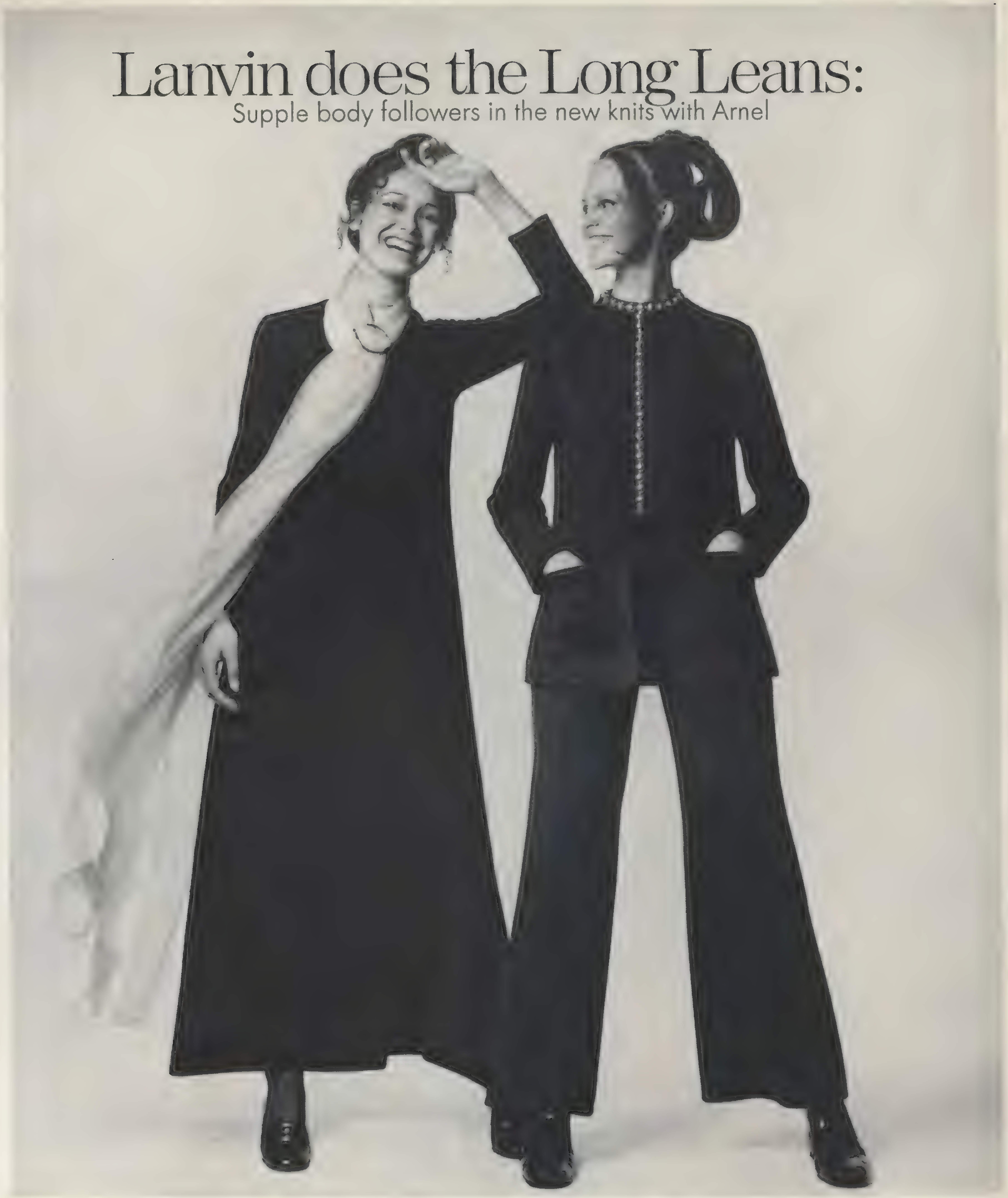
Lanvin does the Long Leans:

Supple body followers in the new knits with Arnel



Fashion goes full-length after dark. These long leans in softly suppled doubleknits of wool, Arnel triacetate and nylon from Goutille. Dream scarfed long dress in dark brown or black, about $400. Shiny buttoned trouser suit in dark brown, black, rust or white, about $390. 6-12. Lord & Taylor, New York; Frederick & Nelson, Seattle; Julius Garfinckel & Co., Washington, D.C.

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NEW YORK

Patou does the short flips:

High swinging in the new knits with Arnel

The dress is here with buttons flashing. In crisp, dry double-knits of wool, Arnel triacetate and nylon by Goutille. The side buttoned tunic in black or dark brown, about $300. Patch-pocketed dress in red or beige, about $325. 6-12. Lord & Taylor, New York; I. Magnin, West Coast; Maison Blanche, New Orleans; Sackowitz, Houston.

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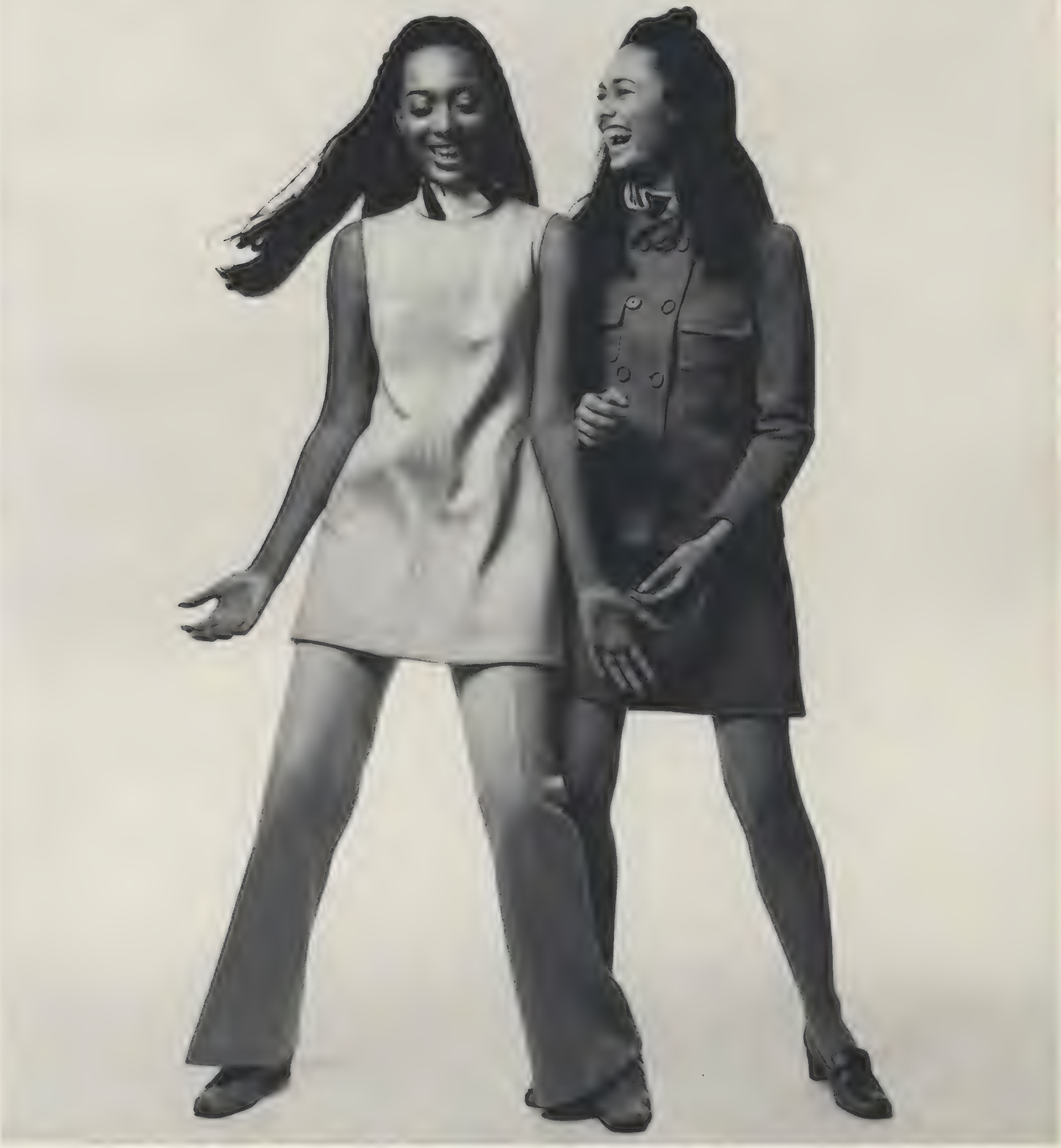
Venet does the Architectural Suit:

Clean lined body sculpture in the new knits with Arnel



It's shapely, this new, pure structure. It flairs in the pantsuit in Racine's doubleknit of Fortrel polyester, mohair and wool, about $250. It molds gently in the suit of Goutille's blend of wool, Arnel triacetate and nylon, about $325. Both outfits in pale orange, beige, off white, dark green, black or brown. 6-14. Bullock's Wilshire, Los Angeles, Palm Springs; Julius Garfinckel & Co., Washington, D.C.; Montaldo, all stores; Neiman-Marcus, Dallas, Houston and Fort Worth.

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VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY

More power to you

Once you and Shalimar have committed yourselves to each other, you of course want to stay in touch. Guerlain's facilitated your liaison—not only with Shalimar but L'Heure Bleue, Mitsouko, and Vol de Nuit, too. In addition to the charming vials in which these well-loved fragrances already come, Guerlain's now putting them up in heavenly little Delft-blue-patterned flacons that deliver a quarter-ounce of pure perfume in a natural spray. "Natural" means the essence sprays on in full power—unadulterated, undiluted. It follows that what the new portability of Shalimar and friends means is: a great deal more power to you. Your perfume not only goes along, but a longer way.

Sleeping beauty

Call it vanity, call it solicitude for the frail male—the fact remains that no all-girl girl wishes to be seen by her loved one greased up like a Channel swimmer. Nor does she enjoy creeping out of bed in the middle of the night to anoint her arid skin. Kenneth, friend of and to beautiful women, has put all his ingenuity into coping with this and other complexion crises, and has come through brilliantly with a new and exciting gambit called Skin Potions. These superlatively balanced cleansers, toners, and supplers operate with maximum simplicity, logic, and efficiency, promoting a glorious public face and enabling the same face to slip onto the pillow, looking like a rose. A dew-retaining rose. And as if that weren't enough (with Kenneth, nothing is ever enough), there is a new and major marvel called Under Make-up Lift, which does an astonishing job of smoothing away wrinkles for about four hours at a clip. (Even when the lines re-emerge, it's gradual and unobtrusive.) The makeup that goes over it is, without question, the transluscent, special-oil-based Luxury Liquid that evens out colour flaws, keeps a skin dewy-fresh hour after hour.

Ô, you kid

Come now, Ô. You're young in heart, young in intent, and young in fact. But the wisdom of the ages is in your flavour, as everybody will know when they read your full name: Ô de Lancôme. Lancôme never went about creating a fragrance undeviously, and their latest eau de toilette testifies that they haven't lost their touch. It manages to convey the scent of full-ripened lemons, the suggestion of rain-cooled forests, the authority of vibrant herbs. Planned ostensibly to express the freshness of youth, Ô is doing some smashing splashing on bodies that have been around some time since the Junior Prom. Add to the story of this particular Ô its most engaging container, a stately oval of frosted, sculpted glass, from which Ô peers through seductively, sea-greenly, challenging you to action. . . . Very mature. Ô, you kid us not.

The pursuit of loveliness

The next time you are planning to lie supine on your laurels because you balanced your checkbook or made a perfect blanquette de veau, you might ponder on the awesome Simonetta—superb designer of clothes, avant-gardienne in the matter of boots and boutiques, and creator of magnetic perfumes. She has access, apparently, to several additional hours a day, during which time she has turned out a superb Skin Care Collection, a lipstick master plan, and a new and devastating perfume called Sissimo. The skin program is purposeful and uncluttered: Crème Cleanselle for penetrating immaculateness; Tonetta, a brisk and rousing rinse; Crème Moistoire for dewiness under makeup and Crème Nuit for bedtime. As to the lipsticks, there are four smashing colors, plus a silvery blender, all in a compact with two brushes and a chart which shows how to contrive two dozen shades. Sissimo is a smiling, beguiling scent—and how not! According to Simonetta, the name means "yes" carried to the super nth degree. All at Bergdorf Goodman.

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Nuance
is available at
these fine stores:

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Trio of Fit-Togethers to make you glad your shape is showing. Smooth cupped Flair bra gently hugged to your body. Lightly underwired. Original Nuance pantie with two sheer layers of fabric doubled into curves of control. Matching Liaison slip. In pale ivory, jonquil, black and white. Bra 3488 about $5. Pantie 1391 about $13.50. Slip 8088 about $6.

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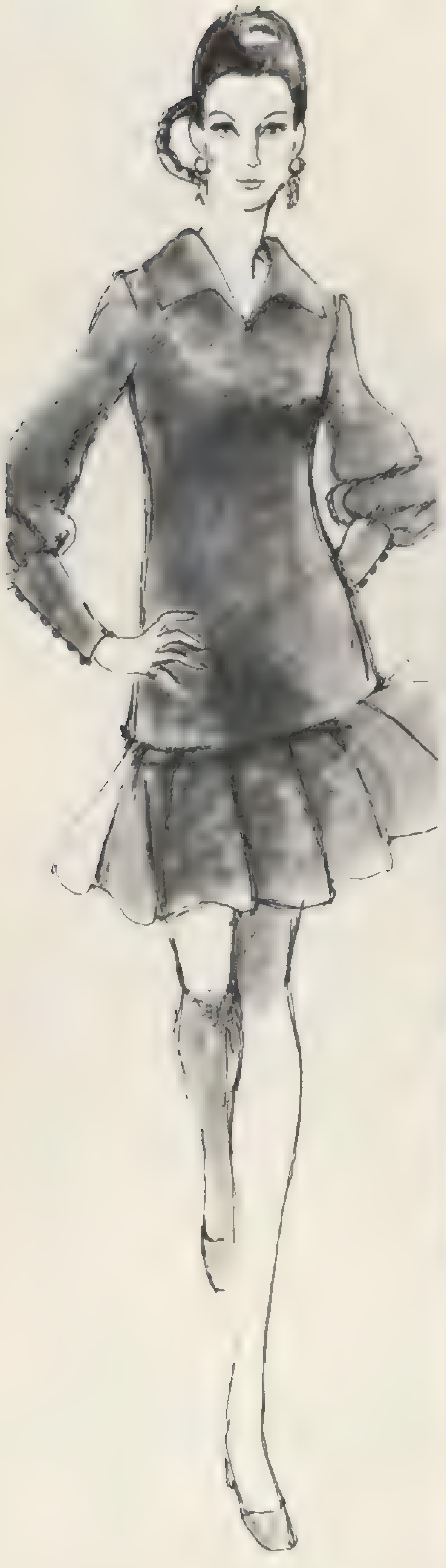
NICEST NEXT TO YOU

THE ART OF

Justin McCarty

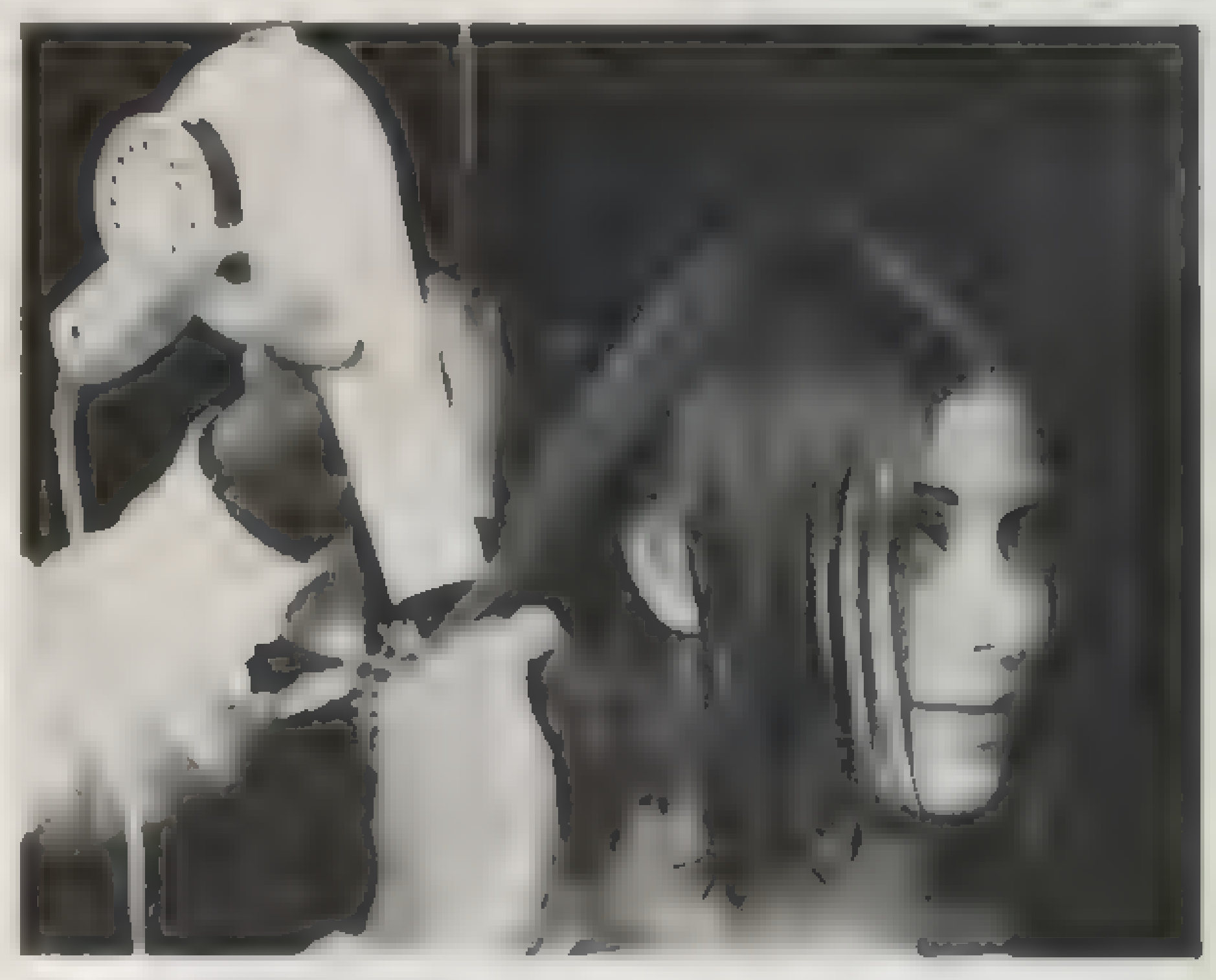


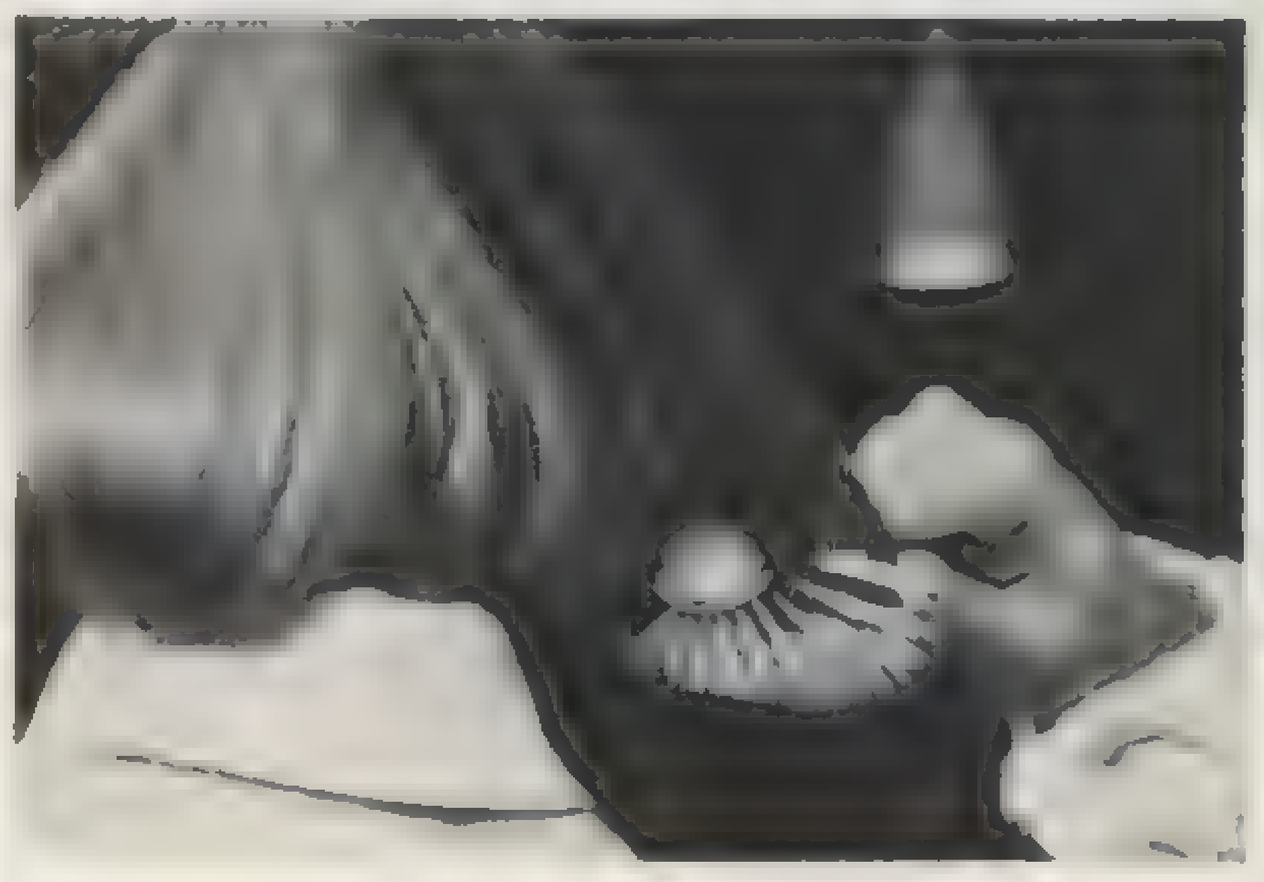
The slinky swing of the 30's was super. Justin McCarty revives it superbly with a multi-gore skirt a-swirl under a thoroughly modern tunic with extra full sleeves with extra long cuffs. Acetate/rayon crepe in winter white, jewel aqua, raspberry ice or jet black. 8 to 18. Under $50.00. JUSTIN McCARTY, a division of Parkland of Dallas • 429 Second Avenue • Dallas, Texas 75226

BEAUTY CHECKOUT

September 15

Blow and go: instant pretty





We checked out The Crimpers (English English for hairdressers) in last January 1 Vogue, and went back for more. This fresh young beauty salon is run by a fresh young crew that knows exactly what it's doing. And that's a bang-up job of coiffing hair to look like hair—shining, swinging, healthy . . . everything as natural as possible. Typical of that attitude is the blow-dry set, pictured in the process here: roller-less, dryer-less, marvellous. After shampoo, and a cut if one's needed (good cutting's a must for the set to hold), wet hair is sectioned off and the blow-dry biz begins. Crimper's left hand—Steve Jacobs's here—dries hair with a small blower while right hand wields a round, plastic-bristled, rubber-base brush, stretching—really pulling—the hair out and away from the head, as you can see above and left. This strong brushwork coaxes out all waves and bends hair would take if left on its own, and only the ends are curved to flip a little out or under when dry. The constant brushing as the hair is dried not only lifts and shapes it, but also gives it a super shine—see the shining example below. And ended are those endless hours under the dryer—your Crimper's with you and for you all the way. Everything, cut included, takes only half an hour to an hour, depending on the length of the hair. Length also determines price. You buy à la carte from a menu: shampoo, $1; cut, $6; blow-dry set, $2, $3, or $5, for short, medium, or long hair. Hours are a sensible 11 to 8 Tuesday through Friday, so busy girls can pop in on lunch hours, or after work and still get home in time to go right out again; Saturday, 9 to 6. Bravo The Crimpers, all four. In Chicago at 43 East Oak Street . . . one in Boston opening shortly . . . and two in New York, at 47 West 8th Street and at 137 East 62nd Street.

ROBINSON

Jean-Francois Houbigant. Paris, 1775.

He took the flowers of the fields and captured their magic. With skill and daring he found new ways to create beauty. To make fragrances such as the world had never known.

Jean-Francois Houbigant. 23 years old. The King soon favored him with his patronage. As did the Queen, Marie Antoinette. In time, all the crowned heads of Europe would vie for the latest creation of the House of Houbigant.

Jean-Francois Houbigant. An original. He sought perfection in an imperfect world. And sometimes found it.

"Some men put love into words," people said. "Houbigant puts it into a bottle."

From this heritage, Houbigant, the world's oldest house of fragrance, introduces Collection Royale: a modern day re-creation of an era when love was forever, and a fragrance could say more than words.

Some men put love into words. He put it into a bottle.

Chantilly Collection Royale by Houbigant.
BLENDED IN U.S.A.

Not every Roman Contessa knows what's upstairs at 116 Via Veneto. Just the beautiful ones.

Contessa Maria Vittoria Visconti di Modrone is considered an extraordinary beauty—in a city that *specializes* in them.

So, of course, she can tell you all about 116 Via Veneto.

"It is the Eve of Roma salon, the most marvelous place. One sees everybody there—the Roman nobility, the film stars—and the international set *lives* there.

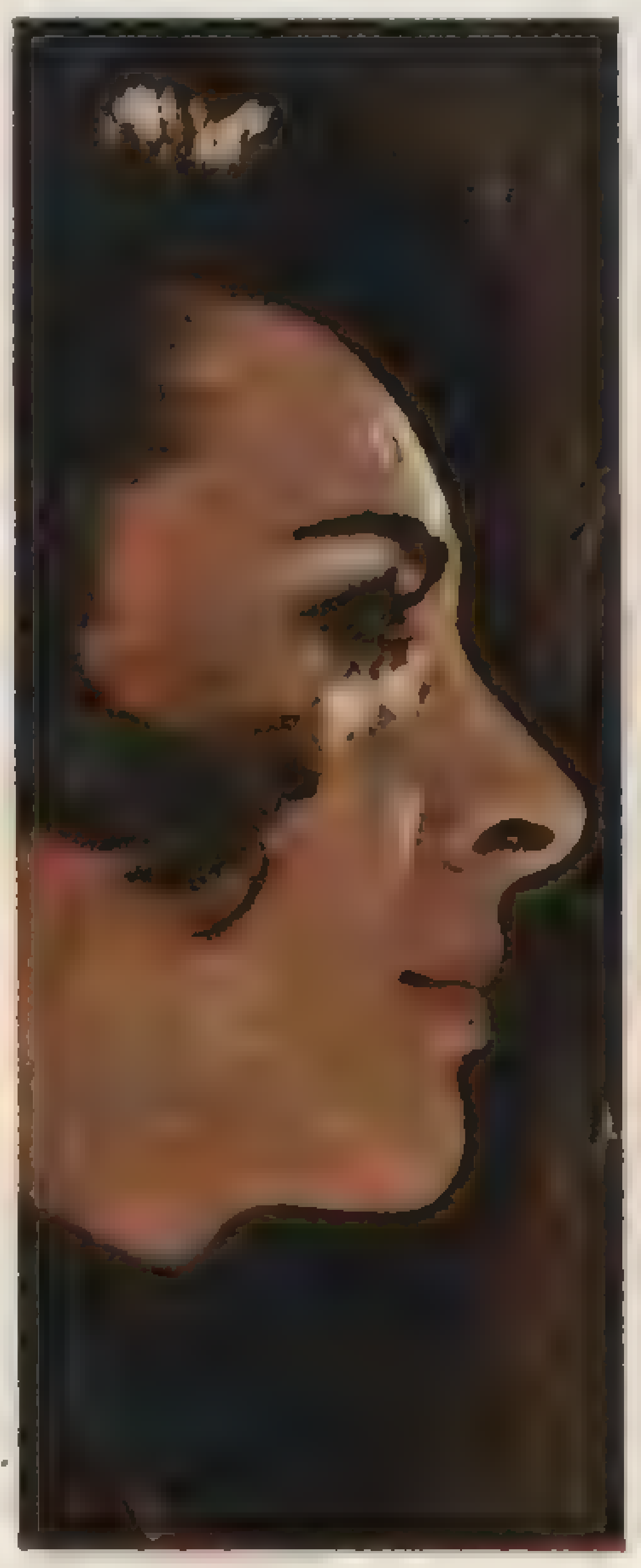
"I go when I want to feel absolutely pampered. They do such divine things for my skin—and the Eve of Roma cosmetics are, I am sure, the most beautiful in the world. I sometimes think they make them out of Roman sunlight and Roman air."

Now you can get the Eve of Roma look—incredibly flattering, magnificently alive—right here in America. Because Eve of Roma cosmetics and skin preparations are being sold *here* now.

Discover Roman Glow, to make your complexion glow like a Roman morning. And Accento Italiano Eye Shadow, the Roman shadow that glides on over its own cream. Discover lighter-than-air creams. Skin stimulants. Masques. Miracles.

The very same, very special Eve of Roma products that made 116 Via Veneto Rome's most beautiful address. Now at hand-picked American stores, such as Lord & Taylor, Bloomingdale's, Rich's, Marshall Field, Filene's, and J. W. Robinson.

"I love the cats of Rome. I like to rescue them and bring them home. Then Gaio and I find homes for them."



Contessa di Modrone wears Eve of Roma's Veil di Veneto foundation, Roman Glow, Qui e La Contouring Cream, and Accento Italiano Eye Shadow.

Roman born, Contessa di Modrone speaks French, German, English and Italian. "But only a little Spanish."

Eve of Roma: authentic, imported Italian skin products and cosmetics.

Eve of Roma

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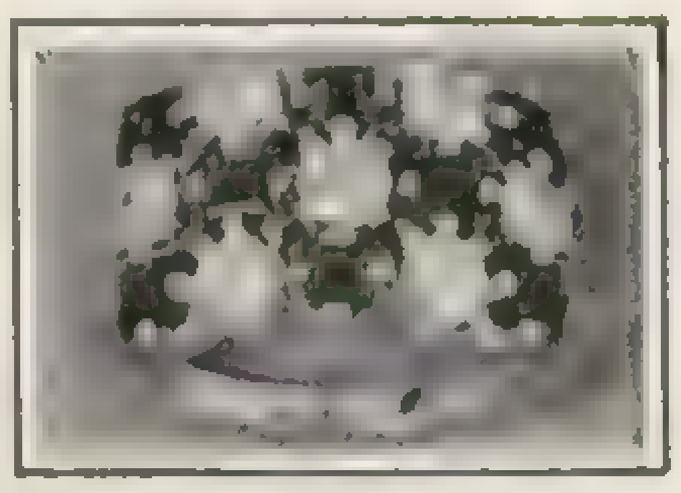

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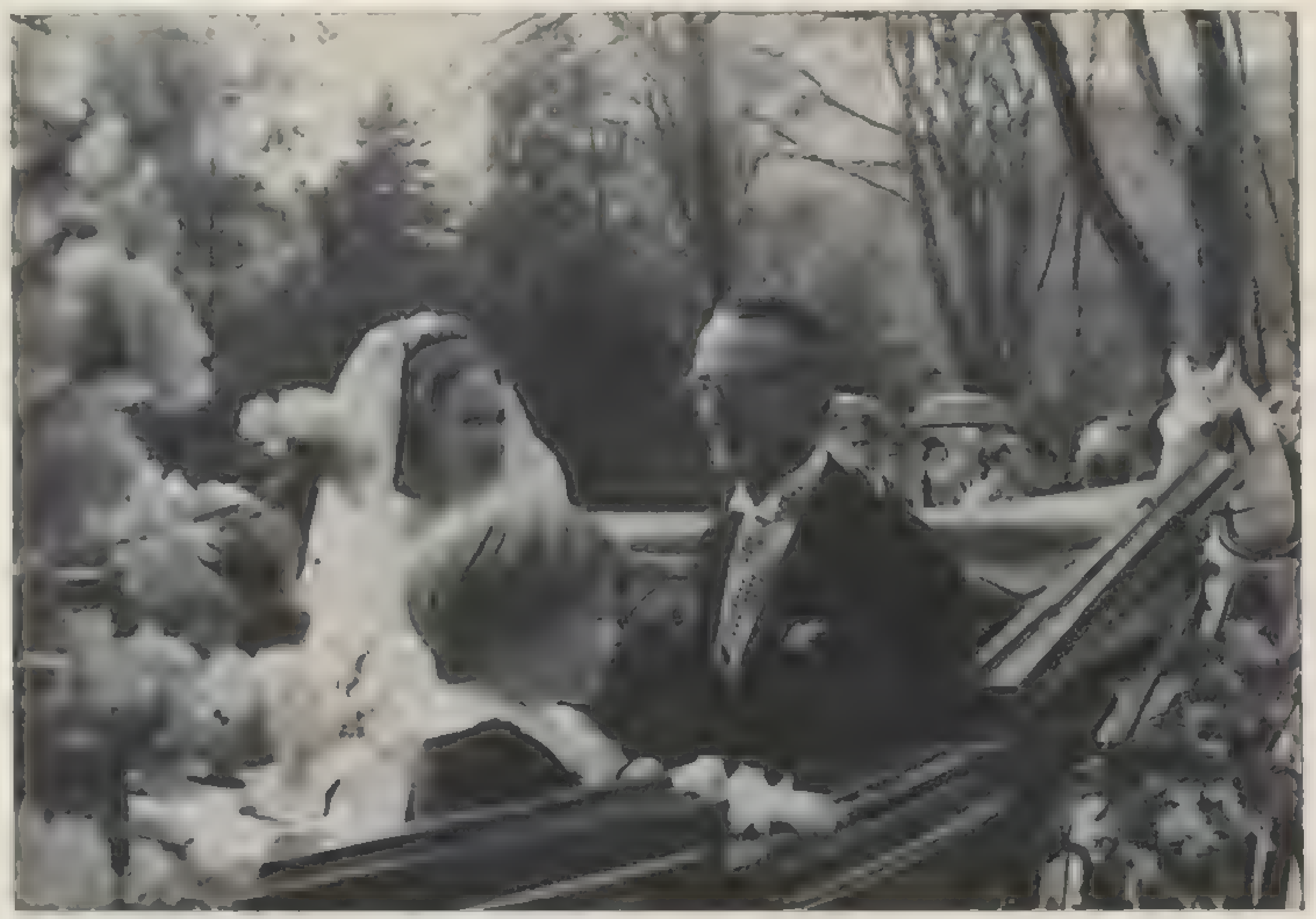
VOGUE'S

The international Fürstenberg-Salm wedding in Germany



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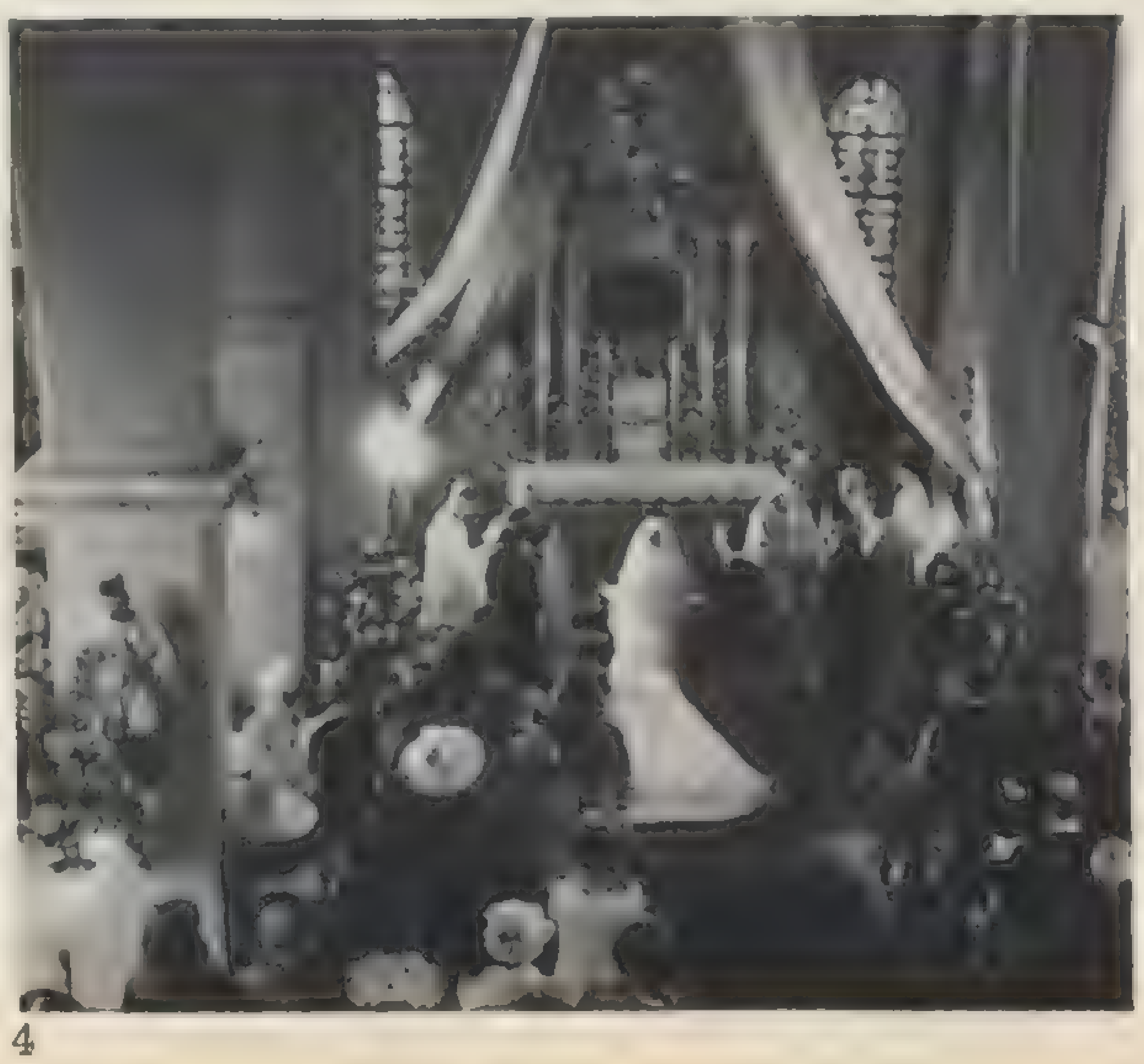
From the turrets of Schloss Hugenpoet, to herald the marriage of the German Baroness Wiltraud von Fürstenberg to Count Peter Salm (son of the late Millicent Rogers and Count Ludwig Salm), red-and-yellow streamers ribboned the sky while below, in the castle courtyard, pennants blazed red and white. Inside the Fürstenberg family castle in North Rhine-Westphalia: a nineteenth-century jubilee of tiaras and decorations as, the night before the wedding, two hundred guests danced.

The next morning the bride's uncle, His Eminence Cardinal von Fürstenberg, celebrated Holy Mass in the thousand-year-old village church of Kettwig-Mintard. After the wedding, horse-drawn carriages clopped the Count and Countess,



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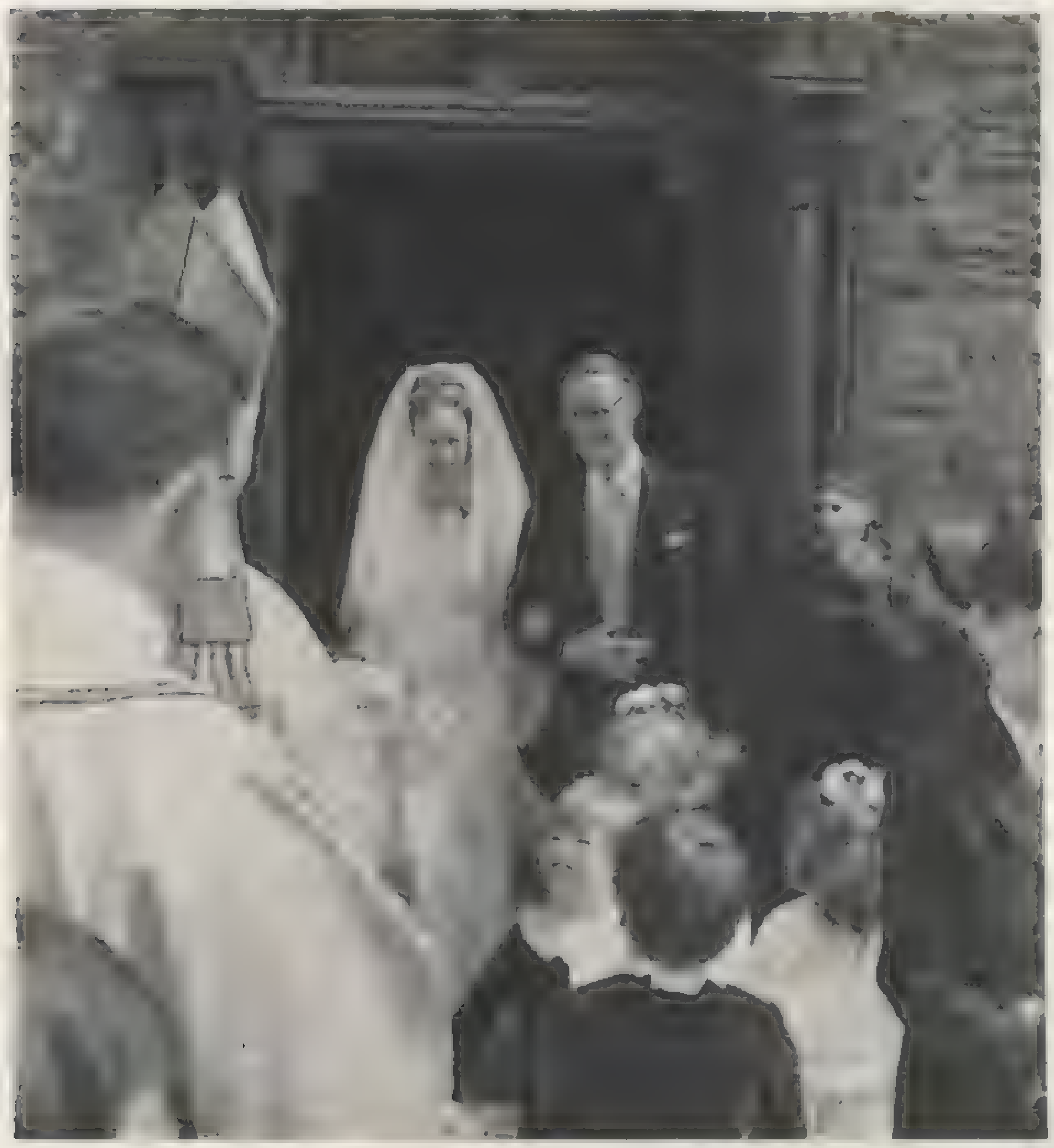
NOTEBOOK



5

their bridesmaids. and four small equerries back to the castle for a family luncheon.

1. Count and Countess Peter Salm after the wedding ceremony; in the foreground, Alexander Stever. 2. Lieutenant Commander George G. Marten. Contessa Maria Elena di Rovasenda. 3. H.S.H. The Prince von Metternich. H.R.H. Princess Moritz of Hesse. 4. His Eminence Cardinal von Fürstenberg celebrating Holy Mass. 5. The bride and groom leaving the church. 6. Mrs. Peter Stanley, Mrs. Manfred Groos. 7. Mrs. Peter Stephaich, The Honourable Mrs. Marten. 8. Mr. Manfred Groos, Mr. Egbert von Oswald. 9. H.S.H. The Princess zu Sayn-Wittgenstein-Berleburg and Count Konrad Berghe von Trips.

6

7

COUNTESS DOHNA

8

9

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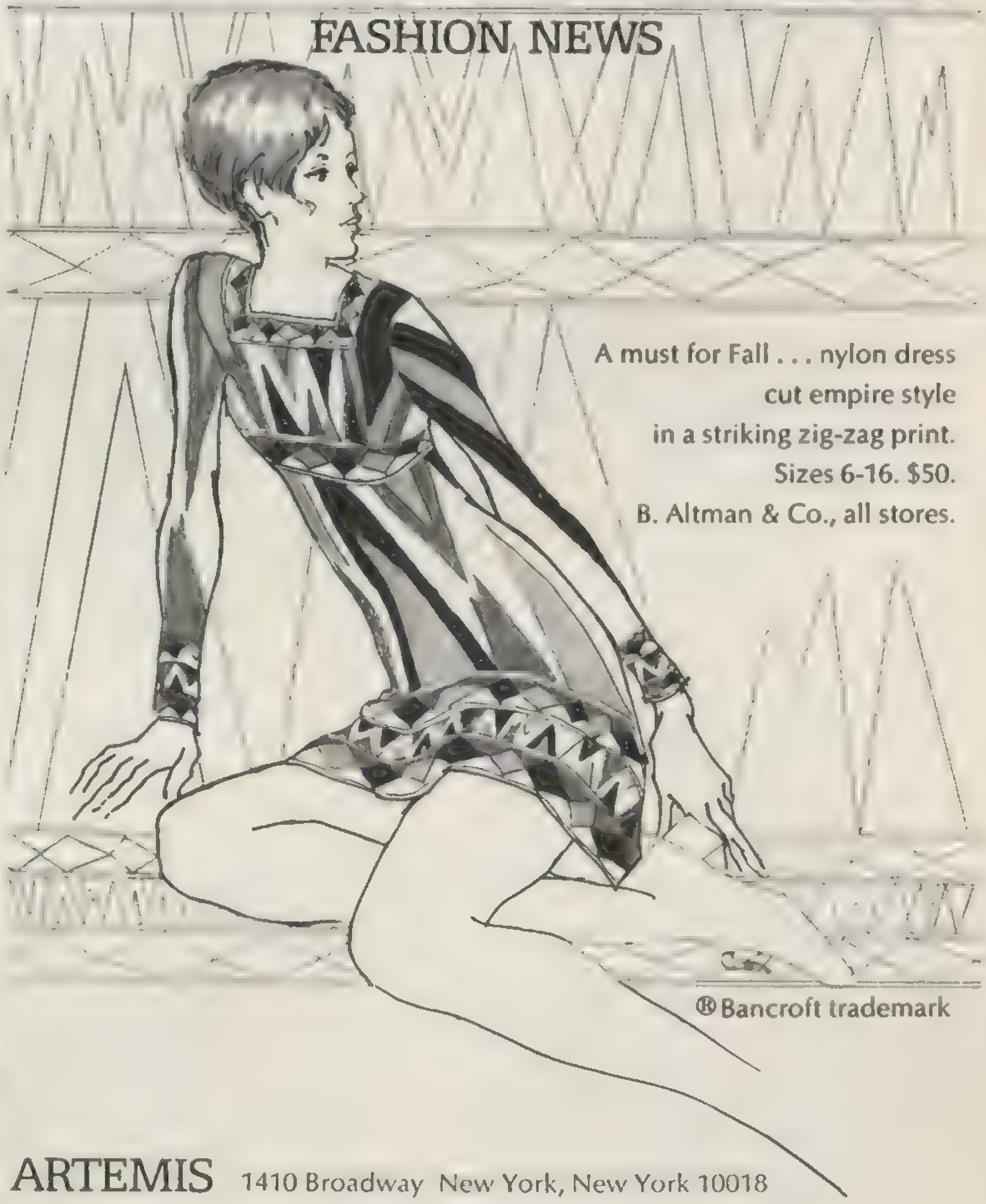

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cut empire style
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VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT

Movies

BY FREDERIC TUTEN

Flash-back on films, "sinless pleasure"

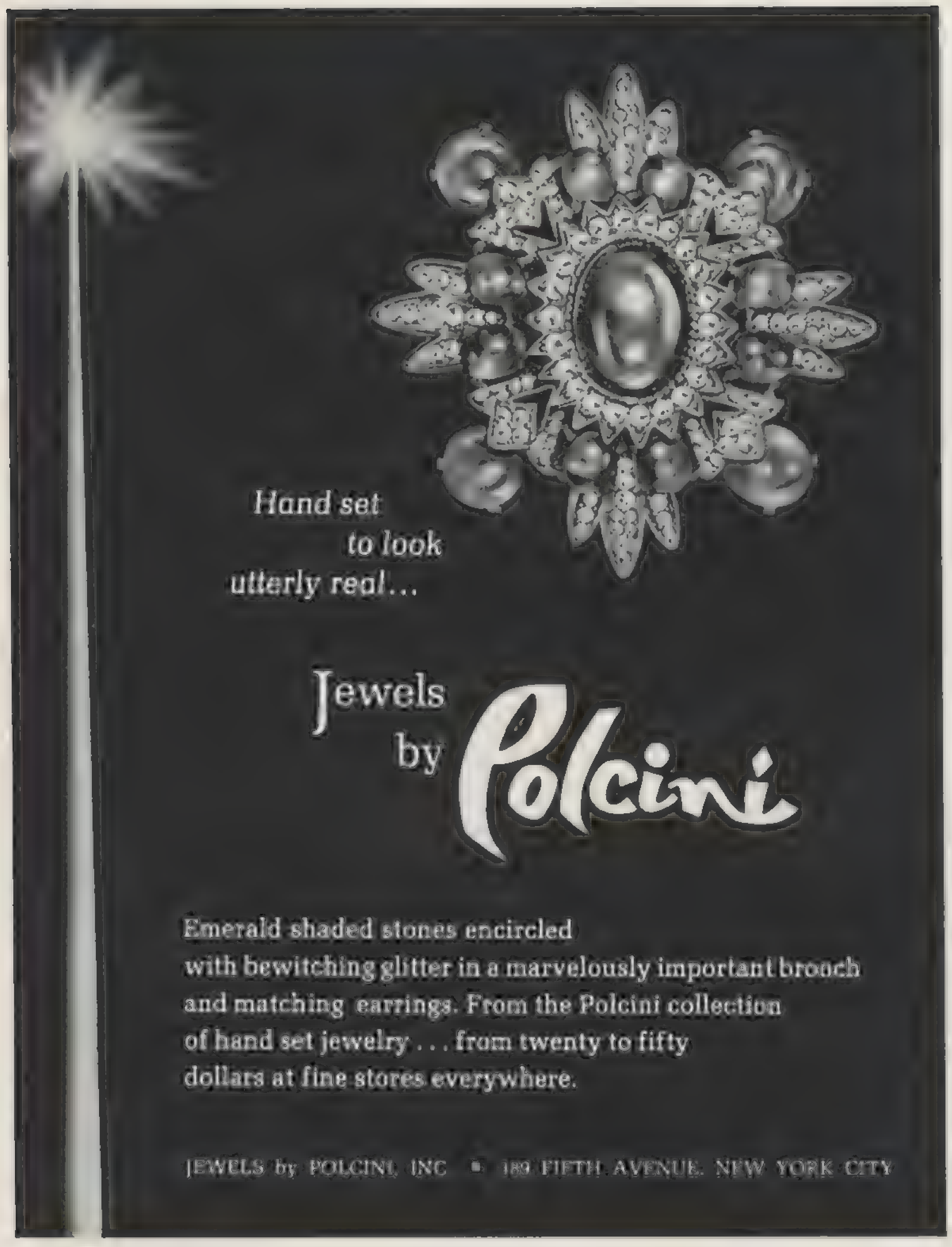
To paraphrase Villiers de L'Isle-Adam's famous aphorism: "Life? We let our movies do that for us." For me they are a binge of sinless pleasure, a celluloid high, safer than getting blasted by TV death rays or getting picked on by bullies of participatory theatre who want to squirt, alert, and convert. I'd rather see a bad movie than endure most ordinary human encounters. All the same, there are movies that make me wonder about the people who fabricate them, and at my own endurance.

I claim a passion for sitting still and letting all kinds of things move before me—mine is a catholic voyeurism. But I don't know how to explain people who make such films as *Justine*, based on Lawrence Durrell's *The Alexandria Quartet*, from which I emerged feeling my brains had turned to scrambled eggs, soft. Or *Alice's Restaurant*, an endless film built around Arlo Guthrie's tangle with an Army draft physical and the stubborn literalism of the Law. Neither Guthrie nor beautiful Anouk Aimée as Justine, the erotico-exotico mystery lady of the Near East, can salvage their respective films: big colour productions, big cast, big money, big flops.

One of the "big" films I hope is still on the trail is *The Wild Bunch*. After the obligatory message scenes (for example, a closeup of ants devouring scorpions while children with mean faces howl with sadistic glee equals: Nature is cruel and children are too, so why not adults?), *The Wild Bunch* gets down to being one of the most energetic and *macho* Westerns of the decade. Under Sam Peckinpah's direction, paunchy, middle-aged William Holden, Ernest Borgnine, and Edmond O'Brien ride and shoot with an alacrity that makes the kids in *Alice's Restaurant* seem afflicted with beriberi; and there is more sensuality in one of the wild bunch's shouldering a rifle or handling a pistol than in all the sex scenes in *Justine*.

Among the current spate of youth films, Dennis Hopper's *Easy Rider* and Frenchman Barbet Schroeder's *More* are low-budget films made by young people for young people. Both films deal with drugs and outsiderism as common experiential denominators, both have a mythic allure—the quality of seeming to speak for or having created prototypes for a generation. Yet I can't imagine more culturally disparate films. Where the young German student in *More* marches into a Mediterranean "life experience" with all the cheerless enthusiasm of a Prussian bureaucrat, the two motorcycled comrade-drifters of *Easy Rider* race through the American Southwest high and guiltless. Schroeder attempts to create a tragedy of disintegration but isn't sure if the process of disintegration isn't the whole point of living. Hopper is mad for the joyful textures of experience, the cool unexamined life.

A new film season is here, marked by the opening of the New York Film Festival at Lincoln Center. One year ago at the Festival I saw two films for which I would gladly inter all the mediocre reels I have seen since, if that would bring those two to public life: Bernardo Bertolucci's exquisite *Partner*, starring Pierre Clementi as the schizophrenic young intellectual radical, and a French film, *Naked Childhood*, directed by Maurice Pialat, one of the most loving and honest films ever made about disturbed children, both of which go undistributed.



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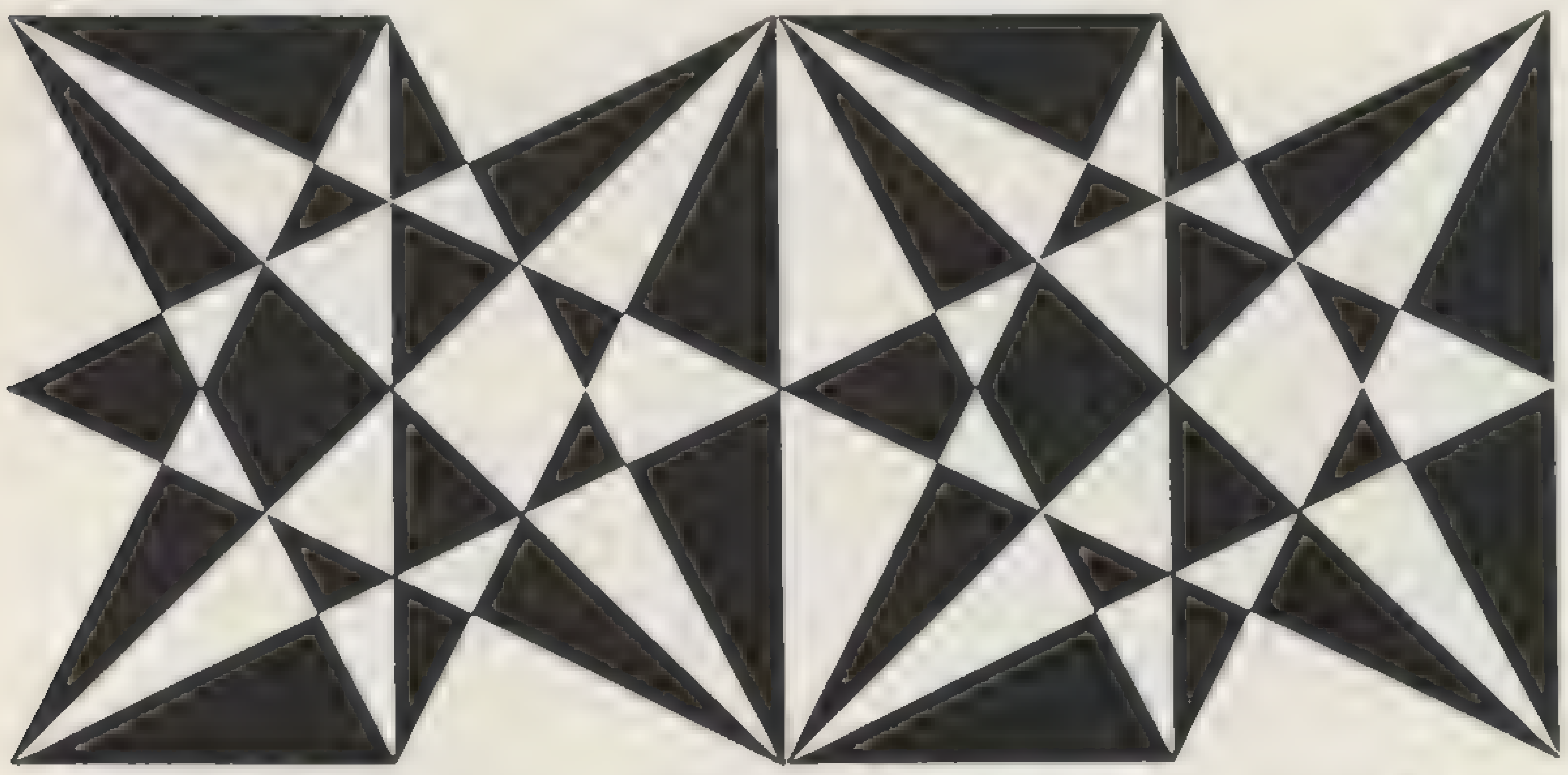

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VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT

Underground

BY JOHN GRUEN

Sea Works, "*creative explorations*"

In case you weren't looking, the art world has gone berserk. Some young artists have decided among themselves that galleries and museums are all but finished. They no longer strive for one-man shows, nor do they consider museums the ultimate goal for the exhibition of their works. They have even turned their backs on making money. These painters and sculptors are embarking on projects that make it almost impossible for a viewer to see their finished products. More often than not, there are no finished products to see.

In fact, these new artists are more concerned with the act of *doing* than with results. They are enamoured of the words "chance" and "unpredictability," and with the possibilities inherent in impermanent materials. Thus, when Earth Sculpture came on the scene (about a year ago) it found artists going to, say, a desert and using tractors to create immense designs on the sands. These works would be annihilated with the first drops of rain or gusts of wind, but this, too, became part of the natural sequence of things. What is more, these works could only be seen through photographs taken from the air. These photographs could then be acquired and be considered *the* works of art.

Now some artists are turning to the ocean to create Sea Works. The object: to find a new environment for the creation and process of art—in short, to chart new territories for the creative act. The greatest champion of Sea Works is a bearded young man, John Gibson, who has established quarters in New York at 27 East 67th Street—a place he chooses *not* to call a gallery. It is an office where projects are dreamed up, possibly backed by adventurous collectors, and where photographs, ground plans, and scale models of past or future projects are exhibited.

Gibson, who handles artists who think nothing of risking their lives climbing volcanoes, swimming in swamps, or descending to ocean floors, discussed a number of Sea Works to be executed within the year. The artist Peter Hutchinson, a leader in the genre, plans four projects, all to be executed off the coast of Tobago, near Trinidad. The first involves a large number of sandbags, which he will lower into the sea until they create an underwater wall. The second entails the filling of thirty plastic bags with sugarcane sludge. Each bag will be sealed with nylon cords, then anchored, floating in a six-hundred-foot-wide area of water. The bags will informally form a design, and thus constitute the work of art. For the third project Hutchinson will release large amounts of coloured inks on the ocean floor. The resulting liquid shapes and colours will be another Sea Work. The placing of four-inch-long pieces of chalk on the ocean floor is the artist's final project: He will arrange these in a manner he considers aesthetically pleasing.

Dennis Oppenheim combines his Sea Work project with Earth Sculpture. He intends to dump one thousand pounds of baker's salt on a New York parking lot. Next, he'll take a number of saltlick blocks and arrange them on the ocean floor off the Bahama coast. This done, he will fly to Salt Lake Desert, Utah, and dig out a sand lot. The key word, of course, is Salt, and Oppenheim's object is to create three "salty" events in three different locations.

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VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT

London

BY QUENTIN CREWE

"*Our newfound shadiness*"

The British used to consider themselves the most honest and most honourable people in the world. It was not necessarily a view shared by other nations. The phrase "perfidious Albion" used to fill us with amazement. Sometimes I think it stemmed from foreigners' disbelief that Englishmen could actually be as stupid as they appeared. They had read *The Scarlet Pimpernel*, after all, and imagined that all our chinless wonders were Sir Percy Blakeneys, affecting silliness to conceal guile. I remember a charming ambassador we had in Rome, Sir Victor Mallet. No Englishman would for one moment have credited Sir Victor with the capacity to deceive anyone. He was just what he appeared—a bluff, golf-playing aristocrat, bumbling and honest. The Italians totally misinterpreted his character. They nicknamed him The Fox.

Whatever foreigners might think, we knew we were honest. All foreigners, by comparison, we judged to be crooks. My mother was the personification of this standpoint. Travelling abroad with her involved considerable complications. All French taxi drivers were, in her opinion, rascals. To compensate for this unfortunate characteristic, she automatically halved whatever they wanted to charge her. When they protested, she smiled knowingly at them. The fact that their meters agreed with their claims made no difference. "On sait bien que ces machines ne sont pas honnêtement réglées," my mother would observe. She was so sure of her ground that she always won, the taximan going off with a despairing shrug, rather to his credit, I used to think. "There you are," my mother would say. "If he had not been cheating he would have called the police."

When approaching the Italian border on a train, she would take me to the luggage car and leave me to guard the trunks. "The Italians always steal leather, they are desperate for it," she said. When we got to Florence I would point out that every shop was full of things made of leather. "Certainly," said my mother, "all of it stolen from unwary travellers."

At home she never locked anything—"The English are so honest." My mother would have been sadly distressed to hear the recent pronouncement of a senior policeman, Colonel Sir Eric St. Johnston. "A greater proportion of the public," he said, "is unfortunately becoming more dishonest each year."

Figures bear out what Sir Eric says. Outside London the number of indictable offences this year passed the million. In London alone there were a quarter of a million. The London underground train system reports that they lost twenty thousand dollars a year through dud coins in their machines. Two-thirds of car-radio owners don't pay the license fee and a million and a quarter avoid the television license fee. Vandals caused over eight million dollars worth of damage to automobiles last year. Supposedly respectable people give one rather strange whisky and, when you ask them where they got it, they say they bought it off a man who said it had "fallen off a truck."

We do not perhaps get the most elegant lead from our politicians. When sterling was devalued, Mr. Harold Wilson observed chirpily on television that "the pound in your pocket is still worth the same." A more manifest untruth would be hard to imagine. And lately we have had the disagreeable affair of the election boundaries. We have a boundaries commission whose duty it is to recommend to Parliament changes in constituency areas. Parliament is not bound to accept them but it is bound to discuss them. Mr. Callaghan, the Home Secretary, so arranged matters that Parliament could discuss and accept those alterations that benefit the Labour Party but could not implement those favourable to the Tories.

Lord Mancroft remarked to me the other day that much of our legislation today is framed on the assumption that we are all crooks, which of course has the effect of making people crooks. Lord Mancroft believes we are still the most honest nation in the world, pointing out that nowhere else is it possible for a paperman to leave his stand and know that anyone taking a newspaper will leave the money for it and that no one else will pinch the money.

While the vice-chairman of the Stock Exchange, Mr. Frederick Althaus, tells me that a City man's word is still his bond, outside, the old-fashioned bulwarks of the City integrity seem to slip a little. London Bridge is being dismantled. It was sold recently to the United States. The buyers thought they were buying Tower Bridge which is an exciting-looking affair. The sellers could never have supposed that anyone would really want dreary London Bridge. I wonder whether some years ago we would not have thought it necessary to make sure the buyers knew what they were getting.

Against all this, the belief in honour is strong in our consciousness as witness *Conduct Unbecoming*, a play by Barry England, which studies two young Indian army officers in the late eighteen hundreds. One loves the army, the other hates it. They dislike each other, but the enthusiast finds himself defending the reluctant one in a secret trial for a crime he did not commit. The enthusiast's honourable instincts are so shattered by the lack of real justice and by the fact that his hero officer actually committed the crime that he abandons the army. The true criminal shoots himself as any decent officer should. The reluctant one, for no clear reason, decides to stay in the army. It seems incredible that such stuff could make a good play. But it does—perhaps not only because it is a rattling good yarn but because we need a bit of honour chat.

The reasons for our apparent decline in integrity may be manifold. Top of Lord Mancroft's list is the passing of unnecessary laws, bad laws, too many laws. The British are peculiar about laws. We resent intensely new ones but suffer happily under old ones. The island of Sark is a case in point. This tiny dot, populated by 556 people, was granted in 1565 to Helier de Cartaret by Queen Elizabeth I. Since then it has been ruled by hereditary seigneurs, the present Dame of Sark being an eighty-five-year-old autocrat, Mrs. Sibyl Hathaway. Income tax does not exist. They guess what a man can afford to pay towards the poor—no one pays more than $250. Apart from that delight, the Dame rules the island like a tyrant. No cars are allowed. Reluctantly she let in tractors. Sometimes they take visitors up the hills but they may not take them down. There are fifty-eight dogs on the island and one bitch. Only the Dame may have a bitch. There are five motorized invalid carriages. Two belong to the Dame. There is one voluntary policeman.

The Dame maintains that everyone nags her and that there are too many tractors. So she wants to abdicate and hand the island over to neighbouring Guernsey. That would mean a crippling income tax of 20 per cent, a police force, civil servants.

You might think that a slight price to pay to be rid of a ruler who fought tooth and nail to prevent the doctor getting a tractor for his rounds. But, no: The islanders are furious with her for exposing them to the twentieth century in this rash way.

England does not really like change. Perhaps we are not any more dishonest than we were. It may just be that we are prepared to admit that we are like other people. More honest, come to think of it.

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VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT

Education

BY HENRY S. RESNIK

Games in class,

"Pleasure in the learning process"

In the traditional American classroom, games have been a reward for good behaviour when they have been allowed at all—students might be "treated" to a spelling bee, for example, between bouts of serious work. But, like many other classroom traditions, the usual strictures against fun and play are now being challenged by reformers. Strategy games and environmental simulations began to enliven the world of business and industry years ago; now curriculum developers are considering them as a possible solution to their own problems as well.

These problems are different, of course, from those that confronted the generals and corporation executives who made a fad of simulation games in the mid-1950's; at that time games were used mainly as planning models for such complex operations as wars and sales campaigns. The real problem in the schools is not how to get something done but how to relieve boredom, and because simulation games are almost always a break in the normal classroom routine—because they are "fun"—student reaction to early experiments has been overwhelmingly positive.

When games experts use the concepts of "fun" and "play," it should be noted, they are not talking about whoopee-making. Generals have been playing war games since ancient times, but they do not jump up and down with glee whenever they move a flag to a new point on a map or send troops slogging through marsh manoeuvres. The kind of fun the games experts have in mind is principally the cerebral pleasure derived from truly challenging intellectual stimulation—so rarely seen in the typical classroom in any form. This can range from the special joy of solving an abstract mathematical problem to the more serious satisfaction of working out solutions or plans that pertain to cold reality. Nevertheless, for kids in classrooms, simulation games manage to approach the joyful end of the spectrum more often than not.

The most popular games now coming out of the curriculum laboratories are those that create a real-life situation and assign rôles, frequently rôles of unaccustomed power, to the student players. "Crisis," for example, involves teams of three to six players who become the heads of various fictitious countries and try—through secret messages, summit meetings, and world police forces—to secure quantities of a rare element similar to uranium while at the same time avoiding all-out war. In "Community Response," students are citizens of a town stricken by a "localized natural disaster"; when the game is over, the class chooses the player with the lowest "anxiety" score as winner. "Consumer" was designed to teach the basic economics of budgeting and installment buying. And "Life Career," based on U.S. census reports, is an elaborate exercise that allows students to plan the life of a fictitious person, using variables that could just as easily apply to themselves.

Simulations are often so intricate and many-faceted that they take several hours to play, and some even require a complete physical restructuring of the classroom. In a session of "Crisis," for example, teams of students—the various countries—usually cluster in different parts of the room, then send secret notes to each other through student-"messengers." Later, the students may rearrange the room as an arena in order to conduct a meeting of their world council. Games cultists point out with a certain smug pride that it is almost impossible to run a simulation in the sort of traditional classroom that has chairs bolted to the floor in rows.

Games have proved such a sure-fire remedy to classroom ennui, in fact, that advocates tend to be euphoric in describing them. According to James S. Coleman, who launched the movement at Johns Hopkins University in the early 1960's, simulations give students the feeling of control over their destinies that they so desperately lack in the hierarchy of the traditional school. "They bring the future into the present," Coleman said, "allowing the child to play rôles in a large differentiated society of which he otherwise gets hardly a glimpse."

Enthusiasts also mention the tremendous motivational power of games. A teacher in the Pennsylvania Advancement School, a curriculum laboratory in Philadelphia, reported that he played "Consumer" with one class "an hour every day for a week," stopping to explore related questions as they arose. Games offer "gut level" learning experiences, their proponents say; they almost always remove the teacher from the rôle of all-knowing judge. And, of course, games recognize the essential importance of pleasure and play in the learning process.

Critics of the cult contend that the available research has produced no conclusive evidence of what simulation games actually teach. Some believe that the lessons are negative—that games present an overly simplistic and inaccurate view of the world (one simulation in which students run for public office, for example, takes no account of the mass media), and that they encourage students to think of values and principles as merely a set of rules.

According to the humanists within the movement, however, the principal benefit of games is not informational but personal and emotional. A recently invented simulation called "Star-Power" acknowledges this so boldly that it bears a strong resemblance to group-sensitivity training: The game offers no information about the "real" world, but in the process of trading poker chips and various symbols denoting status, participants are forced to confront their deepest feelings about power. Here, as in many less dramatic simulations, the most important learning may be impossible to measure.

Whatever the benefits of simulation games, the movement, like so many other innovative projects guaranteed to "turn kids on," is rapidly becoming a major business. Roughly a dozen curriculum laboratories now concentrate a major part of their work on games, and many simulations, specially boxed with sufficient materials for a classful of students, have cost $25 to $50.

More important, though, the educational establishment seems ready, for a change, to cooperate with the innovators. The National Council of the Social Studies has a subcommittee devoted to simulations; the National Education Association has begun to feature simulations at its conventions; and the Association for Supervision and Curriculum Development recently held an entire conference on games. At this rate, there is a good chance that fun will someday be part of the official curriculum.

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ARIES. March 21 to April 19. The first cardinal (venture). Fire (impulse) sign. You will want to put new ideas into action from the 16th to the 20th. There is, however, only one day you can expect full cooperation from others: the 22nd. Because Mercury, the planet of signing agreements, remains retrograde you will not get the signatures you seek at this time. If you have the attention of those who approve your plan, try to complete your project successfully on the 29th. The last day in the month is right for a thoroughly pleasant time with others.

TAURUS. April 20 to May 20. *The first fixed (decided), Earth (dependable) sign. You may feel like expressing yourself practically but, with abundant social and love interests now, you should enjoy a happy time on the weekend of the 19th, 20th, and the 21st. You are urgently brought back to reality on the 23rd, but the 25th to the 27th require you to make an important evaluation. Agreements may not be completed. Foundations should be laid now in preparation for a later period, when Mercury moves forward, demanding a fast answer from you.*

GEMINI. May 21 to June 21. The first mutable (adjustable), Air (mental) sign. You are so popular now that it will be difficult to decide which event or engagement to accept. The 16th to the 20th is your most brilliant period but, because you always attract dual situations, attend to the most pressing business demands from the 23rd to the 27th. On the 29th, alternatives will have to be dealt with. Defer your answers until Mercury, the ruler of your sign, moves forward at a later date. Without the endorsement of Mercury, you would not receive your full share in any deal you may make.

CANCER. June 22 to July 22. The second cardinal (dissatisfied), Water (sensitive) sign. There may be many old loose ends that require your attention. As social affairs seem more urgent between the 16th and the 20th, by all means enjoy yourself because, after the 22nd straight through to the month's ending, you will be required to press on in business. It would be wise, however, to refrain from expressing an opinion or making any kind of decision on the 27th, as later events would prove the futility of your effort. Though practical ideas may flow when Mercury retrogrades, the likelihood of fulfillment is nebulous.

LEO. July 23 to August 22. *The second fixed (positive), Fire (faith) sign. You will either receive proposals of marriage or make proposals. It is the ripe time for such an event. Fulfillment of the promise you make must wait until Mercury, the planet of written guarantees, moves forward. Meanwhile, you can be very businesslike from the 23rd to the month's end in sorting out facts. On the 25th, organize your plans and yourself.*

VIRGO. August 23 to September 22. The second common (detail), Earth (thrifty) sign. You may have to go to special parties from the 17th to the 20th that you consider a waste of time, but do so. Relax. From the 23rd to the 29th, you will be busy working full time (particularly, on the 25th) to accommodate emergencies. It is just as well to have everything at the ready when your own Mercury moves forward. Things will go so fast, and so will you, that you should be prepared for these important eventualities.

LIBRA. September 23 to October 23. The third cardinal (originality), Air (expressive) sign. You will have to race to fulfill all of your social obligations from the 17th to the 22nd. If you have received two proposals or have proposed marriage, the answer should not be sought until after the full moon on the 25th, a more serious time in which to consider all the facts. But if you are a career Libran (marriage is the Librans' true career), then the same idea this month would seriously apply in considering business partners. Of course, the very ambitious Libran is capable of handling both marriage and business.

SCORPIO. October 24 to November 21. *The third fixed (calculating), Water (secretive) sign. You may find that the social scene is slightly abrasive, resistant to your clever barbs from the 17th to the 20th. Whatever yields to your promotional activities should be followed through behind the scenes. Let others represent you or at least use your persuasive manner. Saturn, in your seventh house of partners, demands facts on the 29th that test your wits or judgment. If you can not afford to lose, seeking the cooperation of others should be postponed until a more lenient period.*

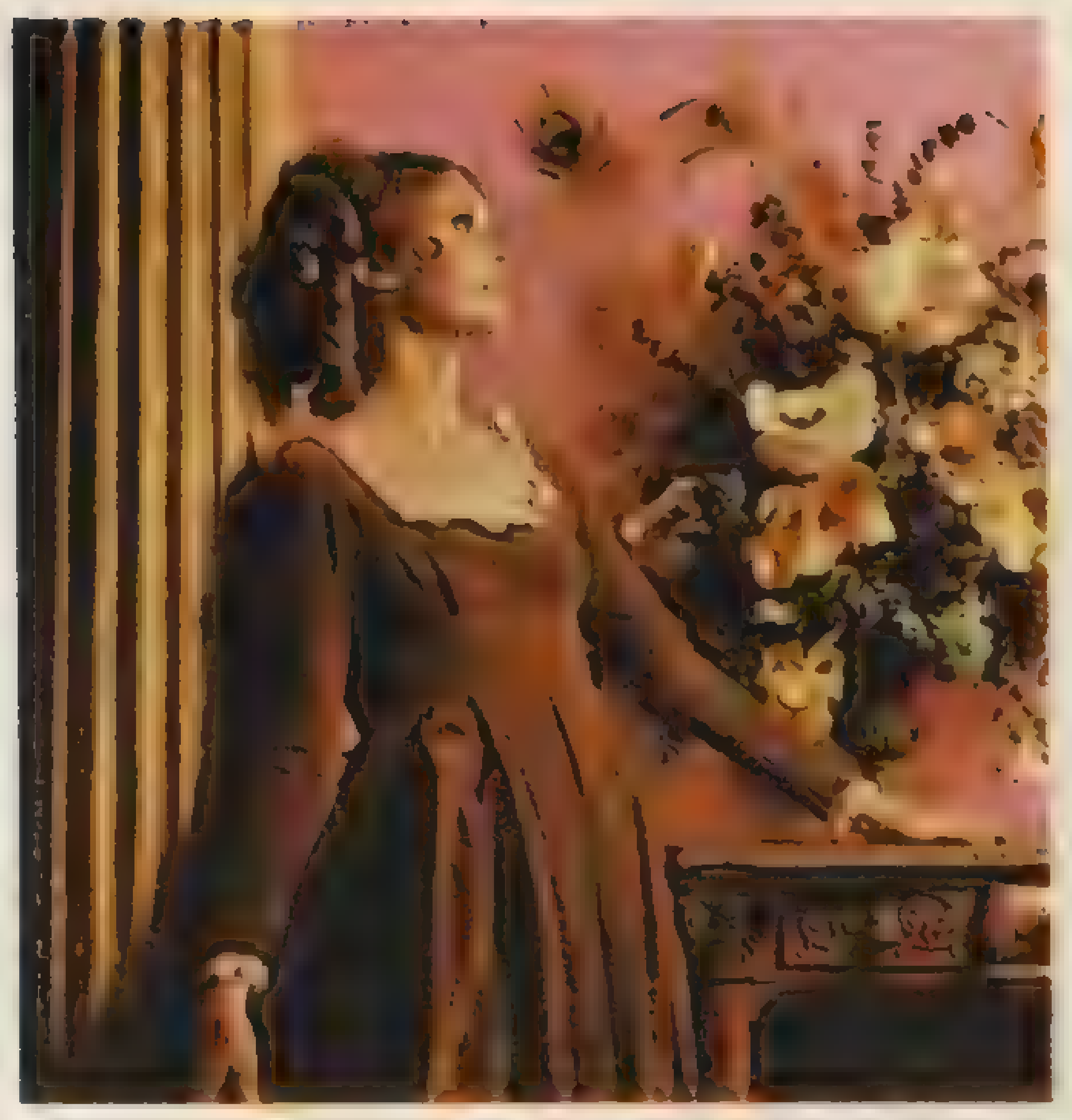
SAGITTARIUS. November 22 to December 21. The third mutable (responsive), Fire (idealism) sign. With your ruler, Jupiter, in Libra, the marriage sign, you should either be swamped with proposals or very marriage-minded. The influence of this means you will have to forsake all others. You, the dual, must ponder this. This is your moon until the 23rd. You will have to take care of your business promises by the 28th. The 29th poses questions that it would be best to leave unanswered. The questions will be repeated after Mercury moves ahead. Better luck next questions.

CAPRICORN. December 22 to January 19. The fourth and last cardinal (ambitious), Earth (industrious) sign. Your practical nature finds the rush of social events cutting deeply into your responsibilities. Mercury, the planet of agreement, may hold up the answers you are seeking until the 23rd. Mars enters your natal Sun sign on the 22nd as does beneficial Venus on the 23rd—an excellent time to consolidate your plans. The 29th is a splendid day for you to review the results of your efforts.

AQUARIUS. January 20 to February 18. *The fourth and last fixed (persistent), Air (detached) sign. You may feel a very strong urge to divorce old partners and wish to form new relationships. If a new friend intrigues you, wait until after the 23rd to become involved. A new person will present a very interesting business proposition that may only last a year—a windfall of prosperity. The 30th tells you something revealing—a day requiring serious considerations to the changes it can bring.*

PISCES. February 19 to March 20. The fourth and last common (passive), Water (indulgent) sign. While you are waiting for associates to stimulate you into action after the 20th, you might well chart a new program to begin on the 21st. The 23rd is the start of a social period. In the evening an old friend may introduce you into a new setting that is identified with the very program you have envisioned. Your ruler, Neptune, grants you the dream you have not given up. Research through each opportunity to arrive at fulfillment. The peculiarity of this planet is to reward strangely.

BY MARIA ELISE CRUMMERE



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Styles in make-up change just like styles in clothes—only faster!

The mad scientists keep inventing new things to make you prettier. You keep thinking up new ways to use them. It's groovy, but . . .

How Do You Stay Mod without Going Mad?

How do you keep up with all the new products and new ways to use them—without spending half your time haunting cosmetics counters (and half your budget trying all the exciting new things)?

Here's a dazzlingly simple suggestion. Just mail the coupon below, and join the World of Beauty. You'll never give in to a *smarter* impulse. Because this coupon entitles you to:

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Each of these fabulous Beauty Kits will be crammed with the latest cosmetics from the finest companies. You'll receive goodies for your face, your hair, your eyes, your skin. You'll revel in new lipsticks, eye make-ups, moisture lotions, bath oils, hair colorings, complexion soaps, blushers, night creams, bubble bath—dozens of mad, mod things to try.

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So?

So mail the coupon. Join the beauty happening of the year—for less than the price of a new lipstick. Get a whole $10.00 bundle of *famous-name* cosmetics for $1.00. Do it today!

---

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The setting: against the timeless elegance of Castel Sant'Angelo, on the bank of the Tiber. The star: prima ballerina Leda Lojodice, modeling palazzo pajamas by Emilio Pucci. The bottle: Galliano, legendary Italian liqueur "distilled from the rays of the sun." The taste: every sip a delightful combination of the classical and modern elegance of Italy. Galliano—the fine Italian liqueur that has conquered America. Let it win *you* over. Tonight.

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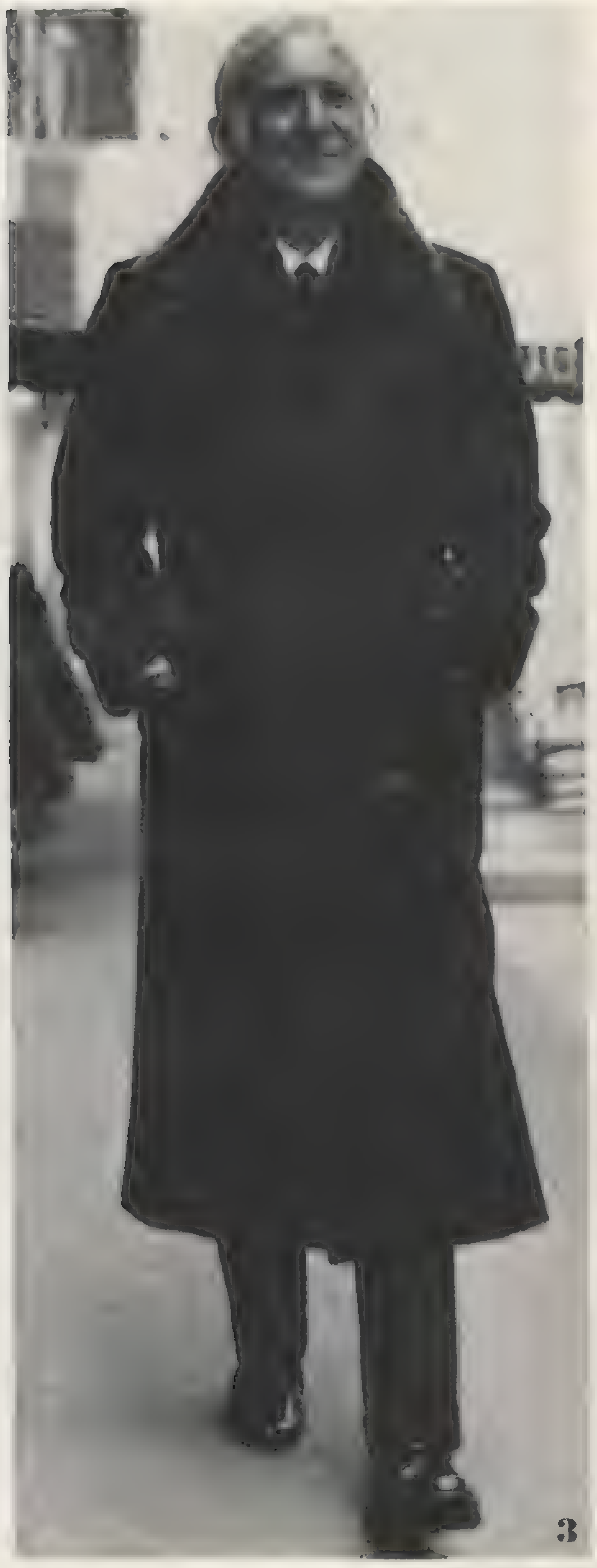
MEN IN VOGUE

...NOTES, QUOTES, AND VOTES

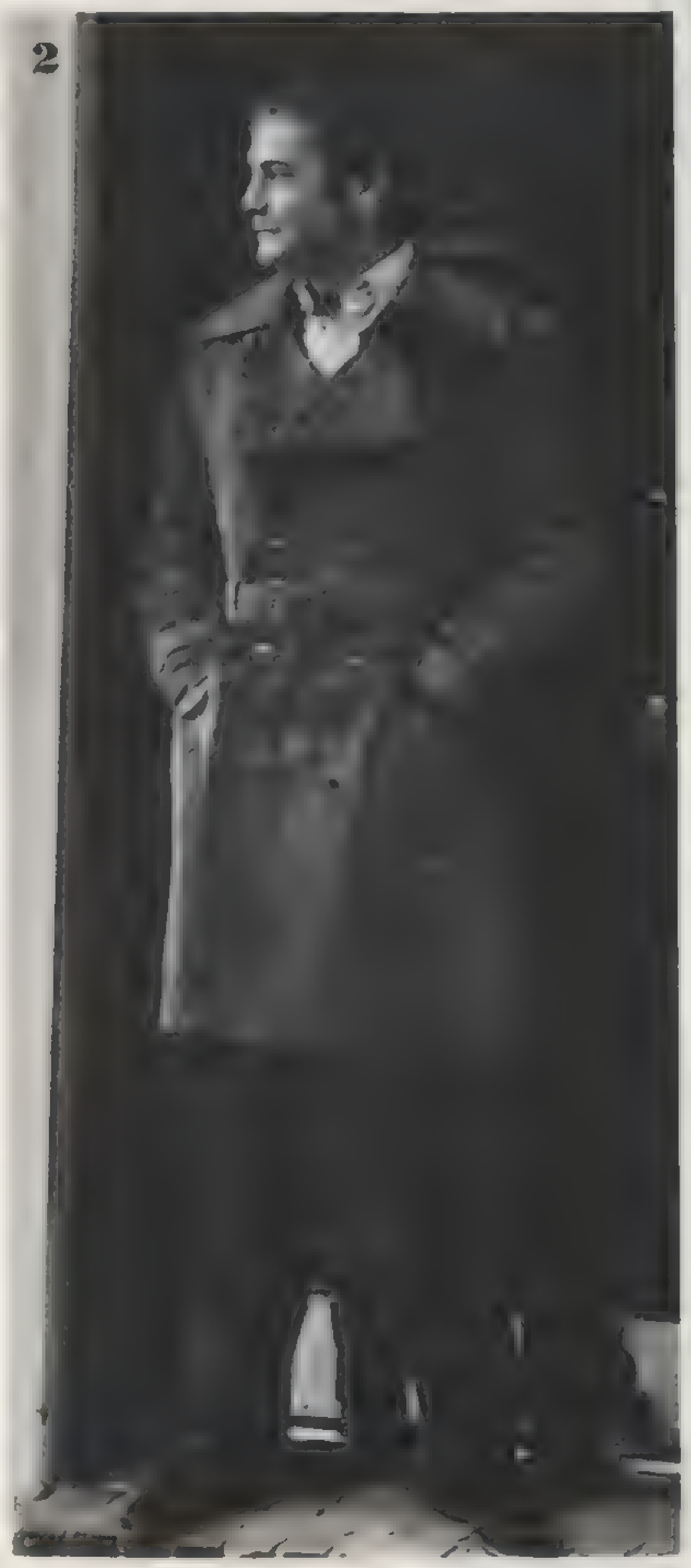


3

JACK ROBINSON

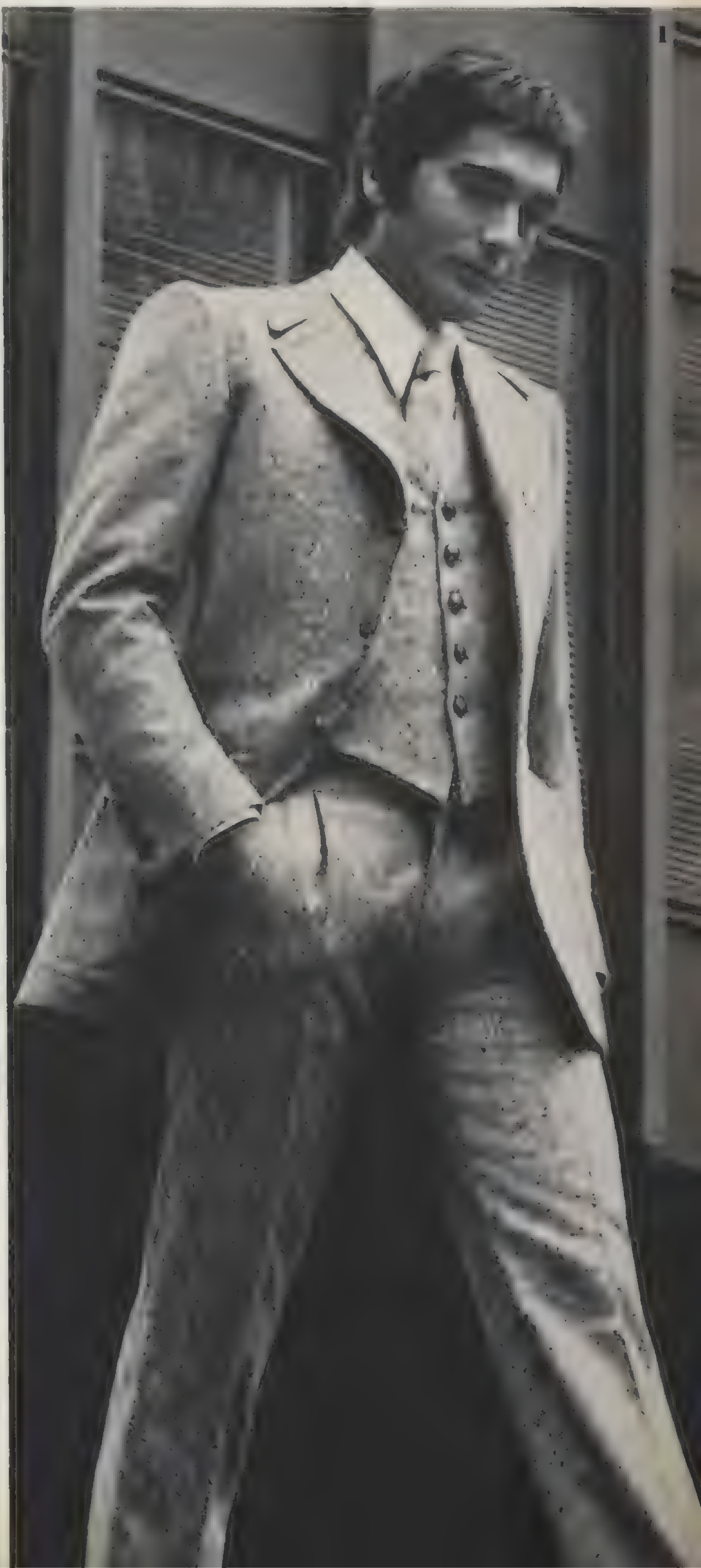
Purposeful strides into autumn

Marching around Manhattan this autumn . . . men with a new outlook, a new male look. Languorous, costume-y frills foregone in favour of clothes strictly cut to a gentleman's specifications. For instance, ***1.*** City weekend suit in briar-colour wool tweed. Note high wide lapels, single-pleated trousers; a highlight of the custom collection to be shown Oct. 8 by Dimitri of Italy, 42 E. 57th St. Timeless trench, ***2,*** in mocha brushed pigskin worn by ***Alain Larivière,*** a partner in that sleek enclave of modern furniture and objects, Albrizzi in the Hotel Carlyle. The coat from Dunhill Tailors, 65 E. 57th St., $250. With it, Alain's favourite brown suède trousers, $95. Cordoba, 989 Madison Ave. Town coat, ***3,*** as seen by Bill Blass for PBM and worn by Fabergé V. P. ***Paul Blackman,*** military in authority, civilian in luxury: nutria-trimmed navy Melton, $450. At Bonwit Teller; Neiman-Marcus.



2

CHRYS GOULANDRIS



1

News Flash:

A pretty spy got the recipe for the world's best shoeshine, that of London's bespoke bootmaker C. J. Cleverley. Method: "Dust brown shoes with soft cloth. Apply small dabs of Kiwi tan or brown polish in circular fashion. Rub in. Let dry. Do not brush. Apply mahogany Meltonian polish in small dabs. Rub in, brush vigourously, buff with soft cloth." Our spy continues: "Kiwi black and Meltonian black, same method, will produce the same absolutely extraordinary gloss and sheen for black shoes. My husband has some shoes I hated until this shine. Now they are dark, luminous; I adore them." Shine-worthy, ***4:*** Renegades tan Oxford, $30. At Lord & Taylor.

1

®EMBA MINK BREEDERS ASSOCIATION

The ineffable beauty of
EMBA®

travels the rapturous route of the beautiful people in an understated shaping of urbane nonchalance. Here, interpreted in **AUTUMN HAZE® EMBA** natural brown mink, homozygous type, a Rare Quality mutation of purest, palest pearlescence.

The Minerva Collection

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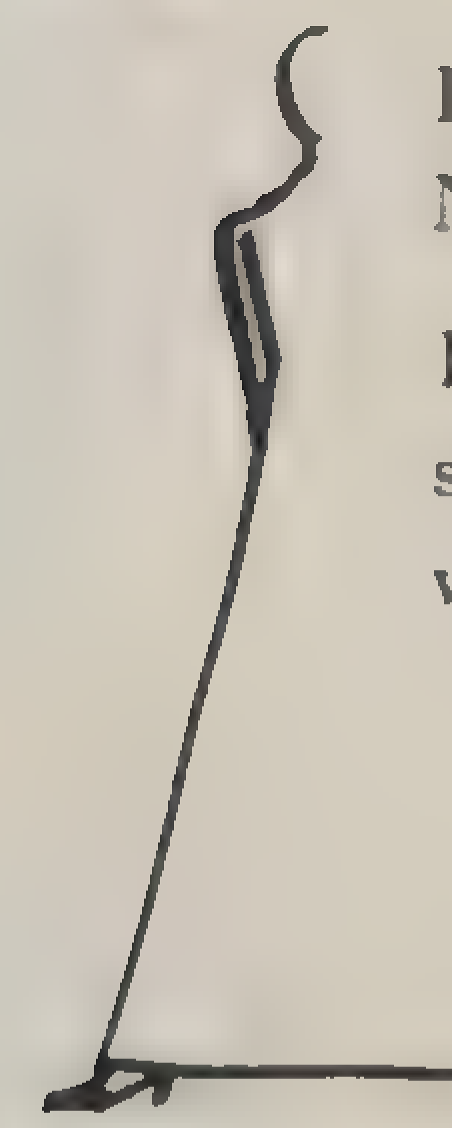
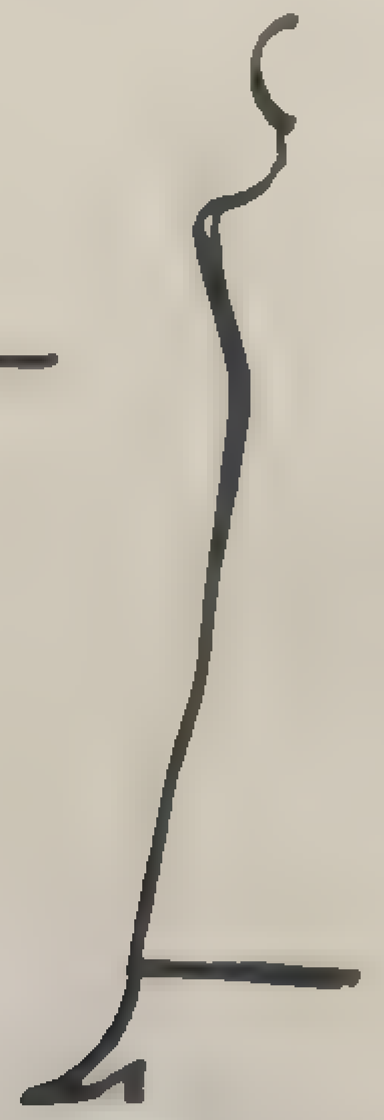
ROSENDORF/ EVANS Washington, D.C. BATTELSTEIN'S, Houston BEST & CO., New York SANGER-HARRIS, Dallas EVANS, Inc., Chicago

VOGUE's eye view: PARIS



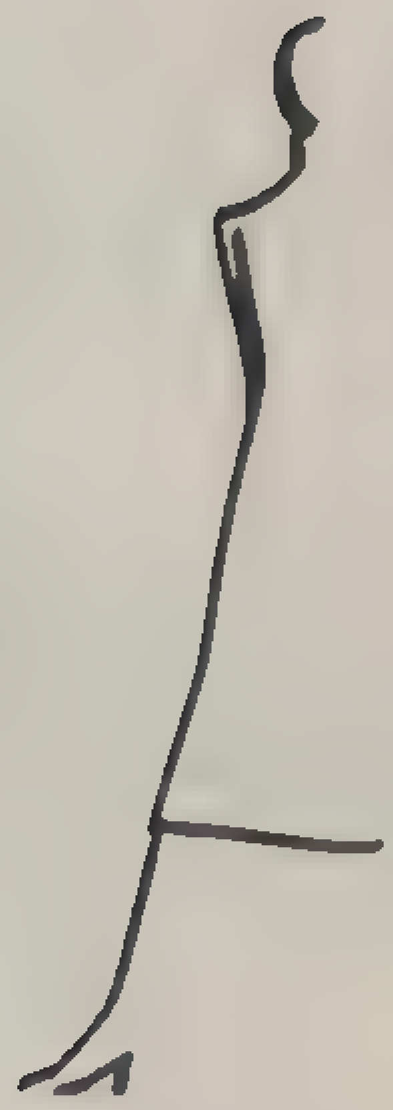
Every woman should choose her skirt length—or lengths. No need to stick to one... DON'T WORRY about length at all.

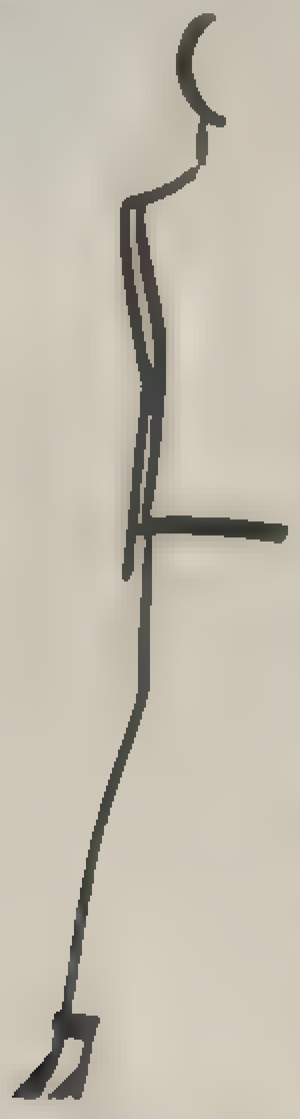
Look left for the variety of Paris lengths: all the way to the slipper tops... nearly to the ankle... mid-calf... mid-thigh tunic worn with tights... the short dress we still adore... the longer day dress that covers the knee.



No length is more correct than any other.... Be comfortable. Be happy. PARIS IS FILLED WITH UNCOMPLICATIONS.

Remember pretty feet and legs make the girl. And never has Paris had such enchanting slippers, shoes, stockings: evening slippers with cut-outs, with flat, square, or oval toes, and bright bandages of diamonds.... Leopard lamé boots. For day, suède and clear-leather shoes fringed like Scottish brogues with thick high heels. New and recherché: the very pointed moccasin pump in lacquered kid—violet or dubonnet.... Black or brown shiny stockings everywhere. *Red* stockings à la the Wife of Bath. Green shoes and red stockings and the other way round... And boots of every length.

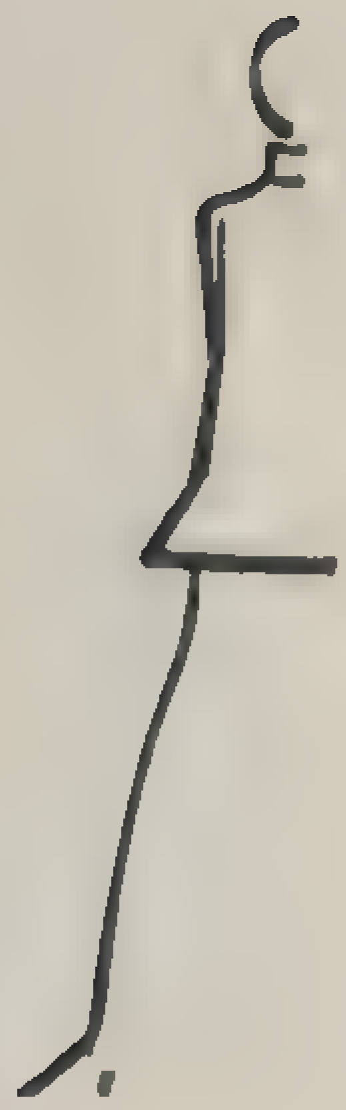




Colour-drenched furs everywhere: orange mink edging a white satin tunic. Pink Persian lamb over a navy pants suit. Broadtail in scarlet, turquoise, and lemon yellow.

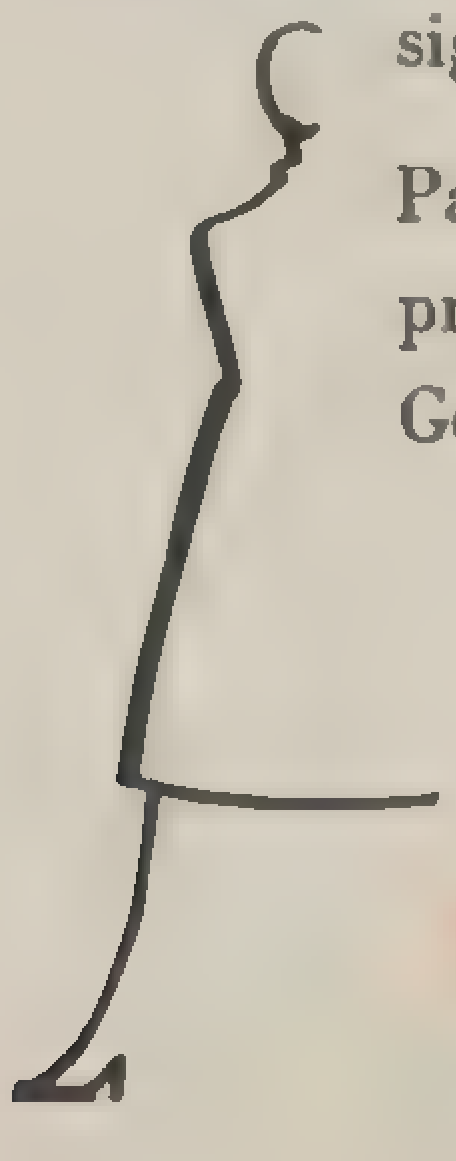
Revolt against the computers: swing to hand-knitted looks and crochet. Many knitted leotards—white, black, scarlet with sleeveless tunics.... Romantic capes and head scarfs.

Marvellous short evening dresses—small and blowy.... The long long line goes on—created by waists starting at the hipbone, flounces at the end of loose swingy dresses floating and seducing in lamé and chiffon.... Evening dresses completely covered and discreet.

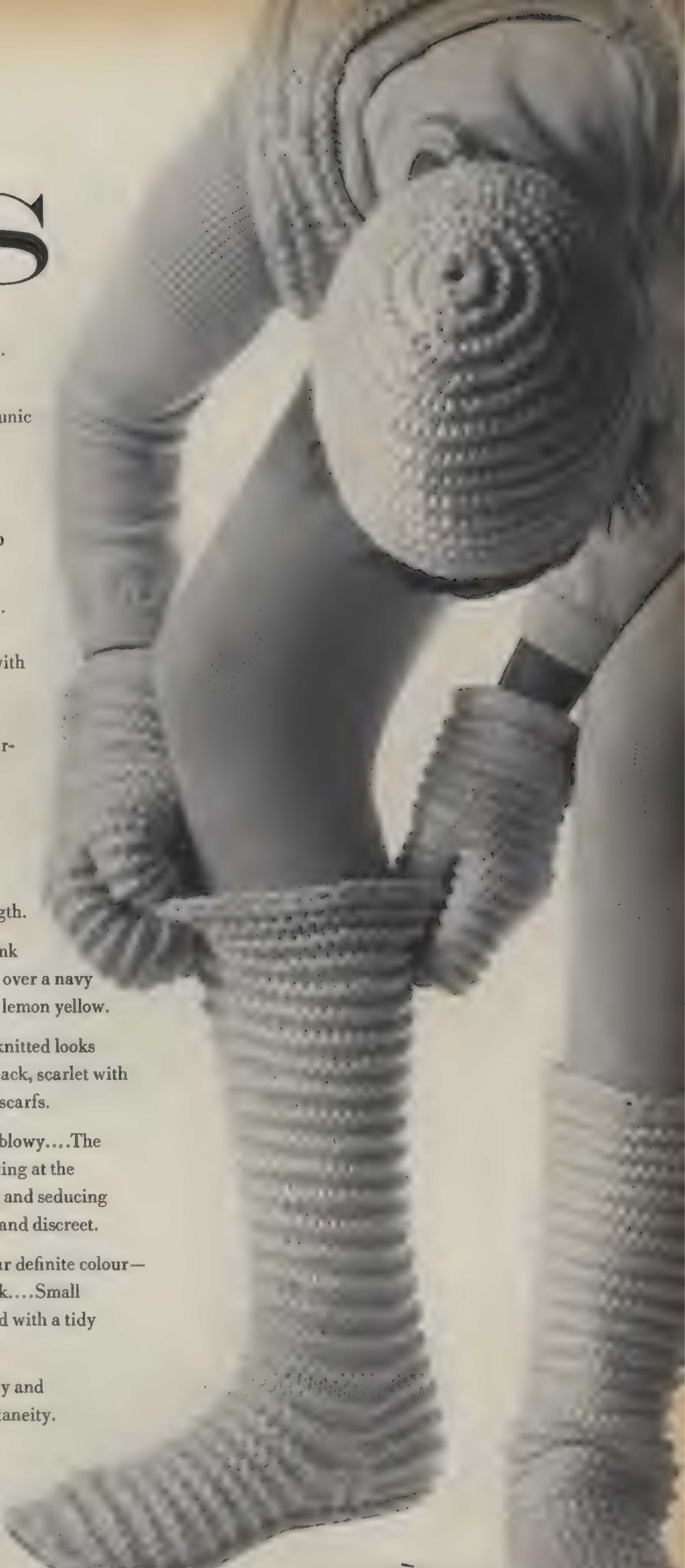


Makeup is at last amusing again.... Eyes painted in one clear definite colour—really painted—orange, grey-pearl, cerise, and Chinese pink.... Small immaculate heads: chignons wrapped smoothly and finished with a tidy significant knot... short hair like a schoolboy's.

Paris has given us fashion that is easy and merry and provokes delight. See the variety. Feel the spontaneity. Get with your length.... Enjoy!



D.V.



COURRÈGES all knitted up—close little cap, thick-knit tunic and cutie-pie boots worn over a fine-knit leotard with knitten mittens—all white. All at Bonwit Teller; Sakowitz; I. Magnin.

PENN

PARIS

COURRÈGES:
white and warm and cosy...
for snow bunnies
and cutie pies with
beautiful smiles and
strong, graceful bodies...
athletic and sexy

The pants at Courrèges, left, enclose the leg without touching, widen just the slightest bit to cover the boot easily—double-faced white wool with a welted ping-ponged seam going around just under the knee. The ribby knitted leotard, above, is the under for the overs at Courrèges—here, in white under a short, pointed white wool poncho edged with shiny brass band. Handknitted-looking knits plus moon goggles, right: tiny tight white cap and white knitten mittens with the look of the handknit about them...and here's looking at you through smoke-coloured lenses curved with white crescent moons. All, both pages, at Bonwit Teller; Sakowitz; I. Magnin. Boots, mittens, caps by Courrèges.

PENN

PARIS

UNGARO:

just great...marvellous clothes for all the healthy, delicious, high-spirited girls in the world

Ungaro puts new kick in pants, far left: khaki-brown wool, straight and narrow and only slightly wider at the bottom to make room for ankle boots of light-brown patent; all the action's at the knee where welted seams turn corners in every direction—a great-fitting pair of pants, with a belted and sleeveless tunic. Nattier fabric. To order: Bonwit Teller: Neiman-Marcus. At Hudson's; I. Magnin.

The happiest suit in town, centre left—divinely athletic looking in white canvas and butterscotch calfskin with a white sleeveless turtleneck under the belted and tabbed jacket: a box-pleated skirt stitched in butterscotch...plus canvas-and-leather knee boots and a pouffy engineer's cap. Bucol fabric. To order at Bonwit Teller; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin.

Jump for joy, near left: a super-duper stretch of waffly white jersey jumpsuit with brown crinkly vinyl bands all the way. With a big floppy vinyl bow under the tab collar. Matching jacket. A raschel knit of Qiana (Nattier fabric). To order: Bonwit Teller: Neiman-Marcus. At I. Magnin. Carita coiffures.

PENN

1

Prints were never like this before—splashy, gay, wild and wonderful, intense as a Rothko painting, fresh as a Paris sky.... 1. Wide wiggly bands of colour: brown, yellow, navy, and grey across a long silk orange-red shirt-tunic and pleated skirt; a short yellow coat; brown silk at the throat; dark-brown legs and feet. To order: Bonwit Teller; Neiman-Marcus. At I. Magnin. 2. Ungaro's slicker jacket: the softest, thinnest, shiniest red leather shaped close to the body, double vents and a buckled strap in back. And a printed challis shirtdress underneath. Cabron fabric. At Lord & Taylor; Neiman-Marcus. To order at I. Magnin. 3. Perfect little black wool coat: slightly shaped, belted and pleated in back, and brushstroked with colour...a cerise challis dress showing above the collar. To order at Bonwit Teller; I. Magnin. At Neiman-Marcus. 4. Scrumptious thin wool challis shirtdress in wave after wave of lavender, magenta, dark brown, cerise....With it goes a fleecy jacket of aubergine-dyed Persian lamb edged in red vinyl...dark-purple tights, black-patent-and-purple shoes. Bonwit Teller. To order: Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. 5. Brave new colour up to the eyes and a tight little twist of pigtail like an Indian brave's—a marvellous wool suit in aubergine-and-white streaked with red. Long shaped and belted jacket, belted minijupe, red velours shirt, flashes of shining red leather....Around her eyes, an impression of tears—clear blue circles painted with loops of black teardrops, filled in with chalk white. To order: Bonwit Teller; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Printed fabrics, both pages: Sonja Knapp designs for Nattier. 6. A work of art—Ungaro's painted eye like some rare and wondrous bird, absolutely dazzled with colour—a circle of pearly grey painted with scarlet dots outlined in black. Eye makeup designed by Sonja Knapp. All coiffures by Carita.

2

3

4

6

PARIS

UNGARO: The painted eye, the painters' prints, luxurious, contemporary, just plain happy

PENN

5

PARIS

COURRÈGES

is fun: tiny tight caps, moon boots and knitten mittens—fashion and colour pow that never stops

Courrèges girls: all health and cheer and having fun. Just follow the bouncing ball of tiny knitted caps running through. Shiny short turquoise-paillette dress, below, fuzzed with ruby-beaded marabou and getting a kick out of soft clonky moon boots, white ribbed knitten mittens. Chrome wool overalls, above left, laced up over a black ribbed turtleneck and covered with a short black mock-seal poncho. White-zipped red-and-black jumper, above, head over heels over a white ribbed turtleneck leotard, the second-skin basis for lots of good looks in the Courrèges collection.

Long violet jacket that picks up all the tabs, above: wool chinchilla with golden buttons and curve tailoring…white jersey hip pants, turtleneck, that mad cap, and mittens. Tiny wool plaid skirt chain-braced on a blue-sky leotard, above right: the latter with feet and a snap-on turtleneck; soft moon booties. Down down down it goes, right, the endless plunge of a lacquer-red wool jumpsuit closed with bows. Turnouts all at Bonwit Teller; Sakowitz; I. Magnin. All caps, mittens, and boots by Courrèges. Coiffures by Carita.

PENN

PARIS

GRÈS black: the largest faille poncho, the tiniest mink tunic...and always the most seductive cut-outs

Engulfing as night, left, two great curving black faille petals round out a poncho so enormous there's barely a glimpse of skin: just the hands, the feet, and a sliver of cleavage where the narrow slash from the throatband ends. In Chatillon-Mouly-Roussel silk. To order at Bonwit Teller; I. Magnin. Jewellery by Desbruères. And the great Grès perfume, Cabochard, operating here under cloak of night. Half mink, half boot, right, and a delicious young proportion—the tunic-coat bounces out to a little skater's skirt and the velvet boots come over the knee to meet it halfway. Saga mink dyed black, from Scandinavia, over a velvet romper. Scemama ring. Nicolet gloves. Maxandre stockings. Boots by Capobianco for Grès. Ravishing and revealing, far right: Grès bears an ellipse at the midriff of black crêpe pyjamas—uncovering a beautiful curve of cloth, and skin, on a covered black dinner tunic and slim pants. Leonard crêpe. To order at Bonwit Teller; I. Magnin. Shoes, both pages, by Roger Vivier for Grès. Ornaments by Gossens. Carita coiffures.

PARIS

GRÈS: slippery-when-dry short shiny tunic, long fisherman boots... DIOR'S languorous long Paisley gauze chemise over pants

Grès cinnamon-leather shine, left, geared for thigh-deep country looks—the belted tunic and crinkly wading boots barely inches apart, with just a glimpse of the pale muskrat linings and the short cinnamon knit jumpsuit beneath. Turnout, to order at Bonwit Teller; I. Magnin. Grès long knitted gloves. Boots: Capobianco for Grès. Dior's moment of pure languor, right: the evening chemise, veiling the body in gauzy Paisley lamé—a long sash swayed with fringe, a deep flounce from knee to calf, pants drifting to the ground. Bianchini Lurex-threaded Paisley. To order at I. Magnin. Dior jewellery; Dior makeup; Dior fragrance—lightly veiled Dioressence Eau Parfumée making the most of Dior's moment, and yours. Coiffures by Carita.

PARIS

DIOR'S superb tailoring—all ease and dash and wonderful to wear

Long jacket, short skirt, left—the new Paris suit in double-faced grey flannel: a long Norfolk jacket with narrow set-in sleeves, buttoned pockets, and an inset belt over a short and easy skirt and black wool jersey shirt.... And everything in perfect proportion right from the top of the small head and natty little black fedora to the challis scarf at the throat and the shiny black-patent knee boots. Suit of Nattier wool. At Lord & Taylor; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin; Holt Renfrew of Canada.

PENN

The perfect coat, shown twice at left, a tailor's dream in black wool—small narrow top with high armholes and slim straight sleeves, width through the skirt; double-breasted with slanted pockets in front, a deep vent in back. Forneris wool. To order: I. Magnin.

The best pants suit, right: long leggy lines in a giant Glen plaid of brown and beige—long worsted jacket over good straight belted pants with a scarf and matching shirt of thin plaid challis. Beauclere fabric. To order at I. Magnin. At Holt Renfrew of Canada.

PARIS

SAINT LAURENT'S long look at fur and fringed leather, covered black velvet, Persian-rug coats...worn by Mme. François Catroux

The cat's whiskers, far left: a whole ocelot pelt pouncing—whiskers and all—on the back of a brown nutria coat that is belted and fringed in brown leather; the little oatmeal knit tunic beneath the long coat stops just short of flaring musketeer boots.

Leg-of-mutton sleeves, left, puffed on black velvet—a throatbanded long dinner dress, narrow to the wrist and to the floor. Mid-calf coats—Persian-rug prints: above, in leafy crimson, dark green, and yellow arabesques on a beige double-breasted coat with skirt gathered low at the waist, pockets low on the skirt over a brown jersey jumpsuit; right, in vivid blues, greens, reds, and pink on a long coat wrapped and sashed like a man's bathrobe over a navy-blue jersey tunic and pants. Both outfits: Leonard jersey. Both coats, in Brossin de Méré wool. All turnouts: to order at I. Magnin. Boots and shoes on both pages, by Roger Vivier for Saint Laurent. Mme. Catroux's coiffures by Bernard at Lorca.

PENN

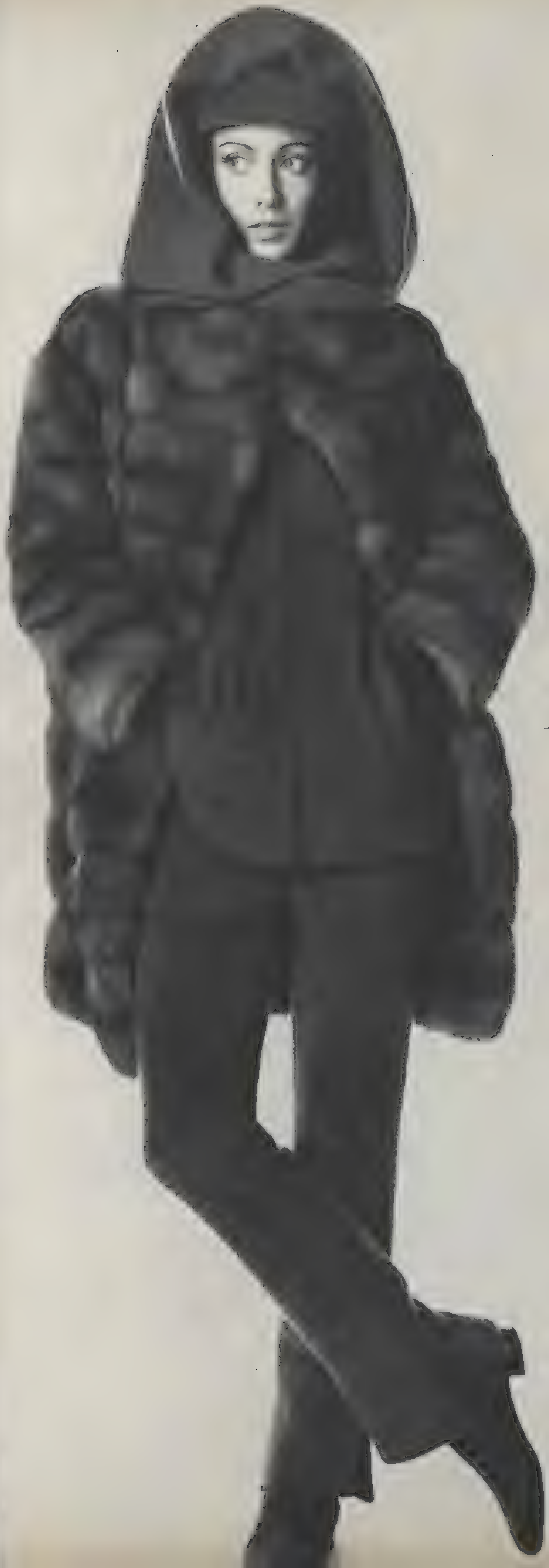
PARIS

SAINT LAURENT'S

mid-calf coats with
pants...and Mme.
François Catroux,
the languorous,
long-lined, luxurious
girl who wears
them to perfection

Voluminous loden caped coat, left: white-flecked misty green wool swings out with a vast brooding sweep—the capelet to just past the elbow, the skirt to mid-calf. In Forneris wool over black jersey pants. At Marshall Field. To order at I. Magnin. Long black kid gloves by Kislav. Leanest ulster of them all, right, in greige tweed coarser than cottage homespun and no wider than the ribs—thick welted seams add inches of languor to a look already long on this line. Helita wool. To order at I. Magnin. Saint Laurent scarf. Dark-brown wool jersey, far right, skiddling narrowly all the way: the coat to mid-calf, the cinnamon-banded navy tunic to the thigh, the lean pants to the top of the shoes—picking up a hint of flare as they go. Coat and pants in Racine jersey. Lord & Taylor. To order at I. Magnin. All high-laced shoes by Roger Vivier for Saint Laurent. Mme. Catroux's coiffures by Bernard at Lorca.

PENN



PARIS

GIVENCHY–wild about his animal prints, sporty sables

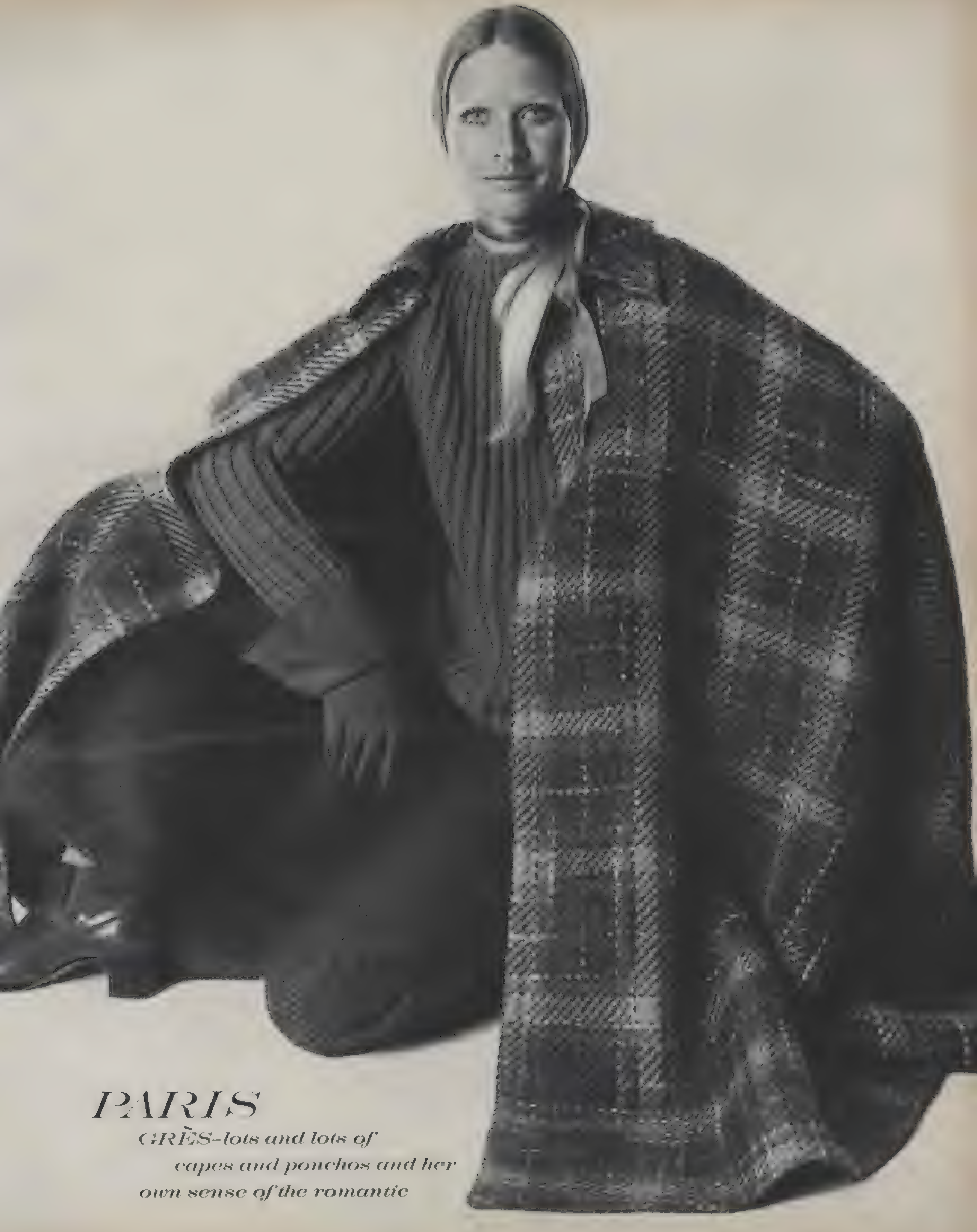
Stretching leopard, far left: pants suit of leopard-printed stretch gabardine. Double-breasted raglan jacket to mid-thigh, double-vent back. Pants the narrowest. Matching ankle boots. Under the jacket, a white short-sleeved tunic. Bianchini gabardine. At Wanamaker's, Phila. To order at I. Magnin. Boots by Mancini for Givenchy. Tiger wool, centre: a great animal-print coat to mid-calf with a black calf thong to tie over a belted brown jersey dress. Brown felt bowl of a hat. Printed fabric by Sache. To order at I. Magnin. Coiffures, opposite page: Alexandre. Sable makes the sports page, left: the fluffy coat at its luxest, skins worked round to mid-thigh. Over a sweater top and narrow pants of soft taupe-brown angora jersey, matching suède boots. Jersey hood buttoned over a bright green cap. Jersey by Veron. Sweater and pants at Marshall Field. Boots by Mancini for Givenchy. Scent, tracked here: Givenchy's Le De.

PENN

The Grès poncho, this page: orange angora jersey—all flow and purity—streaming over the shoulders, as supple and cosy as a sweater. Superb over one of her long, fluid jersey dresses. Poncho of Veron fabric. At Bergdorf Goodman; I. Magnin. David Evins sandals to order at I. Miller.

The great greatcape, opposite, with a splendid swirl—tones of beige-and-grey plaid double-faced against dark-grey tweed. Curves down to mid-calf over narrow grey tweed pants, a ribbed hand-knit pullover. Of Guillemin fabric. To order at Bonwit Teller; I. Magnin. Crescendoe-Superb suède gauntlets. Ankle boots by Roger Vivier for Grès. Carita coiffure.

PENN



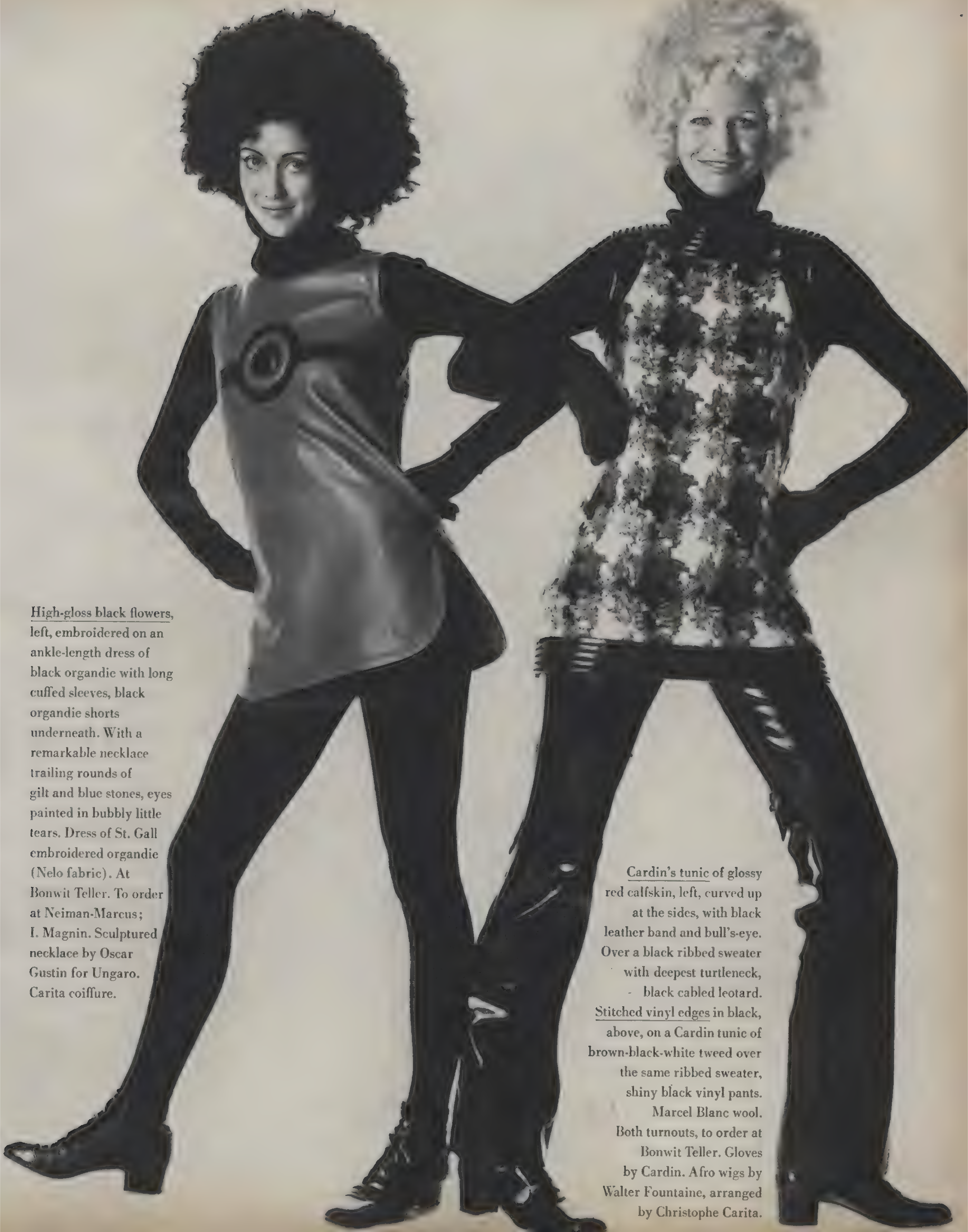
PARIS

GRÈS–lots and lots of
capes and ponchos and her
own sense of the romantic

PARIS

UNGARO–shiny black
embroidery with dangles of
burnished sculpture,
and the painted eye...
CARDIN–teeny tiny tunics
over long long legs

PENN



High-gloss black flowers, left, embroidered on an ankle-length dress of black organdie with long cuffed sleeves, black organdie shorts underneath. With a remarkable necklace trailing rounds of gilt and blue stones, eyes painted in bubbly little tears. Dress of St. Gall embroidered organdie (Nelo fabric). At Bonwit Teller. To order at Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Sculptured necklace by Oscar Gustin for Ungaro. Carita coiffure.

Cardin's tunic of glossy red calfskin, left, curved up at the sides, with black leather band and bull's-eye. Over a black ribbed sweater with deepest turtleneck, black cabled leotard. Stitched vinyl edges in black, above, on a Cardin tunic of brown-black-white tweed over the same ribbed sweater, shiny black vinyl pants. Marcel Blanc wool. Both turnouts, to order at Bonwit Teller. Gloves by Cardin. Afro wigs by Walter Fountaine, arranged by Christophe Carita.

PARIS

SAINT LAURENT'S divine
coats, long and big-skirted...
furs– tails it's mink, heads it's wolf

The smallest top, widest skirt, opposite—the romantic mid-calf coats of Saint Laurent.... Black weightless wool, upper left, with a snug bodice, full rippling mid-calf skirt, braid frogs. Over a white ruffled crêpe-de-chine shirt, wrapped mid-calf skirt. Coat of Forneris fabric. At Lord & Taylor. To order at I. Magnin. Left, the hooded coat of speckled grey wool with a tiny waist, full-circle mid-calf skirt, leather frogs. With black jersey pants, a magenta foulard. Coat of Forneris fabric. To order at I. Magnin. Coiffures by Alexandre. Parfum for this romance: Saint Laurent's "Y."

Belted mink coat, left, edged in plump tails rippling like fringe. Turtleneck tunic of heavy oatmeal knit. Head wrapped in a crimson square. Coat of Saga ranch mink from Scandinavia. To order at I. Magnin. Kislav gloves. All shoes by Roger Vivier for Saint Laurent. Pale fluffy wolf, below, riding up the back and front of a belted brown leather coat. The amusing hood: not Red, not Riding, but more wolf—complete with ears, a black button nose at the front.

PENN

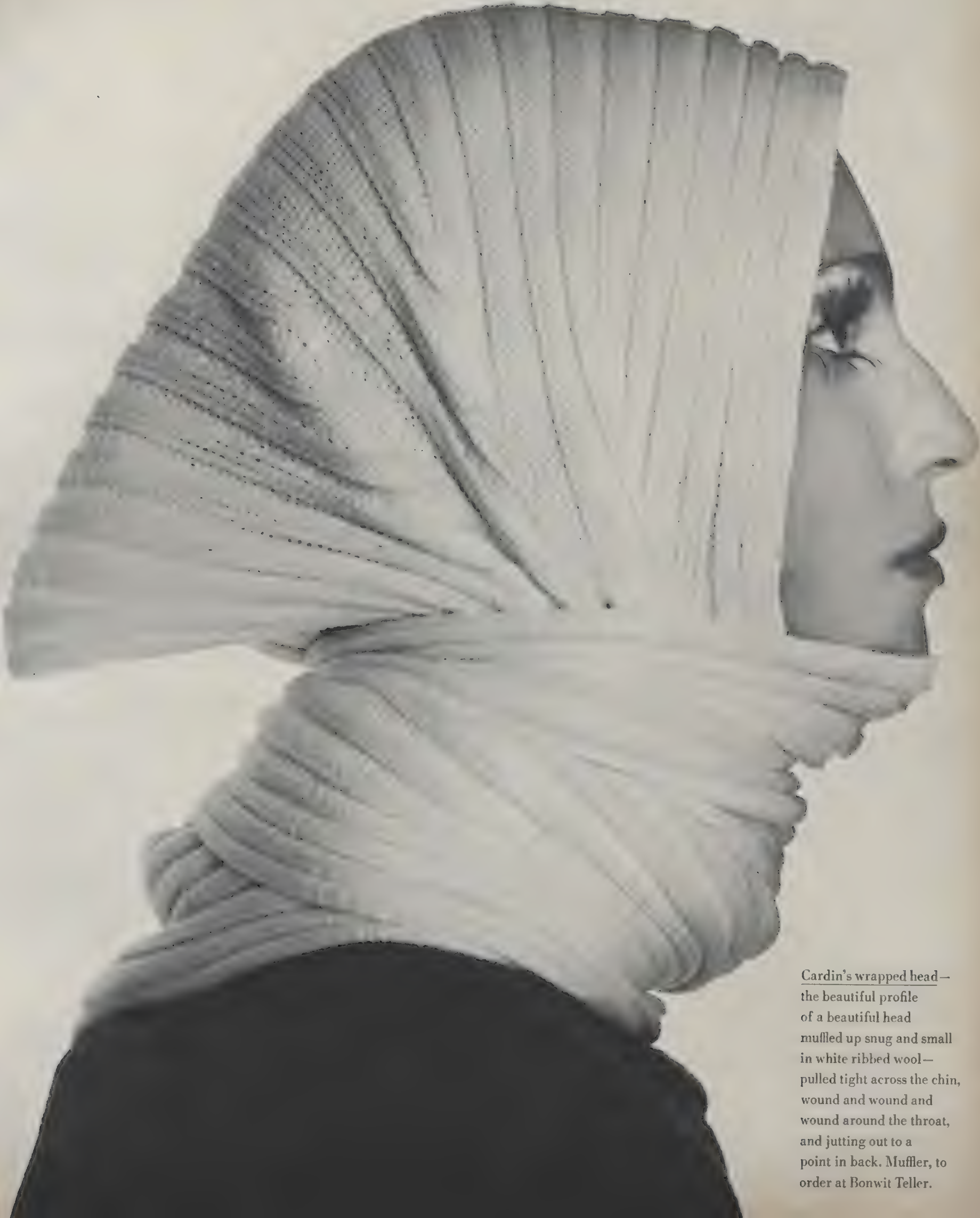
PARIS

great muffled up, wrapped up, furred up looks at GRÈS and CARDIN

PENN

Grès takes a walk on the wild side, below—tops off fat, furry, burly, beigey-brown wolf pants with a tunnel-collared off-white ribbed sweater, thick and roomy. To order at Bonwit Teller; I. Magnin. Bonnie Doon knee socks. Shoes by Roger Vivier for Grès.

The muskrat rambler, far left, for blustery winter days—Grès zippered jacket and mid-thigh shorts of griege muskrat; mushroom-colour handknitted sweater with a huge hang-loose hood; mushroom suède boots that start where the shorts stop. To order at Bonwit Teller; I. Magnin. Hansen gloves. Boots by Roger Vivier for Grès.



Cardin's wrapped head—
the beautiful profile
of a beautiful head
muffled up snug and small
in white ribbed wool—
pulled tight across the chin,
wound and wound and
wound around the throat,
and jutting out to a
point in back. Muffler, to
order at Bonwit Teller.

NORMAN PARKINSON

GREAT BRITAIN'S

H.R.H. PRINCESS ANNE

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The British rock four, Blind Faith, a fused-out fizzle in their recent New York début, but on their album *Blind Faith* flinging their good, blued, together sound, especially Eric Clapton who is the world's greatest rock guitarist. . . . The paintings of Thomas Stokes with their luminous, dilute colours that explode late, in the mind; now at Betty Parsons gallery in New York. . . . The young American actress Mimsy Farmer, pretty, passive poison in the movie *More.*

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The curdling of transportation, especially the clabbered railroads. . . . Fidgety currency, as unpredictable as a fibber's polygraph. . . . The deepened, responsible, national attention to the costs and meanings of arms. . . . In France, the high-life song by Alain Barrière, "Viva Ouagadougou," a ballad hung on the toffee sounds of such African place names as Yaoundé.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . In London, the twenty-five-year-old composer John Tavener whose "Celtic Requiem" is scored for forty-eight singers, three small orchestras, and a dozen children playing nursery games on stage, singing, "Mary had a little lamb, her father shot it dead." . . . The artist Mo McDermott who cuts out two-dimensional wooden trees or tulips in pots. . . . The switch in British slang, with "swink" now meaning to toil, and "operose," heavy; operose swink, then, means "what a sweat, man."

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The Bonzo Dog Band, a bag of nuts who play English freak rock, chirpier than Frank Zappa and more fun in their Black blues spoof, "Can Blue Men Sing the Whites?" . . . *The Gruesome Green Witch,* a book for kids by Patricia Coffin whose fairy tale has image, suspense, and undertone to hook parents who read aloud. . . . The sharp young of New York's East Village who are getting G. I. hair cuts and going under underground.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . Arlo Guthrie, wistful, flaccid, docile, and appealing in Arthur Penn's lumpy movie *Alice's Restaurant,* from Guthrie's song. . . . *The French,* the big, often witty book by Sanche de Gramont who writes about his countrymen as if he were performing needed surgery on a loved one, lancing myths: "French lovemaking is less passionate than technically proficient, its vocabulary reminiscent of two housewives discussing a complicated recipe—do this, then do that, now here, that's right, turn a bit, not too fast, simmer but do not let come to a boil."

RAY CHARLES, Black, soothing, raw like iodine on a cut, is Soul before it became a cultural cathedral. He knows. Whatever he sings—and he sings a lot of rubbish—comes out superbly. A thorough musician on jazz organ and piano, he sings blues, ballads, Country and Western with smoothness that still lets the song fly. Charles picks up on vibrations, on sounds, on the intangibles. "Because I can't see, I see people in a different way. People are, after all, guarded against the big things. The small things tell." He likes to improvise, to interlard one song with another, to play word games. "What's the difference between 'humility' and 'humiliation'?" he asked, teasingly, one of the Raeletts, the four girls who back him up. "Playing games is how I pick up on people." He added that a woman is like a drummer: It's not necessary for her to be heard to be felt. "I don't like to be around a woman who talks all the time," he said. He can feel when a woman of presence is in the room. "If she left," he said, "you'd notice something."

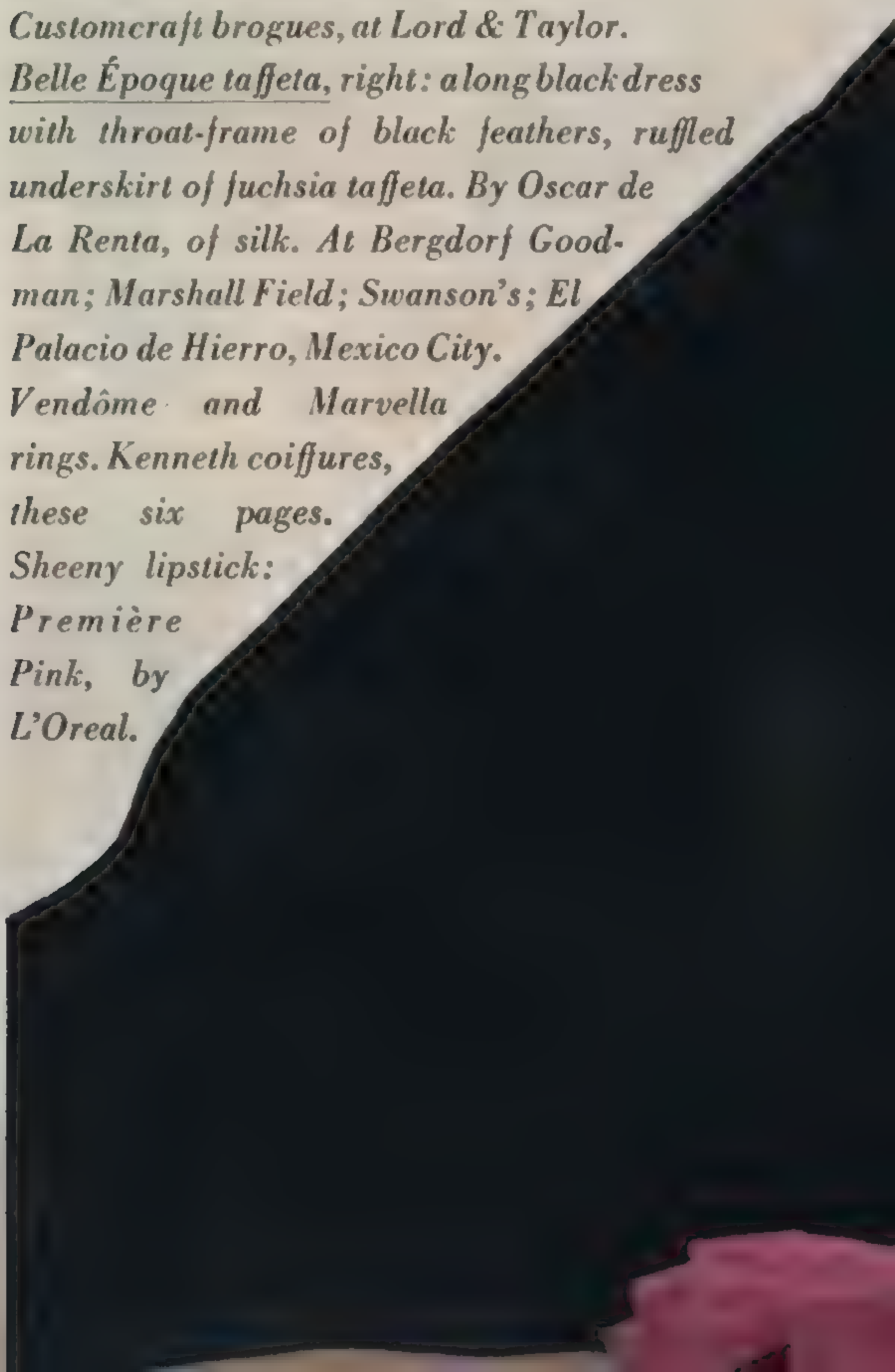
BERT STERN

PENN

COVERING THE NIGHT

New U.S. glories

Great and glorious—the covered looks of evening now: long sleeves, skirt sweeps, richesse of fabric and colour, bands of flouncing and feathers. The wide coat in mink shaded grey, left: glory for day or night. With delicious evening wrappings here—head wrapped in dotted silk, throat wrapped in pearls. The shape—great for short coats, now—small top, wide hem, low pockets. Unseen here: a long muffler of burgundy-dyed mink that comes along. Coat by Laurence Kaye, of Saga Black Cross mink from Scandinavia. At I. Magnin; Holt Renfrew of Canada. Wrapped head by Saint Laurent. Cultured pearls at Bailey Banks & Biddle. Phoenix tights, at Bloomingdale's. Customcraft brogues, at Lord & Taylor. Belle Époque taffeta, right: a long black dress with throat-frame of black feathers, ruffled underskirt of fuchsia taffeta. By Oscar de La Renta, of silk. At Bergdorf Goodman; Marshall Field; Swanson's; El Palacio de Hierro, Mexico City. Vendôme and Marvella rings. Kenneth coiffures, these six pages. Sheeny lipstick: Première Pink, by L'Oreal.



NIGHT COVERING
U.S. glories

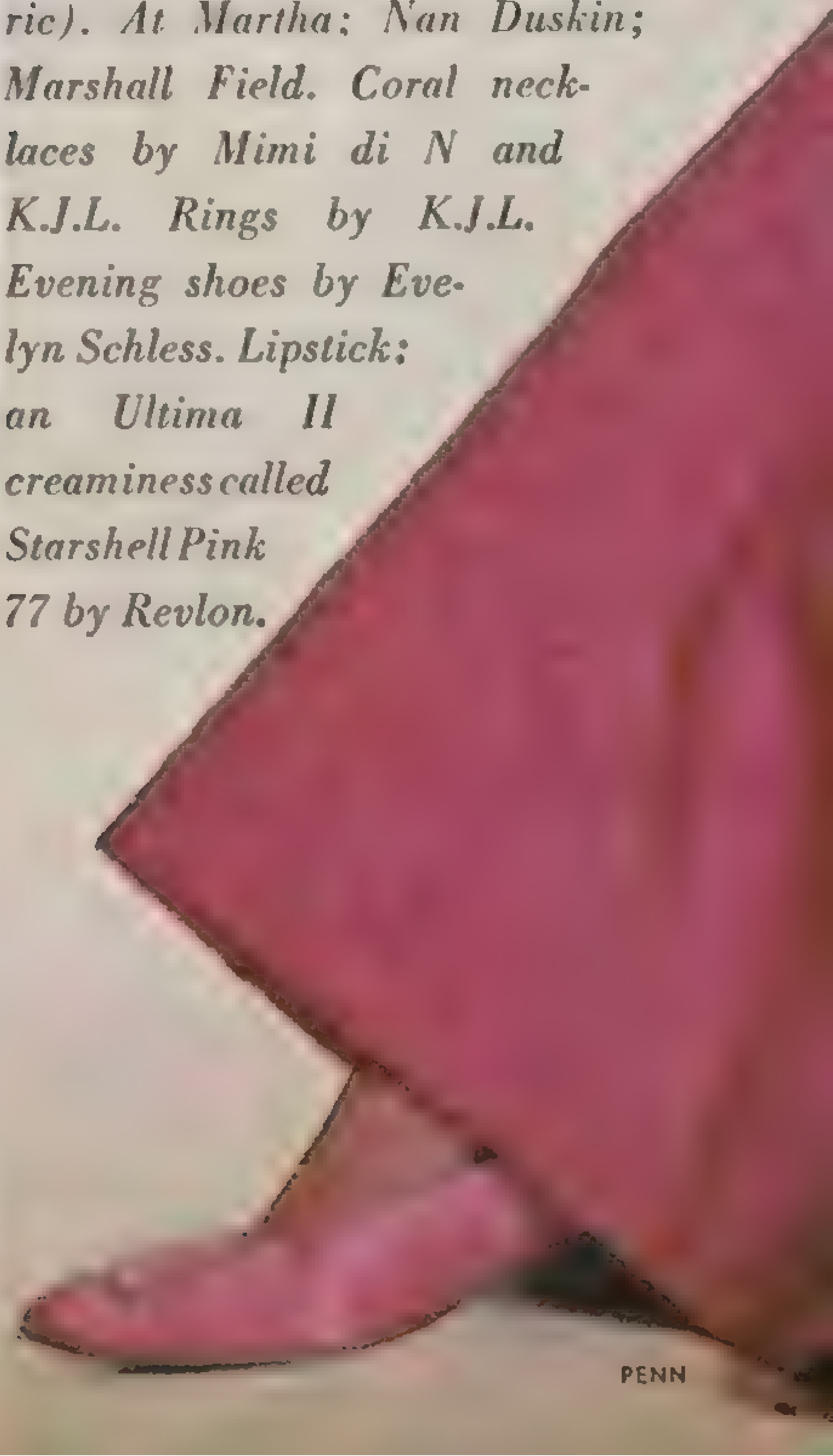
Glorious shirt and pants, left: bright blue brocade patterned in shiny silvery threads. Shirt with a wide pointed collar, full shirt sleeves, sashed over pants that widen on their way down to sandals. With a small covered head wrapped in glitter, pearls to the waist. Turnout by Oscar de La Renta, of acetate, wool, and Lurex (Abraham fabric). Saks Fifth Avenue: Halle's, Cleveland; Swanson's; Neiman-Marcus; El Palacio de Hierro, Mexico City. Wrapped head by David Tesdell. Fake pearls by Marvella. Rings by K. J. L. Bernardo sandals. Bright brown coverage, right: a delicious evening dress with glittery brown-and-silver lace top, a wealth of long taffeta skirt bustling with puffed folds at the back. By Sarmi. Top of Lurex and cotton (MacCarthy lace). Skirt of silk (Sormani fabric). Bergdorf Goodman; Nan Duskin; Marshall Field: Sakowitz. Fake pearls by Marvella and Kenneth Lane for Laguna. Glory for hair: could be Great Body—new body-builder and conditioner by Clairol.

PENN

NIGHT COVERING

U.S. glories

Cover—well almost, left: a see-through jumpsuit of gleamy sari fabric; brown Paisley graphed in gold threads. Rich topping: a long brown velvet tunic edged in gold braid, wound with a long sari-cloth muffler. By Chester Weinberg. Tunic of cotton-and-rayon velvet. Jumpsuit of silk chiffon and Lurex (Royal Woolens fabric). At Saks Fifth Avenue; Shillito's; Gus Mayer; Neusteters. Charles Elkaim headband. The big glorious skirt, right—shock-pink brocade with a big flouncy ruffle. To accentuate the smallifications of a pale-blue satin waist, a covering black silk jersey top with full sleeves. Dress by George Halley. Skirt of silk (Petillault-TSM fabric). At Martha; Nan Duskin; Marshall Field. Coral necklaces by Mimi di N and K.J.L. Rings by K.J.L. Evening shoes by Evelyn Schless. Lipstick: an Ultima II creaminess called Starshell Pink 77 by Revlon.



PENN

Take five . . . then walk a checkered mile in checkerboard pahmi

CHECKERBOARD FUR, LEFT: BROWN AND [illegible] PAHMI MUFFLED IN WHITE, AND [illegible] RIGHT UP TO OVER- (OVER-GLOVES) RUSSET SUEDE PANTS CUT STRAIGHT UP AND DOWN LIKE SLIM LITTLE SLEEVES. COAT FROM THE FURZAZZ COLLECTION OF DOUGLAS FUR DAVID ST. DAVID LONG WHITE SCARF. VUITTON TO SHEEPSKIN GREATCOAT, RIGHT: HIDE SIDE OUTSIDE—SUEDE-Y COFFEE-BROWN, WITH A THIN LINE OF EMBROIDERY DOWN THE FRONT IN YELLOW, BLACK, WHITE. FUR SIDE INSIDE—CURLY WHITE FLEECE SPILLING OUT ALL AROUND. CEPELIA, $180. BROWN LEATHER BOOTS, BUCKLED AND STRAPPED OVER BEIGE LEATHER PANTS, BY PALMROTH OF FINLAND. I. MILLER. BOTH PAGES: JOAN KAVANAUGH PANTS.

DOING THE AMERICAN COAT-WALK

Outstrip the boxers in embroidered sheepskin

Bowl along like Bungalow Bill in a bundle of belted skunk

Tool around at a trot in trenchy navy

BERGSTROM

DOING THE AMERICAN COAT-WALK

Take the steps 2,3,4 at a time in your navy knit coat and pants

BUNDLY SKUNK, FAR LEFT, PULLED TIGHT, TIGHT, TIGHT IN THE MIDDLE. BY ELLEN KOURTIDES. MISS BERGDORF FUR BOUTIQUE OF BERGDORF GOODMAN. DAVID ST. DAVID MUFFLER. BELT BY ELEGANT. TIGHTS: RUDI GERNREICH FOR THE McCALLUM BOUTIQUE. TRENCHY NAVY, CENTRE LEFT, WITH A STRONG COLLAR AND PLENTY OF BRASS IN ITS STRIDE. BY ANNE KLEIN; WOOL MELTON CLOTH, LOOMED IN AMERICA. ABOUT $165. SAKS FIFTH AVENUE; HIGBEE'S; NEIMAN-MARCUS. CHARLES JOURDAN BOOTS. BELTED NAVY WOOL KNIT, LEFT, SHARP AND EASY AS A SHIRT OVER STRAIGHT MATCHING PANTS. BY FRANCESCA FOR DAMON. COAT ABOUT $140; PANTS ABOUT $46. TURNOUT AVAILABLE NEXT MONTH AT BEST & CO., MARSHALL FIELD. THE SCARF BY DORO. BROWN SUÈDE GREATCAPE, RIGHT, FLYING ON FRINGE . . . HANDSTITCHED, REVERSIBLE TO SMOOTH LEATHER. DESIGNED BY HERNANDO REINOSO; MADE TO ORDER AT HERNANDO'S. $165. THE GLOVES BY HANSEN. BUCKLE-AND-STRAP BOOTS ON BOTH PAGES, BY PALMROTH OF FINLAND. AT I. MILLER.

Wrap yourself in fringed suède— it's like flying

DOING THE AMERICAN RAIN-WALK

A little damp is great for the skin— so roll on your raincape and dash between the drops

Why not button on a wide and warm one?—go swinging in the rain

ROLLING TAN RAINCAPE, LEFT, OF DACRON AND COTTON. RAINCHEETAH BY NAMAN; ABOUT $55. GIMBELS; JACOBSON'S, MICHIGAN; STIX, BAER & FULLER. HALSTON HAT. GINORI WOOL KNIT PANTS. THE WIDE WARM ONE, RIGHT: PILE-LINED IVORY, STRAPPED-AND-BUCKLED, BY LONDON FOG. DACRON AND COTTON; ORLON PILE. ABOUT $100. AT BEST & CO.; BULLOCK'S – WILSHIRE. MR. JOHN HAT. RITTER BROS. BIG, FLUFFY BLUE FOX MITTENS. ANNE KLEIN BLACK-WHITE-AND-RED PLAID PANTS. FOUL-WEATHER FRIENDS, OPPOSITE: *LEFT*, TAN TRENCHCOAT BY WEATHERBEE; GREENWOOD MILLS DACRON AND COTTON. ABOUT $50. BEST & CO.; MARSHALL FIELD; J. W. ROBINSON. ROGER VAN S BAG. ROGER FARÉ GLOVES. *RIGHT*, THE SUITCASE-RAINCOAT – TAN CANVAS STRAPPED AND BELTED IN BROWN LEATHER. BILL BLASS FOR BOND STREET; GALEY & LORD'S DACRON AND COTTON. ABOUT $160. BONWIT TELLER; JULIUS GARFINCKEL. HANSEN GLOVES. BOOTS, THIS PAGE: MILLER'S RIDING SHOP. ALL RAIN GEAR TREATED WITH ZEPEL.

***Push up your brolly
and push right on—
isn't puddle-jumping
a kick when
you're properly
coated and booted?***

BERGSTROM

DOING THE AMERICAN COAT-WALK

Throw on your cape, Sherlock—and pick up the trail in plaid

SHERLOCK-CAPED COAT, NEAR RIGHT GREY-AND-AMBER PLAID WITH A LADDER OF WELTING DOWN THE FRONT. BY TRIGÈRE, OF ANGLO FABRICS MOHAIR AND WOOL. BERGDORF GOODMAN; NAN DUSKIN; STANLEY KORSHAK; STIX, BAER & FULLER. HALSTON HAT. STOCKINGS, CUFFED DOWN OVER BOOTS, BY BEWITCHING. BUCKLE-AND-STRAP BOOTS BY PALMROTH OF FINLAND. I. MILLER. WIDE-HEMMED SHEEPSKIN, CENTRE—SHEPHERDED AROUND TOWN, HERE, BY SEYMOUR AVIGDOR—SOFT, TAUPE-Y HIDE HELD BY PASSEMENTERIE FROGS, WITH OFF-WHITE FLEECE WARMING UP INSIDE AND MAKING TRACKS ON THE OUTSIDE. ABERCROMBIE & FITCH; $235. DAVID ST. DAVID SCARF. TRIMFIT TIGHTS. LEATHER-AND-PLAID LACED OXFORDS, BY CHRISTEL OF COPENHAGEN. BROWN SHEEPSKIN JACKET, FAR RIGHT: WHITE FUR INSIDE AND SOME ON THE HIDE SIDE—PLUS EMBROIDERY OF RED, GREEN, BLUE, YELLOW. CEPELIA; $110. GINORI BLACK WOOL KNIT PANTS; $36. BLOOMINGDALE'S. HAT BY HALSTON; DAVID ST. DAVID SCARF. HANSEN GLOVES.

BERGSTROM

Tell him—how many miles did you log in your wide-hemmed sheepskin?

Jog-up your knees— reach for the hem of your sheepskin jacket

ANJELICA HUSTON

IN VELVET AND SHINE

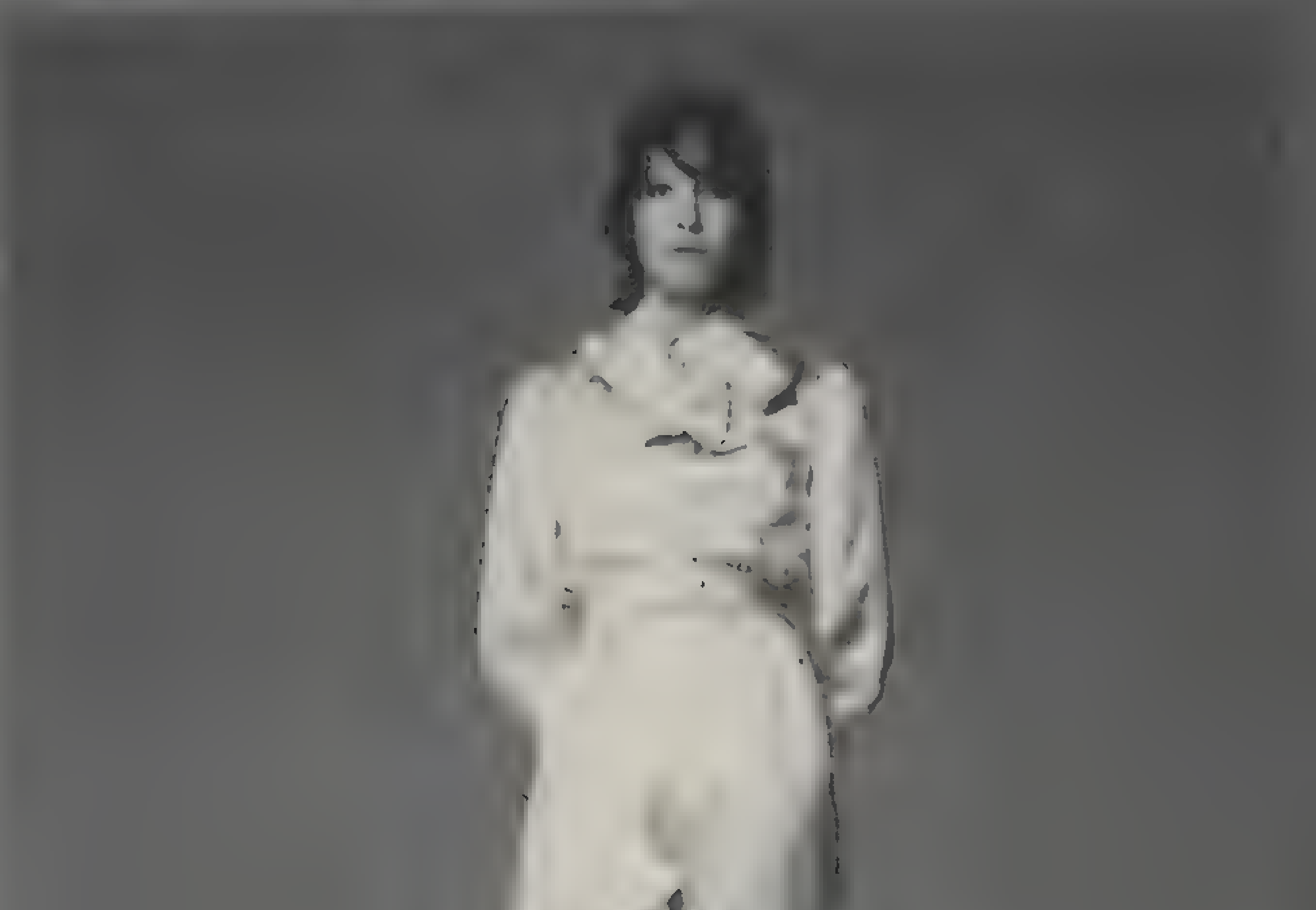
Anjelica Huston. Dark and mysterious as a raven, remote and graceful as a mediaeval heroine—a beauty. Her large black eyes are incredibly lustrous and she laughs with an inner warmth. On her seventeenth birthday she was given the rôle of Lady Claudia in *A Walk With Love and Death,* the new movie directed by her father, John Huston (more about the film, page 130). Now eighteen, she's planning to join a British repertory company, is "passionate about long Isadora scarfs," and walks under every ladder she sees.... Anjelica in a shiny bronze tunic, left, spare as a little T-shirt, pulled down over an unzipped white crêpe shirt. Both by Giorgio di Sant' Angelo. Shirt (about $90) of Encron polyester. Tunic (about $56) of rayon and Lurex (I. G. Textiles fabric). Tunic and shirt, at Bonwit Teller S'fari Room; Jordan Marsh, Florida; Sakowitz; Neusteters. Midnight-black velvet, right—a long narrow tunic with natty satin lapels, like a man's dinner jacket without the sleeves, buttoned over a white crêpe shirt and matching velvet pants...then Anjelica wraps her throat in one of those wonderful long scarfs she loves, leaves the ends flying. Turnout by Bill De Natale and Beverly Moyer for Gino Charles. Pants and tunic of rayon velvet (Crompton fabric). Shirt of Avisco acetate-and-rayon crêpe. About $160. Bloomingdale's; Wanamaker's, Phila.; Rich's; Jacobson's, Michigan; I. Magnin. Rit tie-dyed scarf, from Uptied. Rings: Barnett & Svec and Bonniers. I. Miller slippers. The coiffures on these eight pages by Ara Gallant.

AVEDON

ANJELICA HUSTON—A CRUSH OF JERSEY, A FLUFF OF FUR

Knight-time for Anjelica, left: a short, fluid little dress like a mediaeval tunic, circled with a neckplate of brass—in dusky taupe matte jersey falling into soft folds from a high yoke. A Ben [illegible] dress by Tom Brigance for F[illegible], of [illegible]lure nylon matte jersey (Fair-Tex fabric). About $75. At Martha; [illegible] Wolf; J. W. Robinson. Neckpiece [illegible] Plotner for The Kozmopolitan Gallery. Fluffy-muffly fur, richly belled [illegible] just the shortest, [illegible] you could muffle it to. Shades of [illegible] Norwegian fox fur pieces, with [illegible] fringy collar and cuffs of Icelandic sheep. Boutique [illegible]. At [illegible] Jenny; Neiman-Marcus; [illegible]. Gloves by [illegible]. Georg Jensen rings.

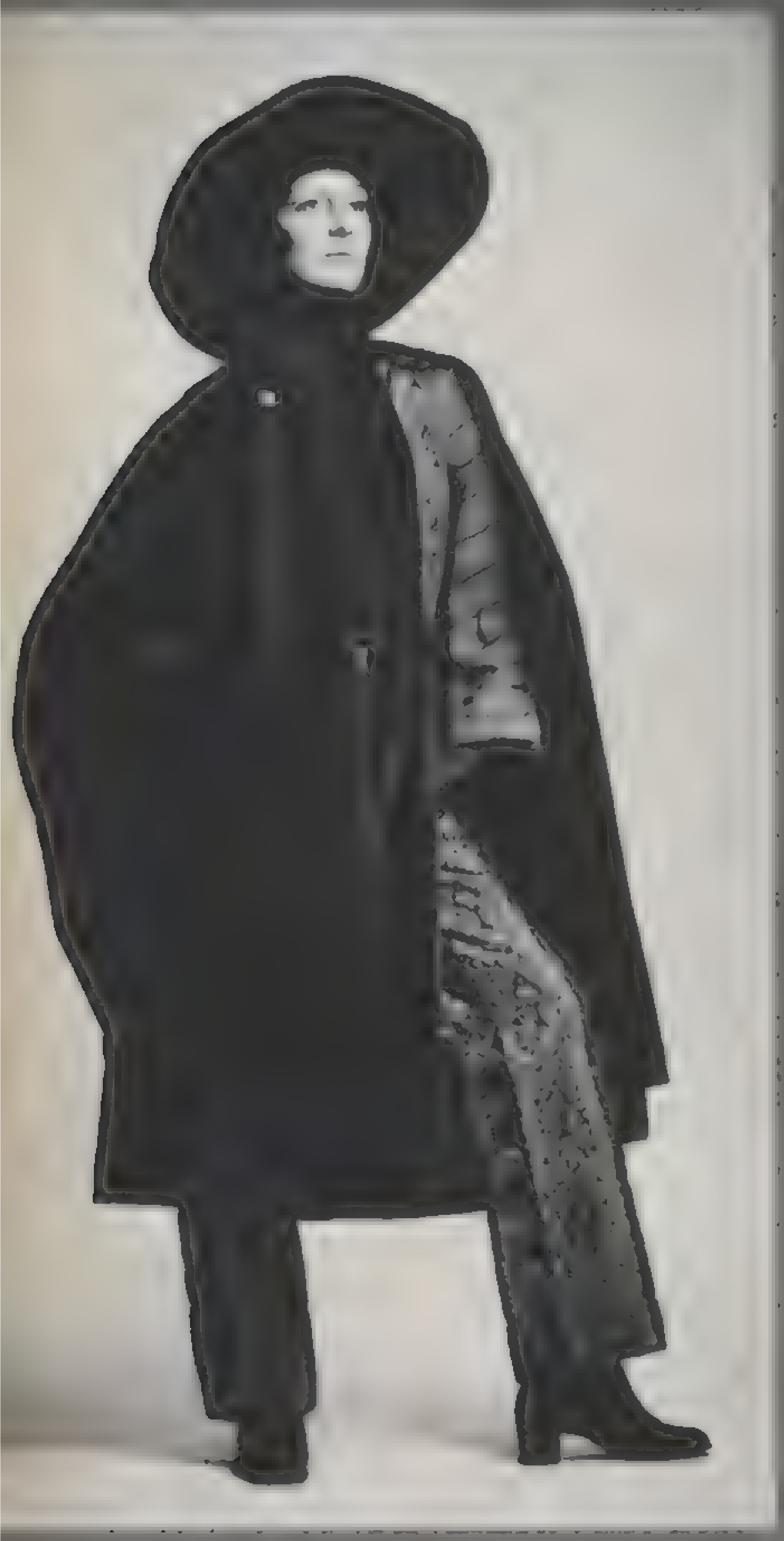
ANJELICA HUSTON— LONG-LEGGED LOOKS



AVEDON

Dandy little britches, far left, in dark-brown cotton velvet and a white satin stock-shirt tied with its own long white scarf. Both by Anne Klein. Britches, about $65. Shirt, about $45. At Saks Fifth Avenue; G. Fox; Stewart's, Kentucky; Higbee's. Georg Jensen ring. Van Raalte tights. Brown velvet pumps: Silvia of Fiorentina. Satin-shine, near left, soft and gleamy and pretty enough to be in a Romney portrait —white britches and a matching shirt tucked down the front and bow-tied. By John Moore, of silk and wool. At Martha. Glittery tights by Irene for the McCallum Boutique. Erica shoes. Puss in boots, right: Anjelica in marvellous higher-heeled black boots, cuffed on the thigh and almost touching the hem of a dashy little matte jersey dress—deep purple with a high crushed neck, long tight sleeves, and a low-slung crinkly patent belt. A Ban-Lon dress by Adri, of Enkalure nylon jersey (Fair-Tex fabric). About $75. At Lord & Taylor; Rich's; Jacobson's, Michigan; Frost Bros. Neckpiece by Stan Plotner for The Kozmopolitan Gallery. Danskin tights. David Evins boots, to order at I. Miller.

Perfectly simple, perfectly beautiful, right: black silk satin, narrow-sleeved, with a small plunged top standing slightly away from the neck in back and held under the bosom with a velvet frog…the skirt, widening to the floor, wonderful in motion. Geoffrey Beene. Lord & Taylor; Stanley Korshak; Maison Blanche; Amelia Gray. The poet's cape, below: a circle of green cotton velveteen over a printed jumpsuit of quilted cotton with its own shirt. Cape of Crompton fabric. Cotton velveteen cap with separate brim. All: Giorgio di Sant' Angelo, at Bonwit Teller S'fari Room. Boots: Hush Puppies.



ANJELICA HUSTON—THE SCENE STEALERS

Spectacular sweep of velvet, right, a long and covered evening dress, floating out for miles in the back like a Renaissance train...with it, a marvellous tight little jewelled cap. Pierre Cardin-New York, of rayon velvet. Bonwit Teller; B. Forman; Julius Garfinckel. Odyssey cap. Georg Jensen ring. Black velvet evening slippers at I. Miller. Cavalier Anjelica, below, swashbuckles in layers of gleamy things—a purple-and-white-striped jacket and brown pants in cotton velveteen...a long belted metallic bronze tunic...white crêpe shirt, all wrapped in a heavy muffler of molten bronze. Turnout: Giorgio di Sant' Angelo. Pants and jacket of Crompton fabric. All: Bonwit Teller S'fari Room. Sant' Angelo ring and walking stick. Shoes, by Silvia of Fiorentina.

Young and stung with love and war

BY POLLY DEVLIN

If John Huston believes in anything, he believes in the worth of his own stock; that makes the choice of his daughter Anjelica at seventeen to play the leading rôle of the mediaeval Lady Claudia in his newest film, *A Walk With Love and Death,* inevitable and unsurprising. One of Huston's first films—and one of his most memorable—*The Treasure of the Sierra Madre,* starred his father, Walter Huston, and won three Academy Awards. Of his choice of his daughter, Huston said happily, "Of course it's favoritism," and, since he could scarcely have chosen her on performance (she had never acted publicly before) his remark was perfectly logical. Some observers, though, have used it to diminish his daughter's performance and attributes, which by any standards are considerable.

Indeed, she has more credentials for the part than most contemporary young actresses could muster, and, had she been a total unknown, might well have snared the part in audition. As the Lady Claudia (whose father is killed and his castle sacked in a peasant uprising, and who wanders homeless through a ravaged France with a poet—the mediaeval equivalent of a student dropout—played by Assaf Dayan, a young Israeli) she shows in Huston's words: "Great style and a complete quality of containment and control."

Anjelica Huston *has* extraordinary style. Her air of arrogance is tempered by her smile, her gift for mimicry, her ability to warm to people and make them relax. She has a startling naturalness, can't be bothered with putting on, or putting down, or making impressions, and although she, quite properly, gets bad-tempered when her small privacies (Continued on page 165)

Anjelica Huston and Assaf Dayan

New to films, young to years, and on to their world, Anjelica Huston (who appears photographed on the preceding pages) and Assaf Dayan are stars of the movie A Walk With Love and Death. *Assaf, son of General Moshe Dayan, the brilliant Israeli strategist, plays the mediaeval equivalent of a dropout, Anjelica a war-dispossessed noblewoman in a story "of love and youth and protest."*

DAVID BAILEY

the remarkable RONALD LAING

BY BRIAN INGLIS

SNOWDON

"When I first saw Dr. Laing, five years ago or thereabouts, he looked curiously young for someone who had made such a name for himself returning schizoids to sanity. In his early forties, British, a psychiatrist, he looks the guru, at times infinitely sad, at times very vulnerable."

"And who," somebody asked. "is Ronald Laing?" At which three or four people began to explain: none of them, I suspect, having been previously aware that the others knew or cared who Laing was. It is like that, still. Some men, like Buchman and Ron Hubbard. create cults; others, like the Maharishi, seem to have cults thrust upon them. But Laing's following, though quite extensive. has not yet solidified—and is unlikely to, as he is not typecast for the rôle.

Ronald D. Laing grew up in Glasgow, in a conventional lower-middle-class home, going to Hutchinson Academy—John Buchman's old school—and aspiring to be a writer. Somerset Maugham had found his medical training invaluable in the fulfillment of that ambition: Laing decided to follow the example. But during his time in National Service, he began to find that evenings in the officers' mess were not so rewarding as evenings spent talking to the nut cases locked up in station sick quarters, and he decided to become a psychiatrist.

This was not easy, as he was determined to be analyzed, and he had a wife and family (there were to be five children, in quick succession) to try to keep on the only job the Tavistock Clinic could offer him. which brought in less than $2.500 a year. Analysis meant one hour a day, five days a week, for four years. At the same time he was writing the book that was to alert people to the presence of an unusual mind: *The Divided Self*, which will be published in America by Pantheon Books early next year. as will his later book, *The Self and Others*. It meant shuttling between London and Harlow New Town, where the Laings had a flat. They could not afford furniture or even heat: He used to sit up writing in the winter in overcoat and gloves.

Like many another new theory, the explanation Laing gave in the book of the processes which, he believed, caused schizophrenia, had already struck researchers in other parts of the world: notably in California, where Gregory Bateson and his colleagues were testing it out on patients. Briefly, the theory was that schizophrenia is not, as had long been believed, rooted in some genetic aberration; nor is it the product of some as yet undiscovered biochemical upset. It arises when an individual finds himself in a heads-I-win, tails-you-lose emotional situation of a kind that ordinarily occurs only within a family. Finding it intolerable, the boy (or girl) gets out of it with the help of schizophrenia—much as the Victorian housewife got out of situations that were temporarily intolerable to her with the help of a fit of hysterics.

When I first heard Dr. Laing propounding his theory, in a lecture, he cited as an example the case history of "Betty." It still, though there have been hundreds of fresh examples, seems to me the clearest example of the double-bind at work. Betty was a jolly girl, fond of the simple things of life and very close to her parents; but at the age of fourteen she went away to a holiday camp and came back much changed. She no longer confided in them; in fact, she seemed bored with them, preferring a book in her bedroom to their company. She must be ill, they felt; and though she denied it, they insisted, taking her to a doctor and then to psychiatrists. Eventually, schizophrenia was diagnosed; Betty was taken into a mental hospital; and her parents went sadly home, feeling that they had done their best, but that fate had been against them.

On the double-bind hypothesis, though, the parents unwittingly had in fact been doing their worst. Betty had loved them and relied upon them. When her own self had begun to emerge with puberty, she had been distracted to find that to her father and mother that self—so real to her—was to them sick. If she behaved as she wanted to behave, that was intolerable to them. But if she denied her own being, that was intolerable to her. Caught in the double-bind, she had made her escape by going mad.

The phrase "going mad" has tended to go out of fashion in orthodox psychiatry, but it is an apt description of the process as described by Bateson and by Laing. The process is purposive—again, like hysterics. It is also not far removed from the American sense "I'm mad at you." And if this interpretation is accepted, it at once changes schizophrenia into not so much a disease as an exercise in adaptation. Its cause, too, must be sought not in the patient but in the environment; particularly in the family group.

So an experiment was made at two mental hospitals in the Home Counties. A group of schizophrenic patients were given neither standard psychiatric treatment nor psychotherapy, in the usual sense of that term. Instead, they were given a stable, sympathetic milieu and helped to clarify their family problems. The results, reported in the *British Medical Journal*, showed that, judged by the normally used criteria—the proportion of patients returning to society for a given time without relapsing—the system worked: The relapse rate was considerably lower than the national average.

But was this due to the system or simply to the fact that the patients had had special attention? In a rather tart letter to the BMJ, Professor G. M. Carstairs pointed out that the relapse rate of a group of schizophrenics in Edinburgh was almost identical, though they had not had the benefit of "clarification" of their problems.

By this time, Laing was in any case being drawn by the logic of his theory towards a different attitude to the treatment of schizophrenia. He had originally thought of it, as most of us still do, as a pathological process: The mind of the patient became disturbed. But to be "disturbed," as we all from time to time become aware, is not necessarily to be disordered. It may be simply a warning signal. Suppose—Laing began to surmise—suppose that the schizophrenic, for all his confusion, is right, not just in relation to his double-bind but to society?

The family's function, Laing decided, "is to replace Eros; to induce a false consciousness of security; to deny death by avoiding life; to cut off transcendence; to believe in God, not to experience the void; to create, in short, one-dimensional man; to promote respect, conformity, obedience; to con children out of play; to induce a fear of failure; to promote a respect for work; to promote a respect for respectability."

We are *all* double-bound, Laing was saying; all driven out of our right minds and behaving like zombies, at society's behest. To try to "cure" a schizophrenic by returning him to the society he has tried to leave and measuring the success of that "cure" by the length of time he sticks it out is consequently absurd. Worse than that: It is depriving both the individual and society of something extremely valuable—the intuition, the vision, the perception of the psychotic. The madman may be confused, "nevertheless he can be to us, even through his profound wretchedness and disintegration, the hierophant of the sacred." Primitive tribes, after all, tend to choose as medicine men individuals who to the observer from civilization appear to be out of their minds. They *are* out of their minds—their conscious minds: That is their function. They are in communication with the great realm of the unconscious, tapping instincts and insights that the civilized man, with his carapace of consciousness, has long since lost. If only we could get them back. . . .

But how? Pursuing his exploration, Laing began to experiment in the procedures that come under the loose description "turning on." Again, this is what the medicine man does. Using rhythm, or dance, or drugs, he makes patients—sometimes the whole tribe—throw off awareness and allow instinct to take over. The unconscious surges through in dissociation where a new personality appears to take over, in convulsions, in coma. And thus the equilibrium between instinct and convention is periodically restored.

Why—Laing asked himself—should not our society, sick as it obviously is, try to open up this long hidden territory once again, using schizophrenics as the advance guard? There is no need, after all, to go back all the way to the medicine man for a reference. In many civilizations—among the ancient Greeks, for example—the potential value of the psychotic was appreciated, and so it sometimes has been to this day. James Joyce's daughter, Lucia, might simply be a raving lunatic to everybody else: To Joyce her mind was brilliant, a marvel of clairvoyant insights.

So in an old church hall in London's East End some schizophrenics are being given the opportunity to find themselves, in their own time: among them, Mary Barnes. It is her real name—so much more real to her now, she insists, than it ever was before she went mad. Mary was double-bound as a child. She became a nurse, fussy and overconscientious. Eventually, she had a nervous breakdown. A spell in a mental hospital only served to convince her that if she stayed any longer, she would never get out. Yet, in some instinctive way she felt she needed to go mad; and a room in Kingsley Hall provided her with the opportunity.

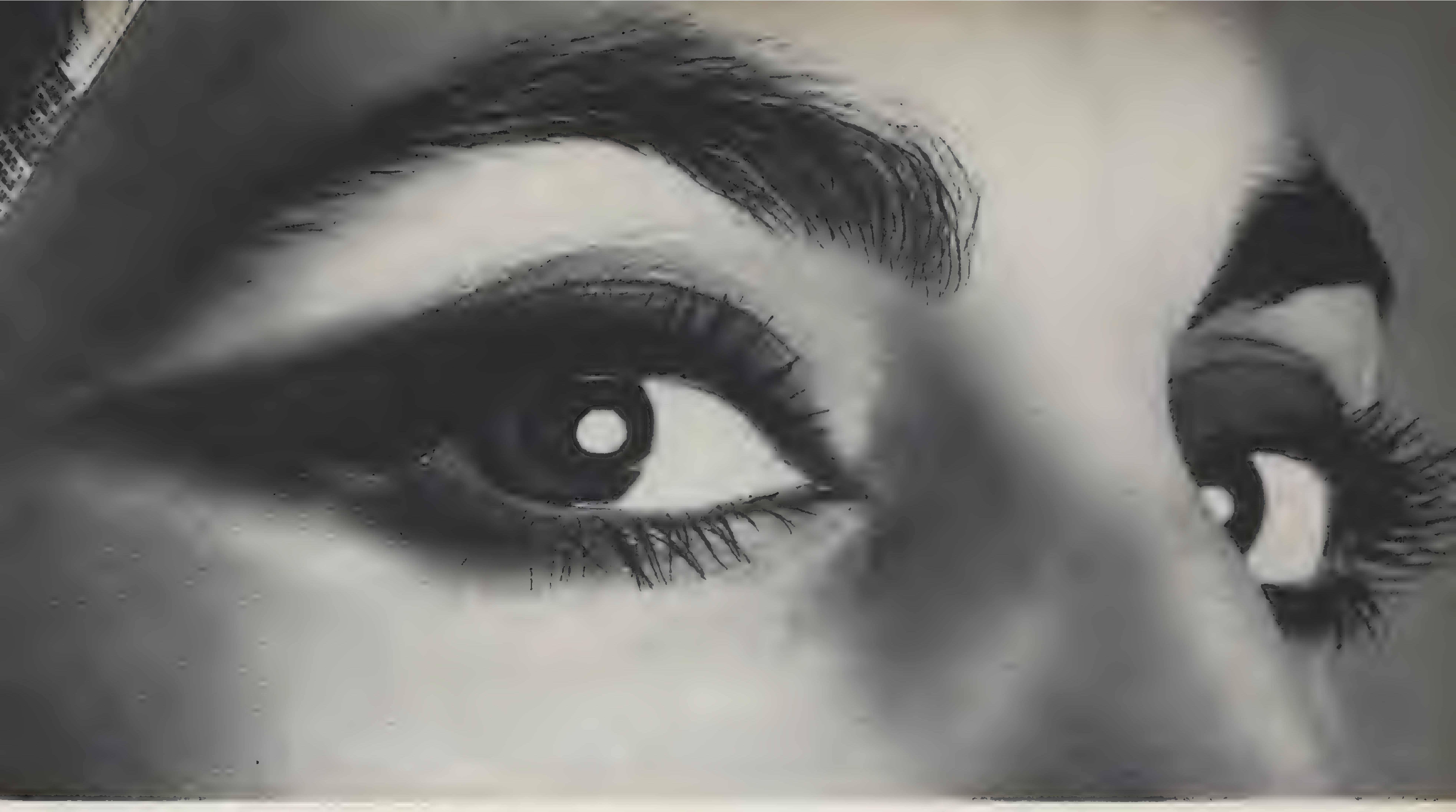
Her madness took the form of regressing to infancy, as if this were the only way to catch and expel her demon, repressed anger ("It has gone in on me," she kept saying). She behaved like a baby. Then very gradually she began to return through the stages of childhood and adolescence. The first communication was simply touching somebody. It was months before she could speak.

At some point she began to draw on the wall of her room, as a child might do, with her finger, using her own faeces for paint. Then she went on to crayons and eventually to oils. Her paintings, at first of crucifixions, changed with her as she changed, to resurrections—to spring scenes, with new life thrusting up from the ground. She began to communicate again, to go out. There were many setbacks, but there

(Continued on page 167)

THE DARK GAZELLE
EYES. ARABIAN-NIGHTS
BEAUTY OF
MME. BENHIMA,
WIFE OF MOROCCO'S
AMBASSADOR TO THE U.N.

MORE NEXT PAGE



THE EYES OF THE DESERT...

A young Moroccan beauty with marvellous honeyed skin tinged with rose, Mme. Benhima is as perfectly geared to New York and Paris as to her palm-shaded house in Rabat. . . . At diplomatic receptions, she often wears one of her exquisite Moroccan caftans heavily embroidered in silver and gold. caught with a wide jewel-studded belt of hand-worked gold; magnificent jewelled necklaces and earrings—straight out of a Thousand and One Nights. At smaller parties, she's just as likely to be thoroughly contemporary in something ravishing from Saint Laurent or Dior. She enjoys clothes and adores experimenting with makeup, particularly eye makeup which she changes whenever she feels a change in fashion. . . . Here again, she draws on different worlds, different eras. For day, with the traditional ivory stick she lines the inner rims of her eyes with *kohl,* which has darkened the eyes of Moslem beauties for centuries—centuries during which only their eyes were visible above the mandatory veils. (Made at home of a powdered navy-blue stone to which various herbs are added, *kohl* is considered not only ornamental, but beneficial; Moroccans of all ages use it as a night-time eye freshener, and it's also used to shade the eyes of babies and small children, much as athletes use lamp-black to shade their eyes.) . . . The rest of her eye makeup comes, for the most part, from Carita, where she goes for new ideas whenever she's in Paris. She works mascara—the cake kind—lavishly onto her lashes for a good ten or twelve minutes. At the moment it's eye shadow only—no liner for day: grey shadow put on lightly at the corner of the eye near the nose, then darkening as it works outward toward the temple; above that goes mauve shadow, done the reverse way—darkest at the inside corner, lightening as it goes outward. In the evening she draws a thin line with white liner at the upper edge of the grey shadow, from the middle of the eye out beyond the end of the eyebrow; another narrow white line is drawn in the same half-arc below the eye. Fantastic for making the eye stand out. . . . More beauty gossip from all over, on the next four pages.

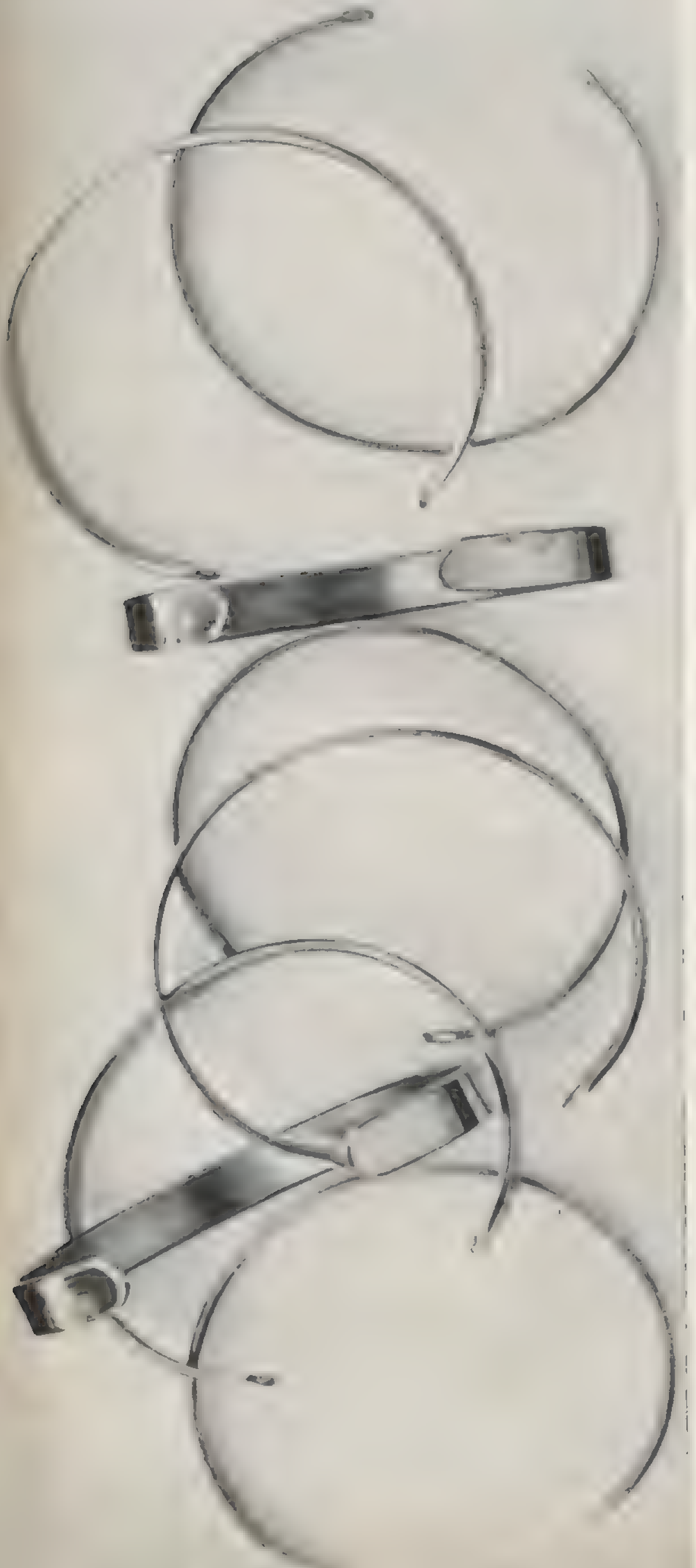
DARK, LIQUID, MYSTERIOUS: THE BEAUTIFUL EYES OF MME. BENHIMA, AND HOW SHE MAKES THEM UP

AVEDON

Beauty Gossip FROM ALL OVER

The great Sabona bracelet mystery

What's in it for them—Lauren Bacall and the Windsors and Coco Chanel and the thousands of other luminaries who wear the Sabona bracelet? Why, on sight of this gleaming part-circle of pure copper on each other's wrists, do complete strangers sidle up to each other, murmur conspiratorially? Could it be the badge of a secret international society? Certain clues given, right.



In Paris, the extraordinary new **eye make-ups** . . . the most extraordinary being the painted eyes at Ungaro (for a close-up, see page 81). Sonja Knapp, Ungaro's directrice, wanted to get away from "sophisticated" eyes, to do something amusing, amazing, unserious . . . something that would "make you happy to look at." To do them, she uses a gamut of different products and paints, including two pots of **"Day-Glo" paint** she brought from New York—one iridescent bright orange, the other iridescent shocking pink. One design—also shown on page 81—ends, touchingly, on the cheeks in loops like tears. On a woman in tears, what fashion could possibly look hard? . . . At Grès, a beautiful Vietnamese mannequin with golden skin put a long, thick **smudge of silver** between brow and eyelid. The upper lids of Cerutti's mannequins were outlined in black fading into grey, softened by a pink halo, and lit up by a white triangle at the outer corner —a faintly **Chinese-opera** look that was somehow tremendously feminine; all part of a pink-and-frosted, moony makeup plan called *roche de lune,* done by Guy Nicolet of Revlon. . . . At the Italian collections, many of the mannequins had enormous, dramatic eyes spiked with spidery lashes—sometimes a double row on each lid. In contrast, hair was smoother, heads noticeably smaller. Manes, finally, have been given back to the lions. . . . Still adored in London, Paris, New York, is the **concierge** hairdo—also called the Brigitte Bardot, La Goulue, the Gibson Girl. Badly done, it is messy; properly done, enchanting—the hair pulled up cleanly off the face and nape of the neck with plenty of sag in back, the top-knot symmetrical, little tendrils escaping (there's a charming version at right, on Lauren Hutton). . . . In England, France, Italy, and increasingly in the U. S., the fad for the **Sabona bracelet** keeps rolling along; wearers believe firmly that the copper's thermal properties keep dampness from causing aches, pains, twinges. Among the more celebrated wearers are the Duke and Duchess of Windsor, Leland Hayward, Lauren Bacall, the Marquess of Bath, Coco Chanel, Baronne Guy de Rothschild, Stavros Niarchos, Princess Domietta Hercolani, Pierre Cardin . . . the list is endless. U. S. authorities pooh-pooh Sabona's claim to being helpful, and forbid its sale on these shores. The Sabona Rheumatic Relief Company, Limited, 73 New Bond Street, London, W.1., England, is the party that started the ripple. . . . In Paris, as every- (Continued on next page)

In U. S. A.: new face in lights

What's the big Factor in this face? Geminesse, the brilliant makeup by the Factor named Max. Geminesse on a whole new wave length, and three faces designed to display its talents. There's Free Face, Fantasia Face, and Fanciful Face, latter worn here by Lauren Hutton. Lauren's soaring into the flicks, Paramount's Little Fauss and Big Halsy *among them. Far from boring to Lauren is the first Factor in her Fanciful face: Geminesse Under Make-Up Moisturizing Tint, a colour corrective that rights what's wrong: in this case it's mauve to smooth out an errant suntan. Major Factor is Cream Stick Foundation, a double-barrelled makeup stick that swivels on translucency from pale, creamy centre and offers superb cover via coloured outer rim. . . . Secondary Factor is Blush Stick, a moist highlighter that makes a peachy cheekbone, even where cheekbone seemed not. . . . Very Important Factor: Geminesse Petal Lashes, put on in flirty little clusters. . . . Geminesse transparent lip colour ripens her mouth—Melon #79, cantaloupe crossed with strawberries. . . . Patterns for this and the other two faces at Geminesse counters. Tendrilled coiffure: Maury of Lewis and Hopson. Satin dress, Oscar de La Renta. Harry Winston sapphire-and-diamond brooch.*

WINFIELD

PENN

M. Rochas . . . himself
You've heard of Madame Rochas, woman and fragrance, both rivetting. Now hear of Monsieur Rochas, new-to-the-U.S. scent for men—as young and dashing as darkly handsome François Rochas. Son of Mme. and the late Marçel Rochas, Monsieur and his well-spiced namesake share the same ineffable flair.

PATRICK LICHFIELD

BEAUTY *bulletin*

Beauty Gossip FROM ALL OVER

(Continued from preceding page) where else, the sixteen- and seventeen-year-olds are clinging to their long, straight, seaweed locks; more and more of the over-twenty beauties are looking for a good man with a scissors. Among the good, new young hair-cutters are Oliver, at Leonard's in London, and Cele, at I Vergottini in Milan. . . . Very big in Rome, and coming up fast in Paris, is the cropped and layered cut—much like a shaggy **boy's haircut** with sideburns and a "neck bang." The hair is shingled in layers all over the head; swoops down in sideburns on the cheeks; falls over the back of the neck in a full, shaped "bang," three-and-a-half or four inches long, that covers the nape. . . . Among the spirited young beauties of Rome—many still in their twenties—there's an increasing tendency to have stubborn face or figure problems corrected, *subito,* by surgery. With **plastic surgery** at its present level of expertise, they see no reason why they should put up with puffy eyes or cheeks, sagging bosoms or behinds, another minute—and they don't. The operations have nothing to do with aging—simply correction, or reconstruction, of long-standing imperfections. And they're discussed freely at some of the smartest dinner-tables in Rome. . . . **News from Tartary:** Cucumbers not only a big feature in *zakuski,* the commendable Soviet hors d'oeuvres presentation, but in an excellent cleansing cream. Russian lipsticks (about $1) and soaps (10 to 80 kopecks)—neither apparently in as short supply as pre-travel advice leads one to expect. . . . Interesting assortment of mineral waters and "fruit water" usually at table. *Narzan,* which means (in Abkhazian) "nobles' water," as popular now with the masses (Continued on page 168)

In Italy: new place to be
Tip it. Tilt it. Beam at the outside world through its sea-green Plexiglas sides. Or, close yourself in. Turn your back. Meditate on Mars. But by all means clamber into this leather-padded shell when you want to be alone. In essence: a house-within-a-house. In fact: a spherical chair to place anywhere. Tagged Monade (a unit) by Gianfranco Fini who designed it for Ditta Zanotta. Other pursuits planned for this wired-for-stereo casa nella casa: *talking (there's a telephone), reading (there's a light), smoking (ashtrays), and drinking Campari (there's a bar). Lapping the splendid isolationist here: Frances Denney Dew-Tan Moisturizing After Sun Lotion.*

FRANCO RUBARTELLI

ROY LICHTENSTEIN

Master of scale, a gigantic parodist, whose brilliant works are now on exhibition at the Guggenheim Museum in New York Photographed by Snowdon

Roy Lichtenstein, *above* and *far left*, in his Bowery studio in Manhattan. He likes to surround himself with a variety of work in progress—here with perforated papers used as stencils, with pyramids, and paintings in the manner of modern art of the 'twenties. On both sides of him, a double painting called "Modern Painting with Arc."

“The ironic Lichtenstein and paints

Some artists like to think they are working in the dark, others that they are firmly in control. The preference seems almost more a matter of generation than of individual temperament. Most of the artists whose styles were formed in the 1940's subscribed to the idea that making art meant feeling one's way through unknown territory. Robert Motherwell spoke, as if wearing Whitman's beard, of the painting process as “a voyaging into the night, one knows not where, on an unknown vessel”; Giacometti began a poem with the line, “*Un aveugle avance la main dans la nuit,*” and the blind man groping in the dark was clearly the artist's image of himself.

Art was the lonely journey of existentialist man, whether it resulted in large, bold abstracts or in nervous, compressed human effigies, and this ideal of the journey was shared by a multitude of artists, abstract and figurative. This common ethical ideal led to a shared attribute of style: The way in which the work was made was more or less visible in the end product.

The typical art of the 'sixties is as different from this as an astronaut's journey to the moon from Lévi-Strauss's journey into the tropics. It is carefully planned, tightly organized, precise in execution. It is technological (as in its use of silk screen and spray-gun or as in sculpture ordered from the factory by telephone). It is also handsomely financed, and this is not incidental. The art of the 'forties was an art of outsiders, its audience, other outsiders. The art of the 'sixties has a public and a publicity machine: It is soundly professional and socially acceptable. It is sure of itself and has an air of certainty and decision. The artist, like a good executive, makes up his mind what he will do and does it, or gets it done to his specifications.

Roy Lichtenstein is one of those who makes a point of painting in a quasi-machine-like way, following a predetermined course. At the same time, his images are based on mass-produced images, which repeat certain standardized symbols or designs—advertisements and strip cartoons and manufactured ornament. (They are mass-produced in two senses: Millions of copies of a cartoon are printed. In addition, the way something is drawn in one frame repeats the way it is drawn in innumerable others.) Lichtenstein pointed out to me this connection between his way of working and his choice of image.

“I'm interested in what would normally be considered the worst aspects of commercial art. I think it's the tension between what seems to be so rigid

ROY LICHTENSTEIN *is a casual, modest man with greyed hair, blue eyes, and a thin face marked with strong jaws, who holds lightly the enormous pressure of publicity that his work engenders. Manhattan, where he was born in 1923, still stimulates him as though it were giving him a hotfoot. Educated at Ohio State University, he interrupted his time there for the Army, then returned there to teach and to get his Master's degree. For a while he lived in Cleveland, Ohio, where he worked for Republic Steel in the product-and-process development department until he left to teach at various colleges. Before September 1962 when he joined the Leo Castelli Gallery, he had had seven shows in New York and had sold his first Pop painting, “Roto-Broil,” to a dealer in Los Angeles. He came to Pop indirectly after passing through a Cubist period, a time with Abstract Expressionism, Official Art with cowboys and Indians, and so into the greenest pastures of Pop.*

Left: “Ceramic Head,” detail, from a private collection in Germany.

SNOWDON

who takes soulful subjects them with cool.”

BY DAVID SYLVESTER

and cliché and the fact that art really can’t be this way. I think it’s maybe the same kind of thing that you find in Stella or in Noland where the image is very restricted. And I think that is what’s interesting people these days: that, before you start painting the painting, you know exactly what it’s going to look like—this kind of an image, which is completely different from what we’ve been schooled in, where we just let ourselves interact with the elements as they happen. This high restrictive quality in art is what I’m interested in. And the cliché—the fact that an eye, an eyebrow, a nose is drawn a certain way—is really the same kind of restriction that adds a tension to the painting.”

Lichtenstein evidently relishes the element of certainty, the knowing “exactly what it’s going to look like.” And the paintings, hard and precise and cool, look as if they were about certainty. But they aren’t about certainty, rather the opposite, as we shall see, and it’s largely this interplay between certainty and uncertainty that makes them go on being surprising, although they have the look of an art that is not going to sustain its impact.

“Though the comic strip heroines drip tears in great blobs they don’t move us to pity. There are many sad and sadistic images (a boot smears flesh on a hand that grasped a gun) which merely cause us to smile—they are like the old horror comic joke of a man hanging by his fingers from the top of a cliff while his tormentor stands over him with a knife saying, ‘If you want to die with your hands on, drop.’ Lichtenstein’s aerial battles and explosions are no more a condemnation of war than a glorification of it. They excite a purely aesthetic response. He’s really cool.”

Thus Richard Hamilton, the British Pop Artist, in the course of a subtle analysis of Lichtenstein’s art. But Hamilton’s “us” is distinctly exclusive. The fact is, the less artistically sophisticated members of the art public seem to get quite involved in Lichtenstein’s stories. Such is one of the conclusions to be drawn from some taped interviews with visitors to Lichtenstein’s retrospective last year at the Tate Gallery in London. (Hugh Evans of the Arts Council of Great Britain made the tapes.)

In front of a war painting, a young man, upper-working class: “I want to be a fighter-pilot when I see these pictures. One becomes part of them. I like to imagine myself as the chap pushing that button.”

Very pretty girl, upper-middle class, probably an art student, in front of one of the romantic paintings: “You put yourself in their situation, you do identify yourself.” “You do?” “Oh yes, definitely.”

In front of the painting of a close-up of kissing swimmers with this caption: “We rose up slowly as if we didn’t belong to the outside world any longer, like swimmers in a shadowy dream who didn’t need to breathe,” a middle-aged, middle-class man, aware that Lichtenstein’s images weren’t meant to be taken straight but not knowing where to draw the line, said, “I think they all have meaning. Some of them are far more jokey, far more products of instant art history than others, but, looking around now at ‘We rose up slowly as if we didn’t belong,’ the tragedy is in one’s own mind in a sense and there is enough in it to make one think and propose questions. I don’t know whether there are any answers, but that is in an entirely different category from, say, the send-up of George Washington or the Greek columns.”

In front of some of the paintings of Greek columns, an old lady said for the tapes: “I think it’s the exact opposite of everything that I have been led to think was art. It has for me no beauty, and I always think art is about truth and beauty. But it may have some truth. It’s a comment, I suppose, on this age in which we live, and I’m not sure yet whether it’s a very critical comment or whether it’s an accepting one. He takes that wonderful temple of Corinth, which I’ve seen, and he makes it into that. Now, is he trying to say that this, which I think is beautiful, has been in our age made into something that is less than beautiful? I don’t know but I just find it very interesting.”

Do such comments say something relevant to the work? We tend nowadays to assume that the only pertinent comment on contemporary art is that of the professionals, the artists, and their various parasites: We regard Hamilton’s “us” as the one real audience. This sort of assumption isn’t made about movies or about cars or clothes or rock music. Should we take account of popular comment on Lichtenstein’s art—where we might not on Mark Rothko’s or Kenneth Noland’s—simply because Lichtenstein’s subject matter belongs to popular culture?

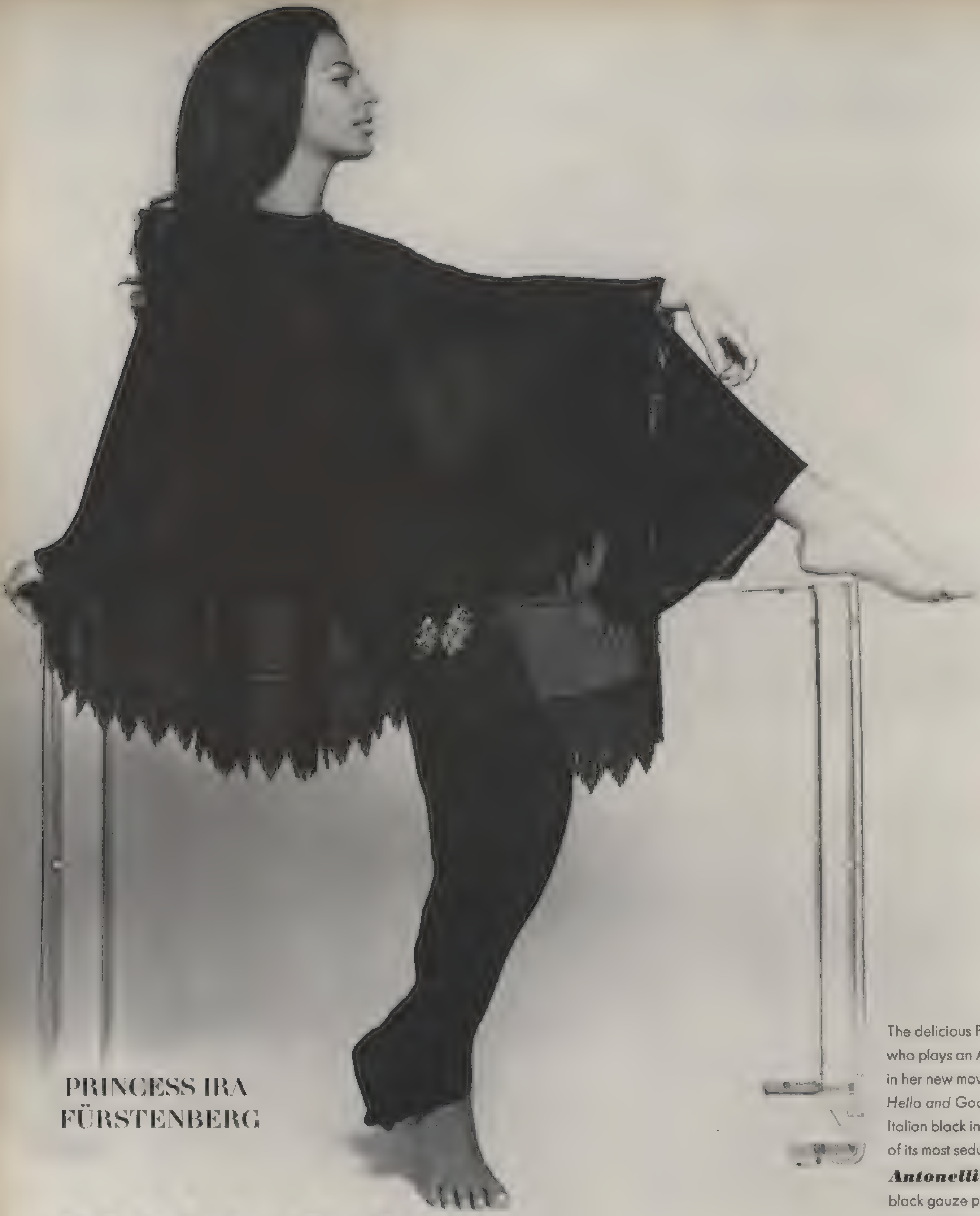
Certainly, because of the subject matter, more uninformed comment is forthcoming, public interest is livelier. But does this mean that Lichtenstein ought to be looked at—like, say, the mural painters of the Mexican Revolution—as a democratic artist? His own attitude to his sources—and therefore his whole stance—is decidedly ambivalent. At a purely formal level, he is perfectly clear about his aims. He knows what he can add to the cartoon images that they haven’t got. There’s a sense of order that is lacking. There is a kind of order in them, there’s a sort of composition, but it’s a kind of a learned composition. It’s a composition more to make it clear, to make it read and communicate rather than a composition for the sake of unifying the elements. In other words, the normal aesthetic sensibility is usually lacking and, I think, many people would think it was also lacking in my work. But this is a quality, of course, that I want to get into it.”

When I asked Lichtenstein in what ways he might alter the clichés to this end, one of his answers was: “Sometimes I try to make it appear to be more of a cliché, to emphasize the cliché aspect of it but, at the same time, to get a sense of its size, position, brightness, and so forth as an aesthetic element in the painting. And they can both be done at once, as you can certainly do a portrait of someone and also make it art. In other words, you can be doing something besides pure art as you work.”

Along with this conviction that art doesn’t have to be pure goes a belief that the artist may gain by not always indulging his own tastes, but by accepting certain norms that have not been created by himself. The very thing that first attracted him to cartoon images was “the fact that an eye would be drawn a certain way and that one would learn how to draw this eye and would draw it that way regardless of the consequences.”

That attitude is similar to that which led Jasper Johns to employ standard industrial stencils to make the letters

(Continued on page 168)



PRINCESS IRA
FÜRSTENBERG

ITALY

Marvellous things to wrap—long scarfs, ponchos, and immense shawls. And fringe. And black in an unbelievable variety of weave and texture.... A lilting, melodious mood, and the base of it all is the extraordinary fabrics which no Italian can do anything but take for granted as they are everywhere—and everything.

The delicious Princess Ira, who plays an American in her new movie, *Hello and Goodby*, wears Italian black in two of its most seductive forms. ***Antonelli's*** enveloping black gauze poncho dripping fringe over gauze pants —and nothing more. Bises fabric. ***Capucci's*** belted black charmeuse pyjama, loosened through the back, with ringlets of ostrich curling all around. Bises silk charmeuse. I. Magnin. Luciana earrings. Coiffures, these twelve pages: Alba e Francesca.

BARBIERI

Valentino does it again—and again! One great look—one great poncho—after another. Like this long, belted beige wool with flings of lynx and a short charmeuse-collared wool dress underneath. Agnona wool. Lord & Taylor; I. Magnin. Dal Cò boots for Valentino

BARBIERI

Carosa's Angelo Tarlazzi—out to brighten the world and warm the cockles—bundled up his girls head to toe and gave the alta moda its smashiest bash of colour with long, brilliant hanks-of-yarn coats that look like Peruvian woolwork. The wool yarn, from Filatura di Crosa, embroidered on organza in Carosa's own workrooms.

BARBIERI

Valentino The Roman candles blaze on with wonderful long coats over long-line tunics and pants, and the fascinating reptile-printed wools that Italy is crazy about this year. Here smiles the crocodile in beige—tunic, pants, and a coat to the floor double-faced in plain beige wool. At Martha; I. Magnin.

Valentino's pet python: muffled and belted tunic and pants, plus little python feet under a long, sleeveless, double-faced coat—all beige and beige print. Turnout: Lord & Taylor; I. Magnin. Both pages: fabric, Nattier wool; earrings by Valentino; Dal Cò boots for Valentino.

BARBIERI

Forquet A marvellous evening dress—
covering pleats of black chiffon
from neck to ankle, from shoulder to wrist,
simply held with a long ribbon of pink silk.
Bini fabric. Shoes: Dal Cò.

BARBIERI

Valentino One of his ravishing Andalusian silk charmeuse shawls, heavy with fringe—the most luxurious thing in the world wrapped over a long black charmeuse tunic and black velvet pants. Forneris charmeuse. Satam velvet. At Martha; I. Magnin. Jewellery: Coppola & Toppo for Valentino. Boots: Dal Cò for Valentino.

Mila Schön Fresh, young, and full of brio—rolling capes, rounded jackets, lots of black, and molto long, molto terrific leather legs. *Left:* a dashing black cape in double-faced wool rolled round a cropped jumpsuit with a wide leather belt, big shiny buckle, shiny little buttons, and black leather legs. Nattier fabric. Bonwit Teller; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. *Below right:* Mila Schön's newest jacket—a rounded curve over the hips, everything above narrow and close, in black double-faced wool with perfect straight pants. Helita fabric. Martha; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin.

BARBIERI

Smash hit from ***Mila Schön,*** *left:* smooth, almost glove-leather purple boots to the waist under the narrowest officer's tunic of purple wool buttoned neck to hem. Of Agnona fabric. Turnout: Bonwit Teller; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin.

Above: the languorous shirt and skirt for evening in black crêpe with inlays of shining silk; the long slightly blouson top, deeply slit and held by a medallion of gold and enamel. Bini fabric. Martha; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Loris Abate jewellery. All shoes, both pages: Magli-Bologna for Mila Schön.

1

1. Galitzine Dazzling surprise in a bash of wonderful pants and pyjamas—the supplest jewelled-and-embroidered brown suède pants and shirtsleeves. Everything else, transparent brown chiffon with a brown chiffon shawl. Satam chiffon. I. Magnin. Luciana earrings.

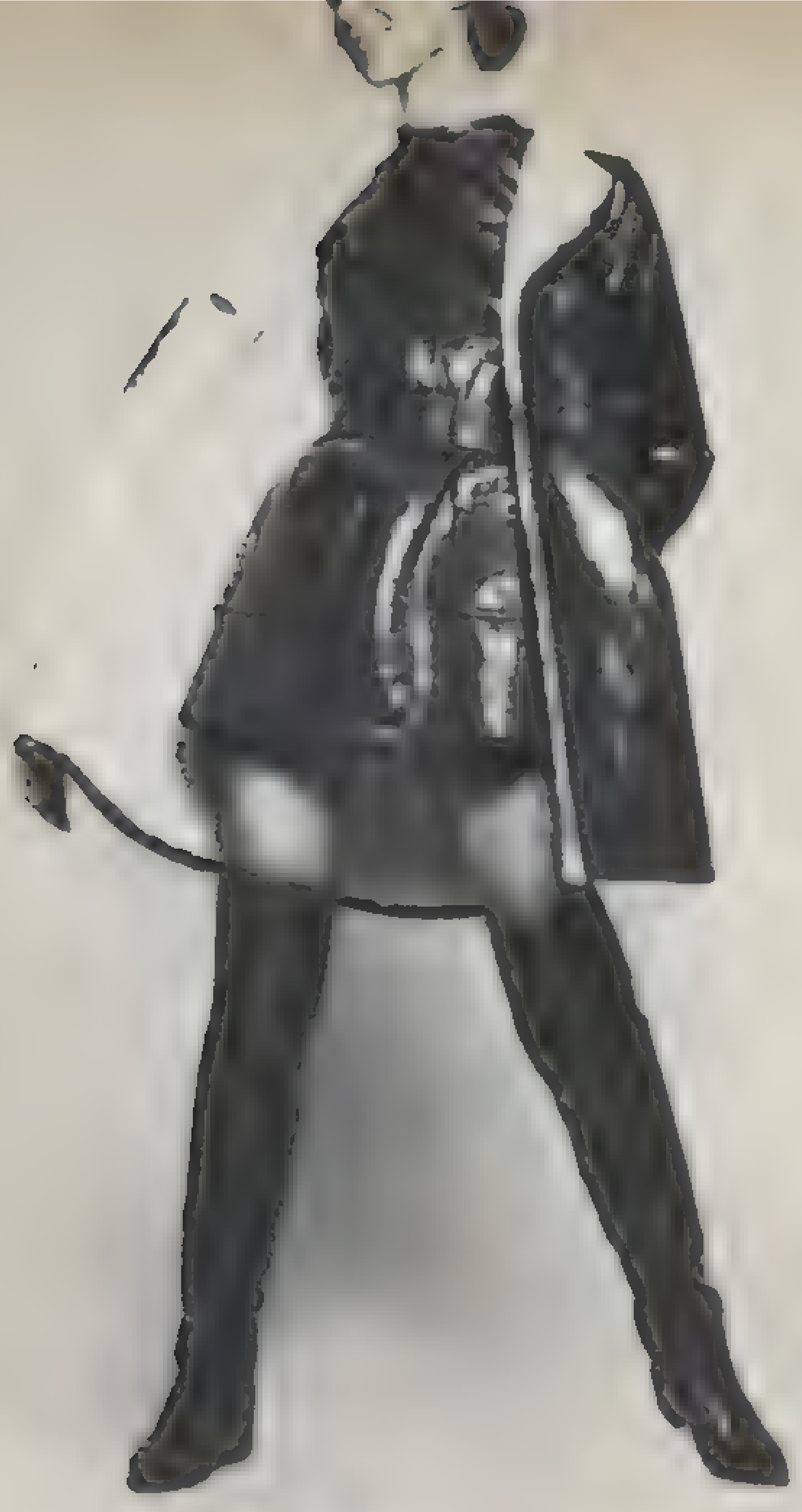
2. Fabiani The *alla moda* raincoat—shiny red plasticized lambskin outside, fleecy white inside. With matching boots and a dress in crushy fake red patent (Hurel fabric). I. Magnin. Fabiani boots.

3. Carosa's Angelo Tarlazzi does the longer raincoat —with the widest skirt, tightest belt. Beige gabardine, over yellow-and-beige tweed pants. Polidori gabardine.

4. André Laug's chirky little bird of a dress, all pheasant feathers. Martha. Dal Cò shoes.

5. De Barentzen One of the fabulous reptile prints: brown crocodile head to toe—belted cotton raincoat; long silk scarf; long leather boots. Satam waterproof cotton. To order at Bergdorf Goodman. At I. Magnin. Boots: Dal Cò for De Barentzen.

All Italian coiffures: Alba e Francesca.



2

3

BARBIERI

4

5

TIP SHEET ON THE movies, books,

Theatre

COCO: Filly, never raced before, slated to start on New York track in December, presumably with Katharine Hepburn aboard. Dam: Gabrielle Chanel (Coco). Sire: Alan Jay Lerner. Trainers include André Previn (music), Cecil Beaton (sets and costumes). ***Top Trainer may be Michael Benthall.*** OWNER: FREDERICK BRISSON, USING PARAMOUNT MONEY. ODDS-ON FAVOURITE.

A PATRIOT FOR ME: Started well on London track but ran into trouble with the stewards who claimed ran dirty race. Overweight with homosexual Austrian officer accused of giving secrets to Russians, pre-World War I. ***Sire: John Osborne, who has bred a series of winners. Jockey: Maximilian Schell, who was up in England. Trainer: Peter Glenville.*** OWNER: DAVID MERRICK, WHOSE COLOURS ARE ALMOST SOLID GREEN. STARTS AT NEW YORK TRACK ON **OCT. 2.** EVEN MONEY.

JIMMY: New entry by unknown racing stable with Jockey, Frank Gorshin, underweight, thin, bouncy impressionist, only ran so far on television tracks. First time up as James J. Walker, former witty playboy Mayor of New York. ***Trainers include Mel Shavelson (book), Bill and Patti Jacob (music), Peter Gennaro (dances), Oliver Smith (sets).*** OWNERS: JACK L. WARNER, WHOSE MOVIE STABLE—WARNER BROTHERS—EXTRAORDINARILY SUCCESSFUL WITH MANY WINNERS, TEAMED WITH DON SAXON. FIRST TIME ON NEW YORK TRACK FOR OWNERS AND JOCKEY. START: NEW YORK **OCT. 21,** UNLESS SCRATCHED. NO ODDS POSTED.

INDIANS: Jockey Stacy Keach has good track record. Sire: Arthur L. Kopit, who also sired *Oh Dad, Poor Dad, Mamma's Hung You in the Closet, and I'm Feeling so Sad,* which ran well on New York track but bogged down in muddy Hollywood track with Rosalind Russell up. ***Running tandem with Indians, scenes from Buffalo Bill Cody's Wild West Show. Top Trainer: Gene Frankel. Trainers include Richard Peaslee (music), Oliver Smith (sets).*** ON NEW YORK TRACK, **OCT. 13.** OWNERS: LYN AUSTIN AND OLIVER SMITH. ODDS: 3 to 1.

Art

COROT EXHIBITION: Famous French horse noted for his magical light (1796-1875). His first big race since 1942 in this country. Track: Wildenstein Gallery, with all gate receipts going to Citizens' Committee for Children. ***Racing starts on New York track with benefit on OCT. 29.*** ODDS-ON FAVOURITE.

CLAES OLDENBURG: Running fast on New York track, The Museum of Modern Art. Handicappers call him outstanding gigantic manufacturer of software, food, etc. Entered with stablemates, Yugoslavian artists. ***Opening race, SEPT. 25-NOV. 23. Yugos, SEPT. 30-NOV. 30.*** STABLE WILL ALSO ENTER LATER, EUGENE ATGET, PHOTOGRAPHER, **NOV. 25-JAN. 25.** ALL WINNERS. EVEN MONEY.

REMBRANDT ETCHINGS: Dutch horse, greatly renowned, winner of international stakes, money prizes in the millions. Running on New York track at The Morgan Library **NOV. 26-JAN. 10** and on Boston track at The Museum of Fine Arts. ***Always a favourite, always out in front.***

ANCIENT CAMBODIAN SCULPTURE: Fast pacer for those in the know. Rallies all the Far Eastern hustlers as Khmer bronzes and stone figures never menaced by rivals. (Added to race: Angkor Wat pieces.) ***New York track: Asia House Gallery, running OCT. 9-DEC. 7.***

ROY LICHTENSTEIN: Will run variety of races, stake, claiming, etc., with sculpture, paintings, enamels, drawings, ceramics. Forged ahead in fast pace. New York track: Guggenheim Museum, **SEPT. 19-NOV. 16.** ***Stable entry, Brancusi sculpture, always rushes to command after breaking out of the gate. Starts bold two-year go round at Philly track, then to Gug.*** ON NEW YORK TRACK, **NOV. 21** TO SOMETIME FEBRUARY WHEN RACING BEGINS FOR BRANCUSI AT THE ART INSTITUTE OF CHICAGO.

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM: New York track celebrating centennial with high-stake races, including New York Painting and Sculpture (1940-1970), running **OCT. 18-FEB. 1,** and special new track for European Paintings opening **SEPT. 27.**

CLYFFORD STILL: Always establishes a long lead and wins with something in reserve. A great pacer, usually only runs on museum tracks but will show enormous paintings for first time at Marlborough-Gerson Gallery in New York, in **NOVEMBER.** ***Never a daily double. Odds-on favourite.***

REMBRANDT TERCENTENARY: Another entry for the art triple crown. Will run on three major tracks: ***The Art Institute of Chicago (OCT. 25-DEC. 7); The Minneapolis Institute of Arts (DEC. 29-FEB. 1); The Detroit Institute of Arts (FEB. 24-APR. 5, 1970). Odds-on favourite.***

10 BLACK ARTISTS FROM BOSTON: First important race for this entry. Some novice jockeys. ***May have fast breakaway or some difficulty at the gate. May be scratched.*** TRACK: HAYDEN GALLERY AT MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY, **SEPT. 27-OCT. 26.** NO ODDS QUOTED.

SEASON: theatre, art music, ballet, television

Movies

CATCH-22: **Paramount's biggest entry, counting on its director, Mike Nichols, to place well ahead after a fast start.** Sire: Joseph Heller, who saw it a big winner a few years ago on book tracks where it won almost every stake race, after slow start. ***Nichols worked with Alan Arkin, Anthony Perkins, Orson Welles, Jon Voight, Bob Newhart, Richard Benjamin.*** NO TRACK DATE. ODDS-ON FAVOURITE.

MISSISSIPPI MERMAID: **French-American horse out of the United Artists movie stable.** Top trainer: François Truffaut. ***Catherine Deneuve up, although handicappers also favour Jean-Paul Belmondo.*** READY TO START BUT DATE OF RACE UNSETTLED. WILL BE THE FAVOURITE.

GOODBYE, MR. CHIPS: **Raced before on book and movie tracks, winning handily.** Grandsire: James Hilton. Now hustled on new movie track. Sire: Terence Rattigan. ***May tire now in the stretch in spite of Peter O'Toole, Petula Clark, Sir Michael Redgrave.*** TOP TRAINER: HERBERT ROSS. OWNERS: ARTHUR P. JACOBS WITH METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER. DATE OF RACE NOT SET. IF *GOODBYE* CAN MAKE THE WEIGHT AGAINST SWEDISH HORSES WITH NAKED JOCKEYS, ODDS WILL BE 3 to 1.

ALICE'S RESTAURANT: **Raced before on Arlo Guthrie's song record, winning without effort.** Now running on movie track with Arlo Guthrie up. ***Top Trainer: Arthur Penn, who has brought in a bunch to the winning circle.*** RACE SCHEDULED **AUG. 24.** TROUBLE AT STARTING GATE BUT MAY SETTLE DOWN WITH YOUNG BETTORS. WINDOW CLOSED.

THE MADWOMAN OF CHAILLOT: **Sturdy filly, raced before on New York track under same name, sired by Jean Giraudoux.** Raced last season also on New York track as *Dear World*, but undertrained and ran into mud. ***Now on movie track with Katharine Hepburn as jockey, who will be helped to make the weight by Danny Kaye, Yul Brynner, Dame Edith Evans, Margaret Leighton, Charles Boyer.*** TOP TRAINER: BRYAN FORBES. OWNERS: WARNER BROS.-SEVEN ARTS. SCHEDULED RACE ON NEW YORK TRACK, **OCT. 12.** ODDS 4 TO 1.

RUSSIAN FILMS: **Fillies and older mares in Russian retrospective.** Some never raced before in this country. ***Track: fast at The Museum of Modern Art in New York.*** MEET LASTS **SEPT. 25-NOV. 11.** A FAVOURITE. ODDS UNCERTAIN AT THIS TIME.

ZABRISKIE POINT: **Top trainer of special interest:** Michelangelo Antonioni, who trained her mostly in Death Valley. ***First to come from his American stable.*** NOVICE JOCKEYS: DARIA HALPRIN AND MARK FRECHETTE. OWNER: METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER. START SCHEDULED FOR **DECEMBER.** EVEN ODDS.

BOB & CAROL & TED & ALICE: **Filly with racing lineage going back to the beginning of movies with some new smart training (wife swapping).** For various tracks jockeys will appeal—Natalie Wood, Robert Culp, Elliott Gould, and Dyan Cannon, who once raced with Cary Grant off-track. ***Race scheduled NOVEMBER.*** OWNERS: M. J. FRANKOVICH WITH COLUMBIA. WILL WIN THE DAILY DOUBLE, EXCEPT WITH KNOWING RAILBIRDS.

Books

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS: **Ran well on London book tracks.** Jockey: famous Lady Antonia Fraser, strongly attached to Queen, who has frequently run before with other jockeys up. ***New York race begins about OCT. 24.*** OWNER: DELACORTE. RAILBIRDS LIKE.

THE ESTABLISHMENT IS ALIVE AND WELL IN WASHINGTON: **Jockey Art Buchwald has run flashy book races before.** Almost always passes tiring comic horses. ***Runs in OCTOBER.*** OWNER: PUTNAM.

THE MUSEUM: 100 YEARS AND THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART: **Will go to the front quickly.** Leo Lerman up, runs strong. **OCT. 15 *start.*** OWNER: VIKING, OFTEN IN THE WINNERS' CIRCLE.

THE GANG THAT COULDN'T SHOOT STRAIGHT: **A breeze.** Jockey Jimmy Breslin fell off in the New York mayoralty race but recovered quickly. ***Will run NOV. 20.*** OWNER: VIKING.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . PEOPLE AND THINGS IN VOGUE: **Alert handling for this new entry, an anthology, edited by Allene Talmey.** Big horse. ***Runs on NOV. 20.*** OWNER: PRENTICE-HALL, A MONEY HOUSE.

PADRAIC COLUM: **Irish horse.** Running a poet's race at New York's famous Poetry Center at YMHA Monday, **OCT. 13.** ***Holds nothing in reserve, especially memories of other Irish jockeys.*** NEVER OUTDISTANCED. STABLE ENTRY: MARIO PEI WHO WON *THE STORY OF LANGUAGE*, RUNNING ON **OCT. 20** FOR THE MEDIAEVAL ROMANCE POETRY RACE.

MY LIFE WITH MARTIN LUTHER KING, JR.: **First outing on his fast book track by famous jockey, Coretta Scott King.** Although main race runs on **SEPT. 25,** other races on *Life* magazine track and on Book-of-the-Month track in an October Special. ***Stable owner: Holt, Rinehart and Winston with CBS backer.*** ODDS-ON FAVOURITE.

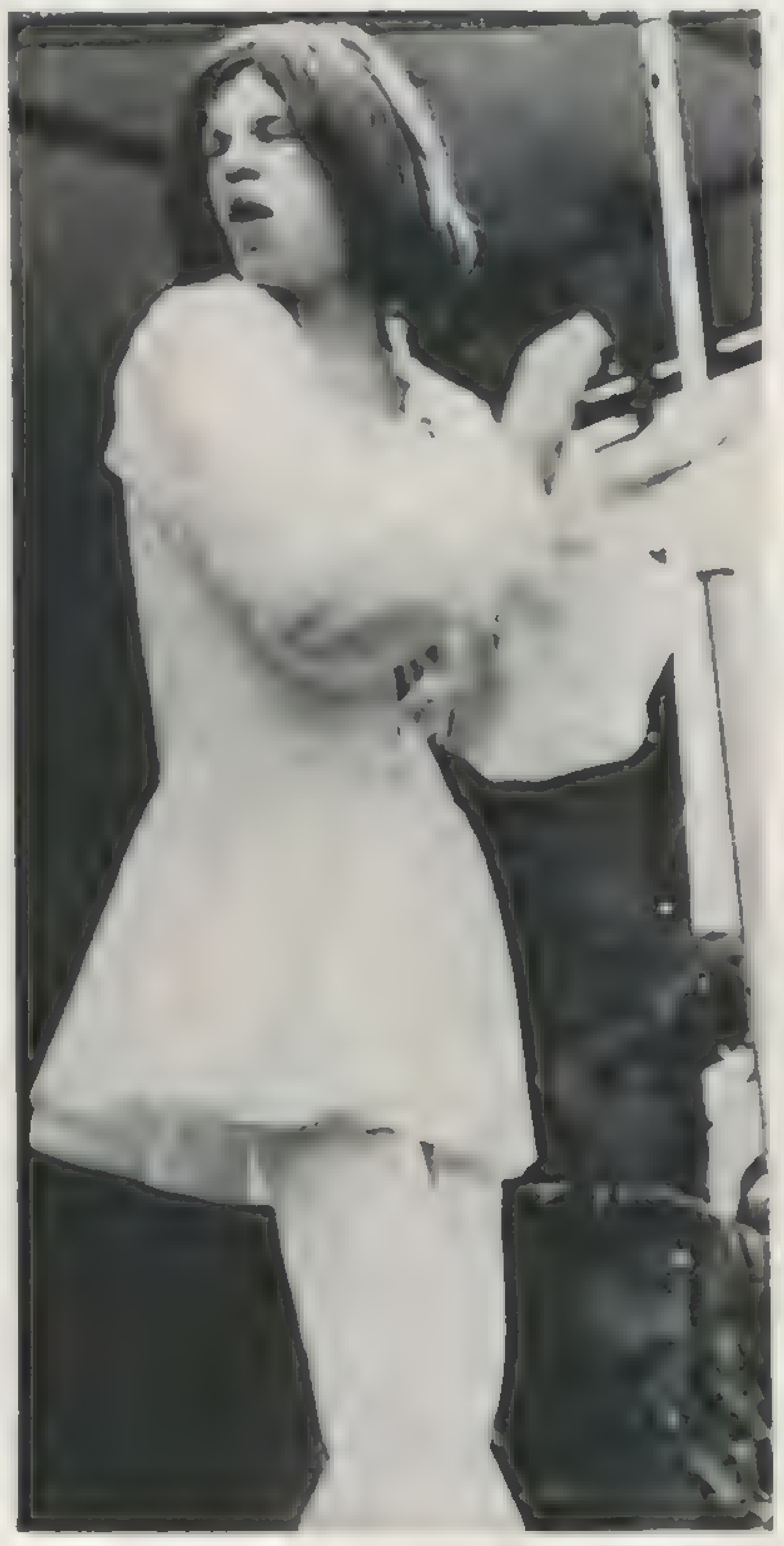
(Continued on page 169)

VOGUE'S OWN BOUTIQUE

OF SUGGESTIONS, FINDS, AND OBSERVATIONS

London: There is a definite trend for the young to go into handmade projects, particularly knitting, crocheting, needlepoint. . . . "I think it's indicative of the fact that young people are getting fed up with the mechanical age, they've been through the drug bit, and are now finding that occupying themselves with their hands in fact relaxes them more than the pseudo-serenity of drugs. . . ."

New York: *"Everyone should buy turquoise now because it's running out"—that's the word from The American Indian Arts Center, so everyone, step on it. Because Indian jewellery—the good, beautifully-made kind, is absolutely right with today's clothes. The thin, silvery Zuni bracelets and rings especially—the silver designs set with polished square nuggets of coral, or jet, or especially turquoise—so simple, so modern . . . $10 to $100. At The American Indian Arts Center, 1051 Third Avenue. . . .*



PICTORIAL PARADE SERVICE

London: This is the "dress" Mick Jagger wore for the Rolling Stones' huge free pop-in concert in Hyde Park recently. Made of white voile, mediaeval inspired, it was designed for him by Mr. Fish, 17 Clifford St. . . . Now being knocked off all over London for girls. . . .

London: *New restaurants. Inigo Jones. In the theatre district, rather mediaeval décor, bricks, religious statues, someone playing the harpsichord—Bach and all that. . . . It gets actors* (Boys in the Band, Hair, *etc.*) *and local sports stars like soccer player George Best. . . . Caterine Milinaire's brother has just opened a charming restaurant, "Didier"—quite small and out of the way, very Parisian in atmosphere, and with the great vogue for Italian restaurants, it's a joy to find a cache of Frenchisms.*

Rome: Countess Volpi wears her glasses on a yard-long chain attached to a heavy gold chain bracelet on her left arm. . . .

Sardinia: Countess Crespi reports that everyone this summer was in beige and brown. No colours of any kind. And much use of rather rough-textured Moroccan cottons for clothes in these sorts of shades. . . .

Lausanne: This is such an enchanting picture, we had to show it to you, though the whole wedding will be reported in a Vogue Notebook . . . it's Josephine Chaplin, second eldest daughter of Charlie and Oona Chaplin, snapped at that magic, happy moment before her marriage to Nicholas Sistovaris. . . .

TAKI THEODONOCOPOLUS

New York: This is how Guy at Kenneth's finishes off a coiffure. He sprays the hair spray on a dab of cotton then smooths the cotton lightly over the hair. Very good for very gently putting down frizzy short front ends—avoids going the whole gun all over the head and maybe getting a hard-as-glass finish. . . .

Madrid: "El Ultimo Couple" is where all the young Spanish Set gather for dinner and late into the night—a funny-looking singer howls funny songs of the twenties, and a few young contemporaries sing to their guitars. . . .

To New York from Paris: Coming here this autumn under the auspices of designer Rudi Gernreich taking his first flyer as a theatre producer—"Concile d'Amour"—fascinating, beautiful play taking place in heaven, hell, and earth. "Lucrezia Borgia and her friends appear onstage in the most exquisite gauze dresses that expose their small beautiful breasts with red or brown painted nipples. . . . The costumes and décor by Leonor Fini are some of the most ravishing she has ever done. . . ."

In our new Saint Laurents we can pretend

to be—crushed, but . . .
to carry on . . .

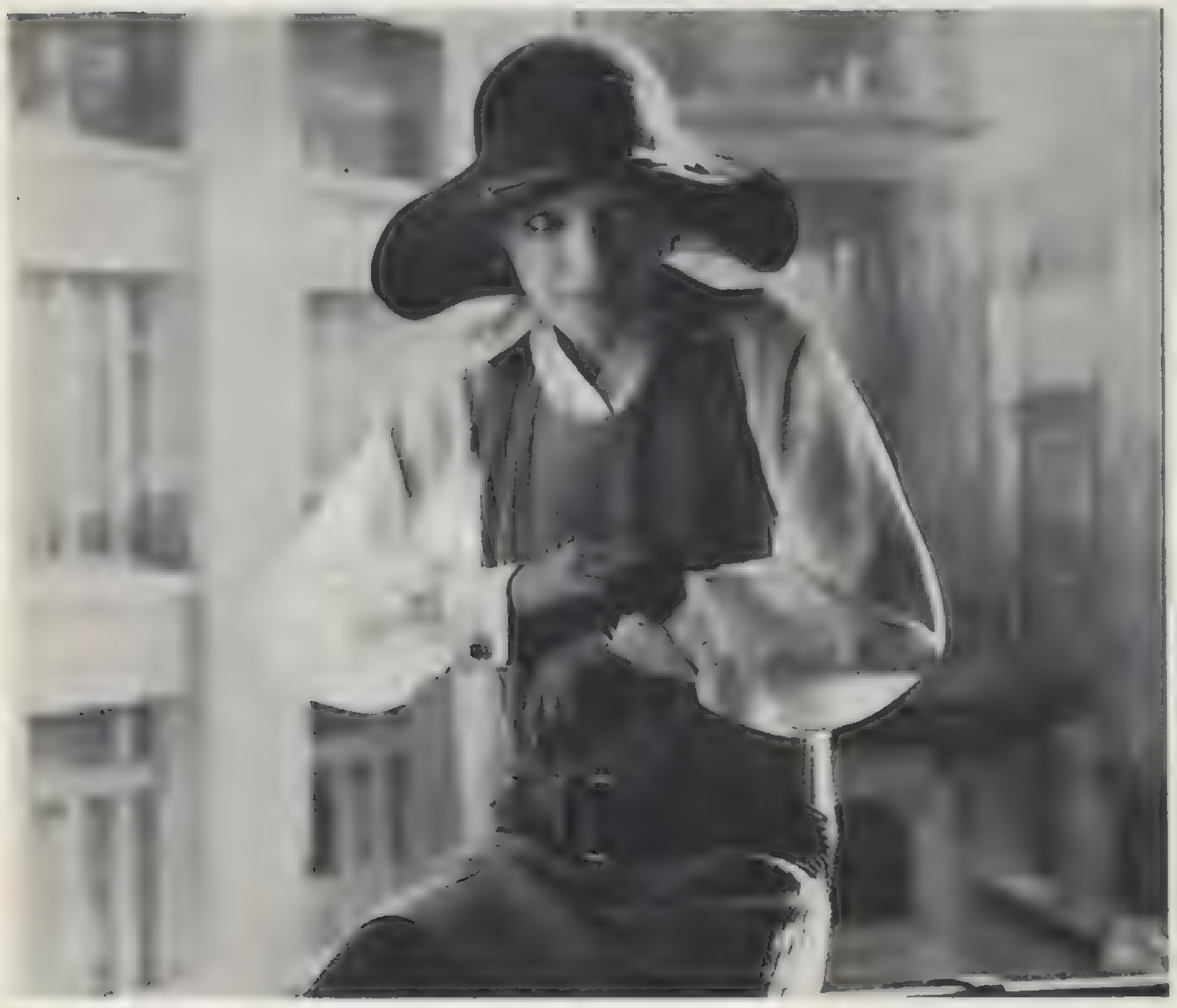
to be—valiant

to be—chic-ly tragique . . .

to be—a poetess, a dreamer
in Paris . . .

because it's fun to be a heroine in our Saint Laurents

1



Louise de la Falaise, 1, is playing, perhaps, an American in Paris, Latin Quarter, artistic . . . wearing her ***long line*** ribbed beige cashmere pullover with grey jersey pants, a grey felt hat pulled down, brim up, a low slung belt. Sweater, $50. All, Saint Laurent Rive Gauche Boutique, 855 Madison Avenue. . . .

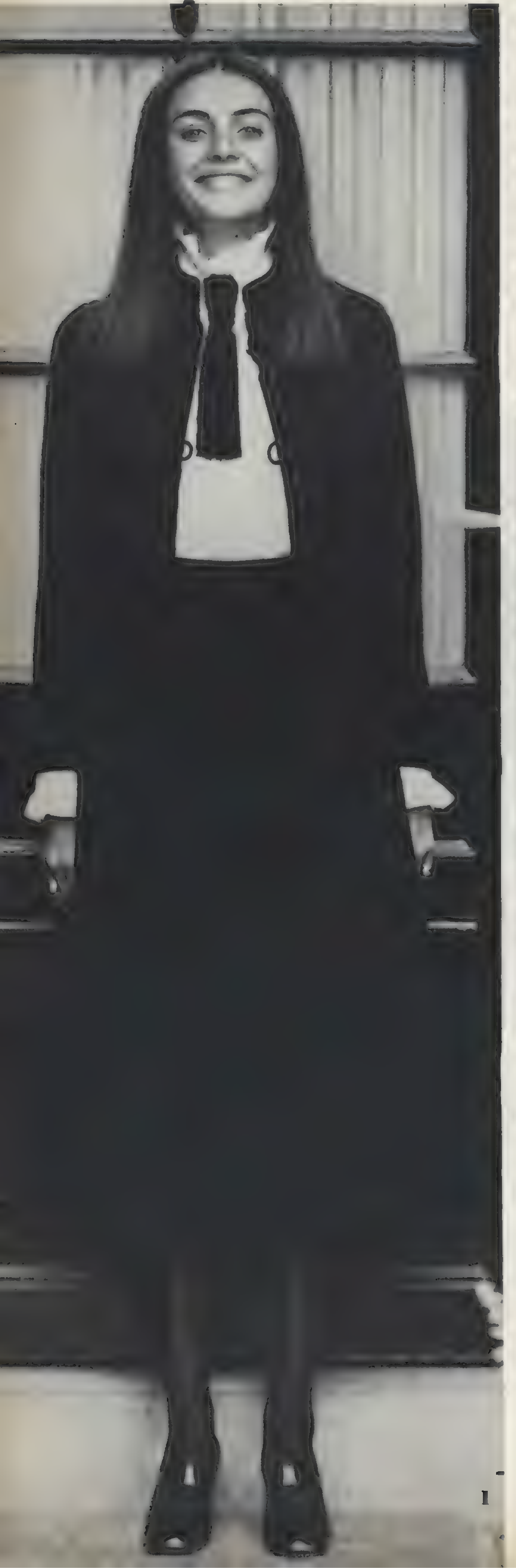
Eliane de Chavagnac, 2, is just plain happy to play hooray . . . in Yves' ***new length of skirt***—a black, white, beige geometric-print wool kilt, stretched down to whip around the lower leg. $110. Rive Gauche Boutique, 855 Madison Ave.

PATRICK LICHFIELD

More on next page

2

BERRY BERENSON

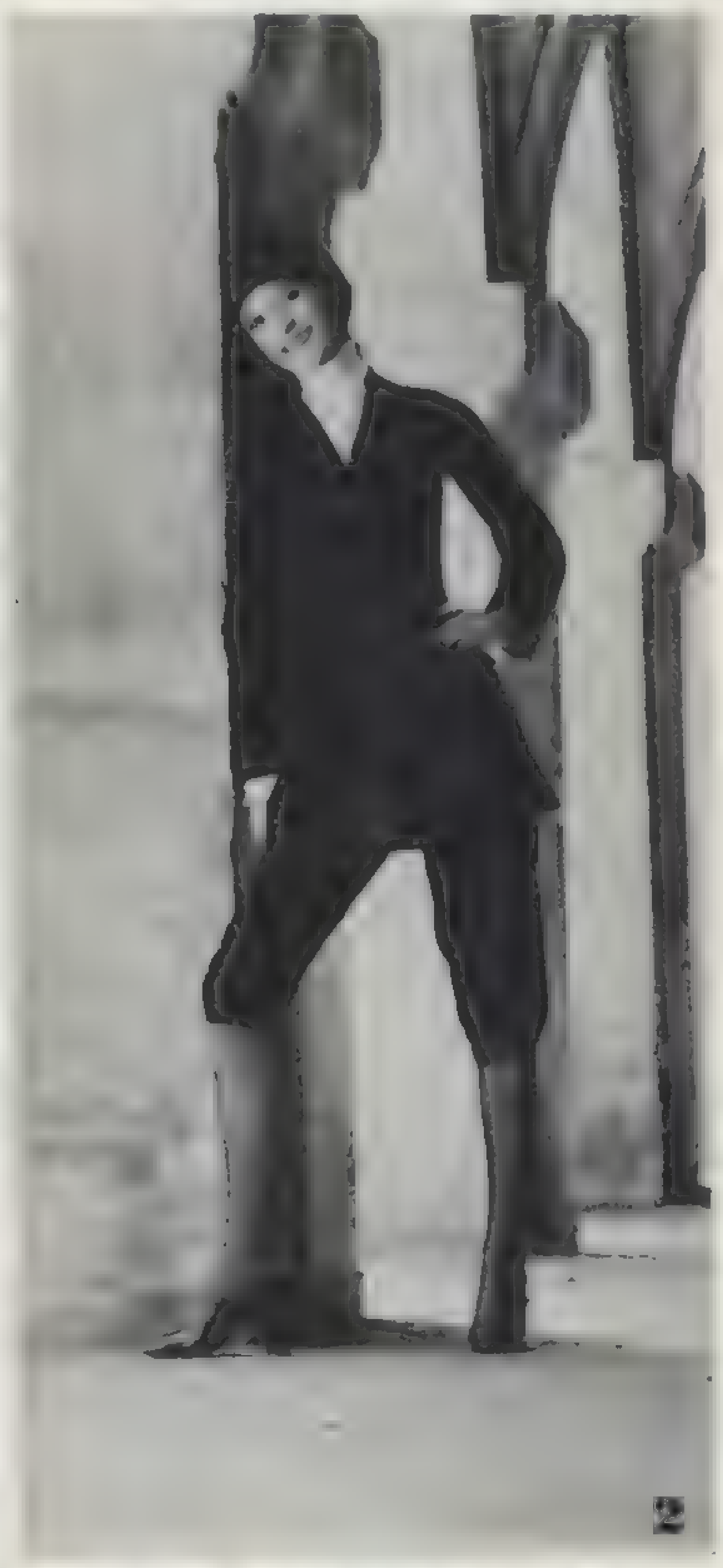


1

Saint Laurent

The new length of skirt, 1, amuses ***Eliane de Chavagnac***—and it looks great with a waist-cropped, passementerie-trimmed jacket, a ruffled silk shirt—all, $300. All the Saint Laurent clothes on these pages, at Rive Gauche Boutique, 855 Madison Avenue. . . .

Doughboy knickers, 4, are just the right romantic kick on ***Michele Petitjean*** . . . in grey loden cloth, $200. Michele wears the brown nanny shoes Saint Laurent showed with his haute couture collection. . . .

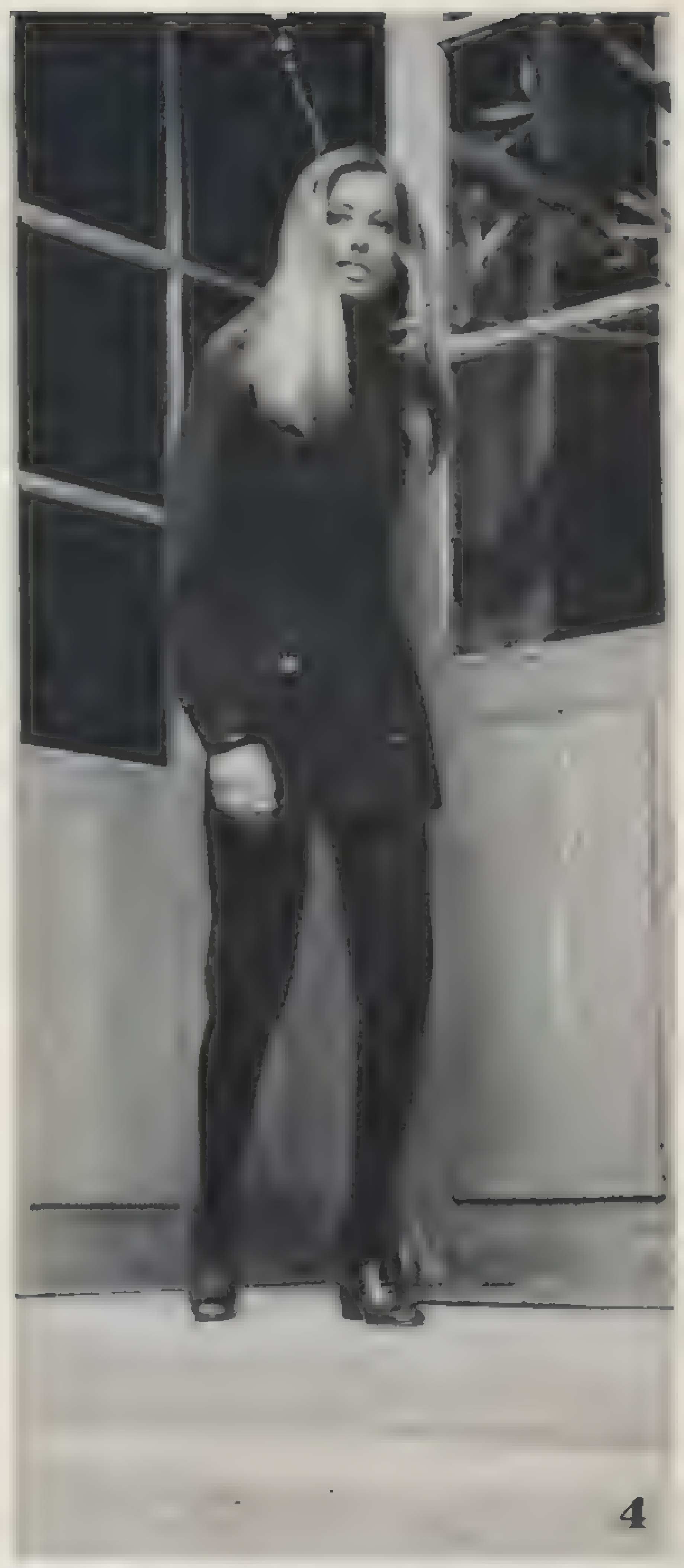


2

Der Rosenkavalier knickers, 2, are the kind that sing hello to ***Louise de la Falaise.*** Long-line jacket, narrow knickers in black velvet embroidered in minute red roses. $325.

As simple as Joan of Arc would have liked, but much more fun to wear, **3,** that's what ***Eliane de Chavagnac*** thinks of Saint Laurent's midnight-blue velvet monastic dress, trimmed only with a black passementerie cord belt. $225.

PATRICK LICHFIELD
BERRY BERENSON



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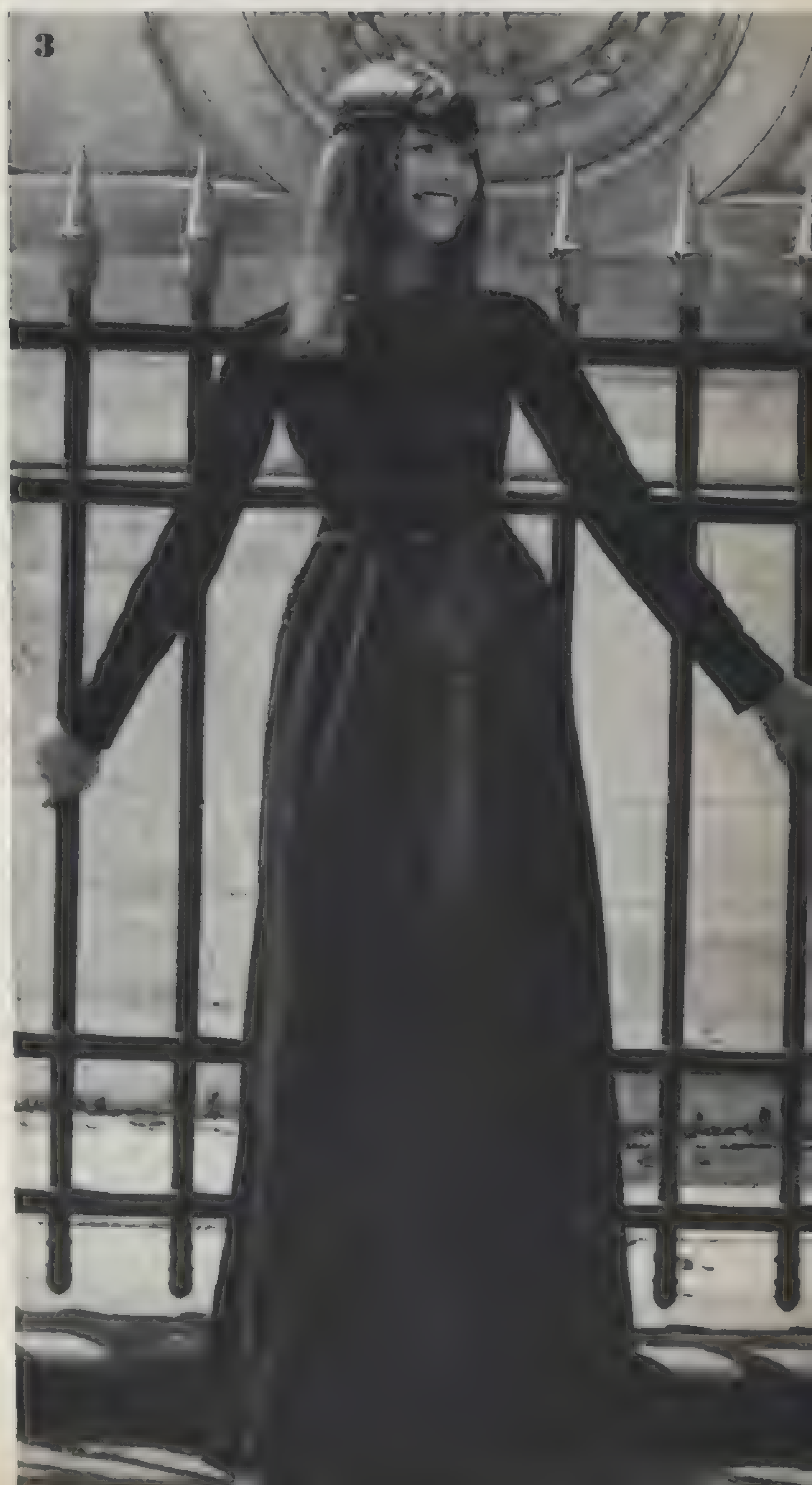
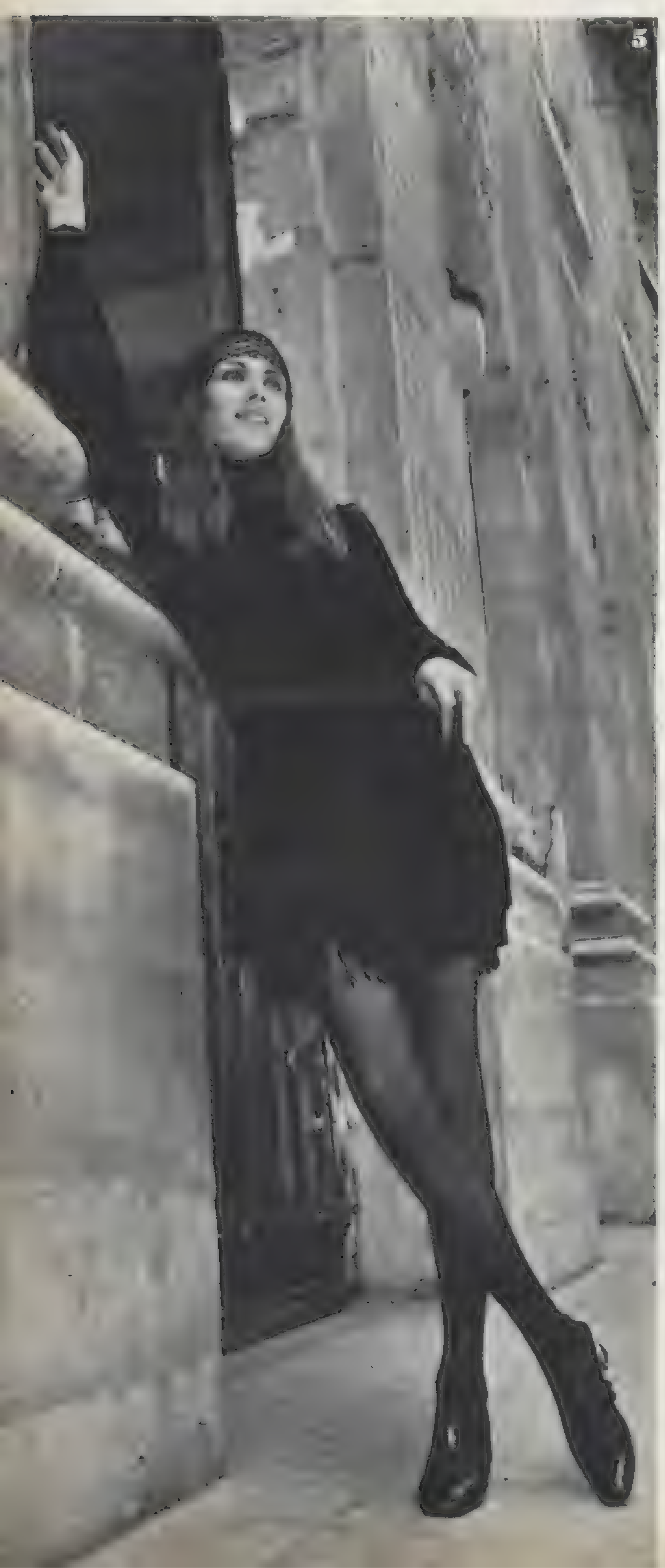


3

Swoop with the swashbuckling cape, 6, isn't that what wearing a cape is all about? Hmm . . . the pleasure of it . . . swooping here, Yves Saint Laurent's sister **Mme. Brigitte Vic.** Cape in black loden cloth. $195. All Saint Laurent clothes at Rive Gauche Boutique, 855 Madison Avenue. . . .

The shortest skirt. 5. delicious on **Brigette Vic** in black chiffon velvet with a fringed velvet hem . . . the fringe swinging against sheer black leggy legs . . . you see, you can wear all lengths, play all kinds of people, in the new Saint Laurent s . . . dress, $260. . . .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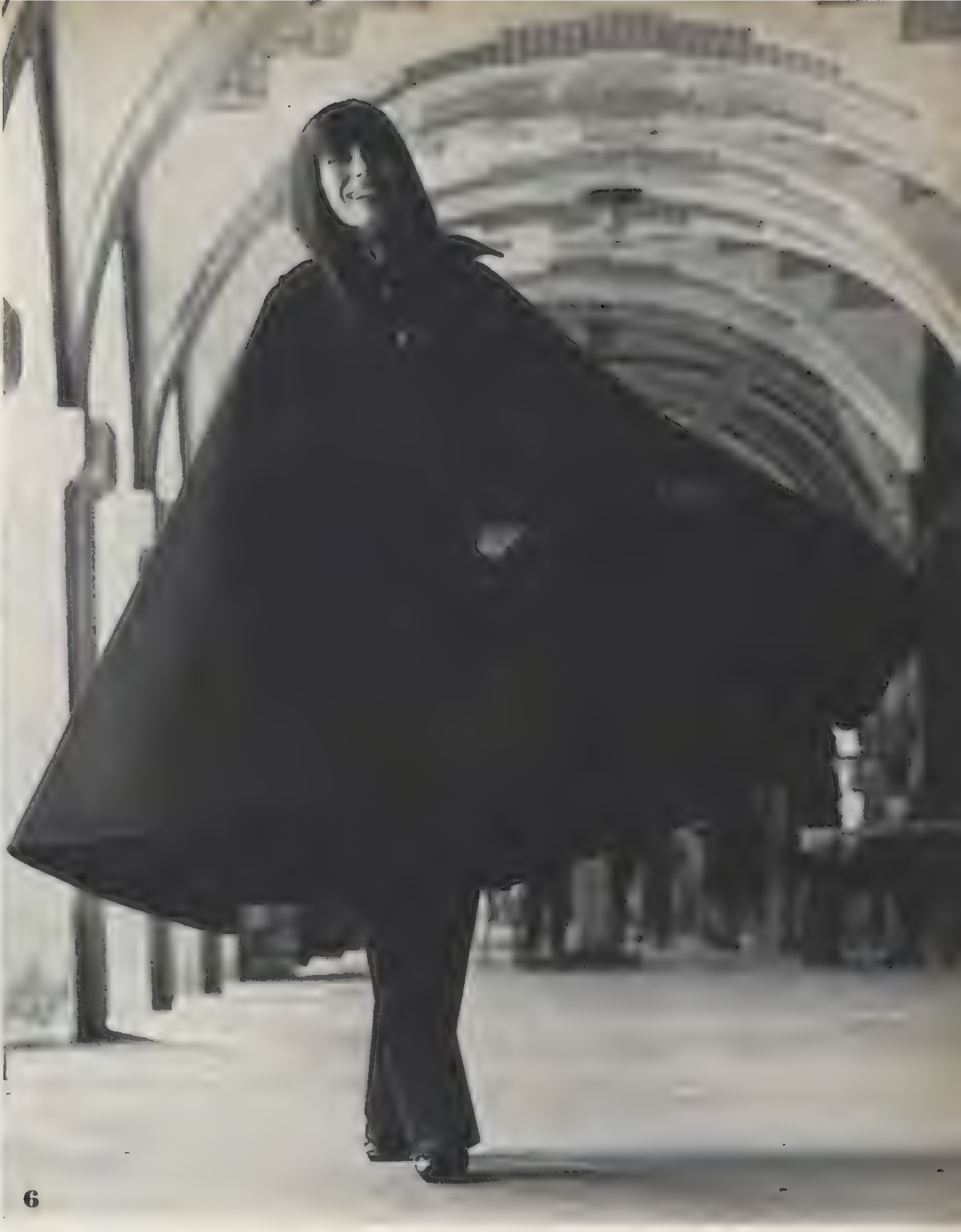
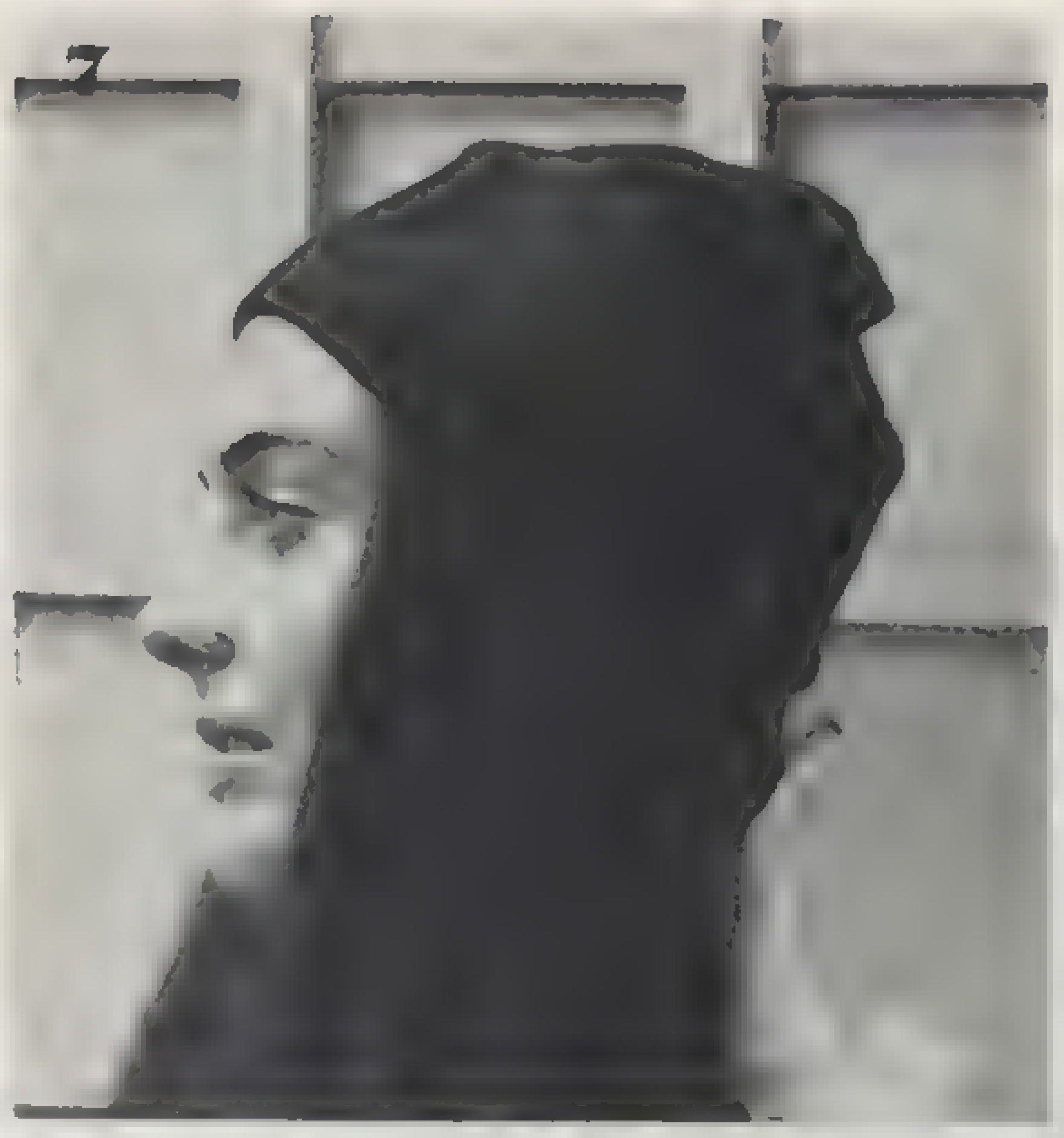

6

Yves Saint Laurent.

Details—always important to watch . . . to own . . . the just-right touches, the accessories Saint Laurent puts with his clothes . . . three of them here, photographed on **Eliane de Charagnac.** A black satin turban-ish cap, **7.** The brow band of braided black passementerie, **8.** A belt of passementerie cord ending in a door-key-shaped tassel, **9.** All at Yves Saint Laurent Rive Gauche Boutique, 855 Madison Avenue.

More on next page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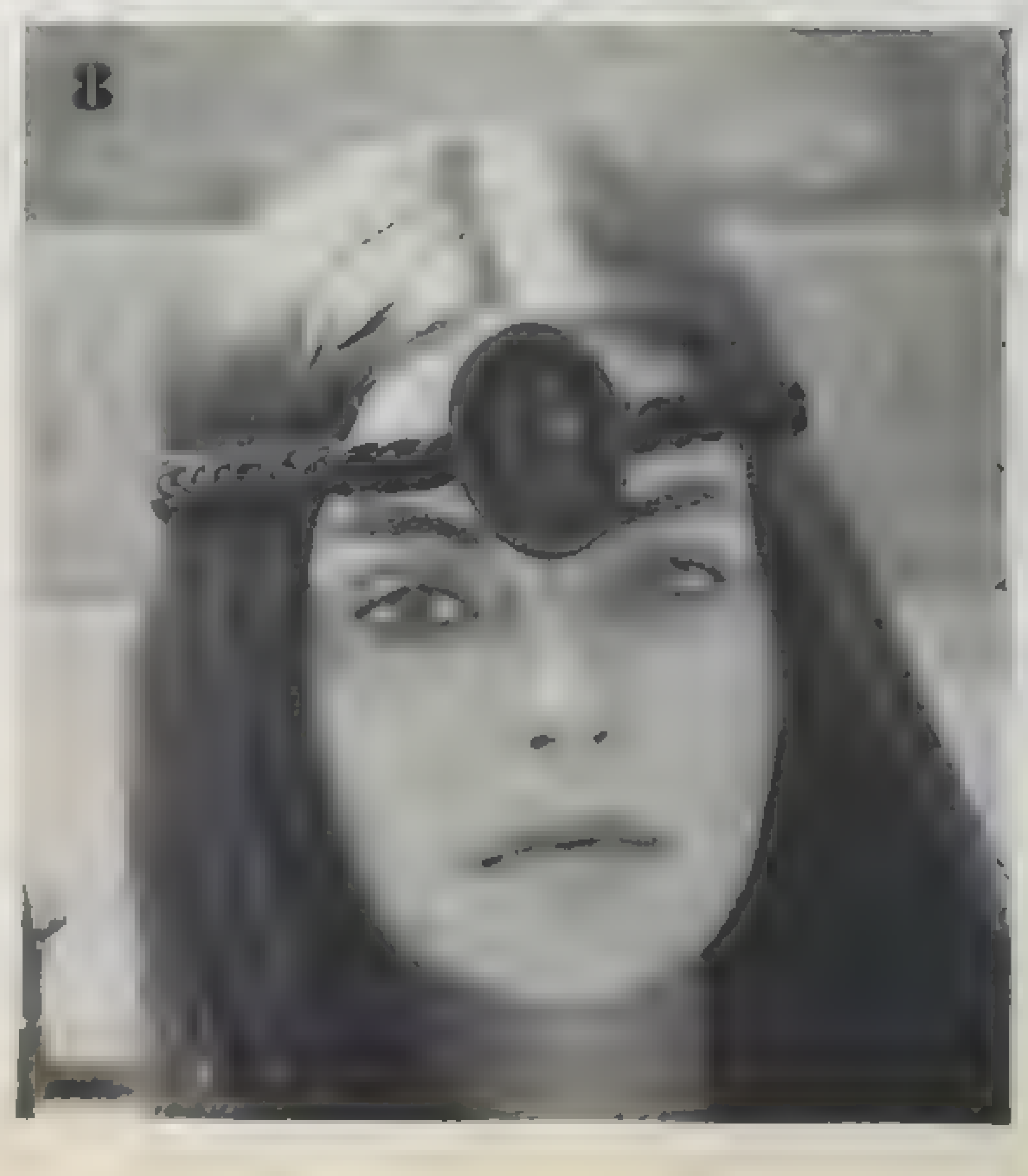
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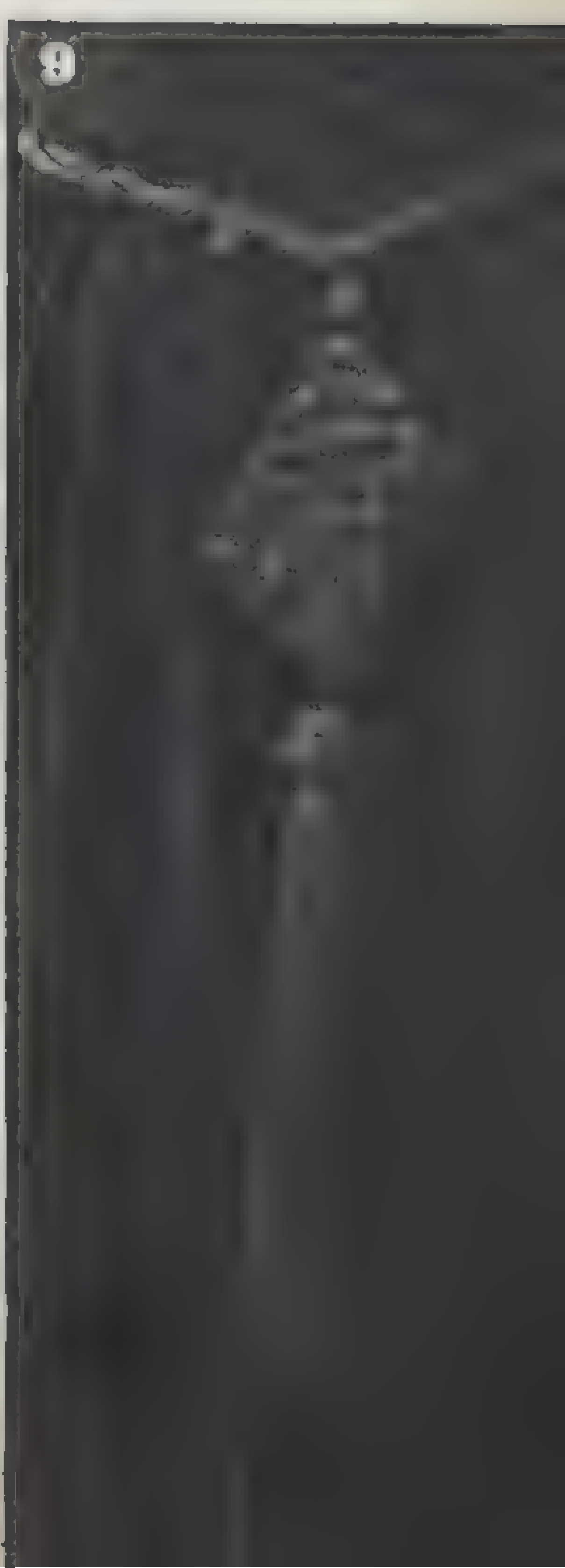

9

VOGUE'S OWN BOUTIQUE *Continued*

For the love of a button

1

BERRY BERENSON

You know how some people have an absolute passion for one thing? It's wonderful isn't it? Well, it's possible for all of us to share one woman's passion for buttons. Diana Epstein's written a book about them, collects them, and has this enchanting boutique where she sells nothing but buttons. All kinds, new, old, amusing, sensible, beautiful, rare. . . .

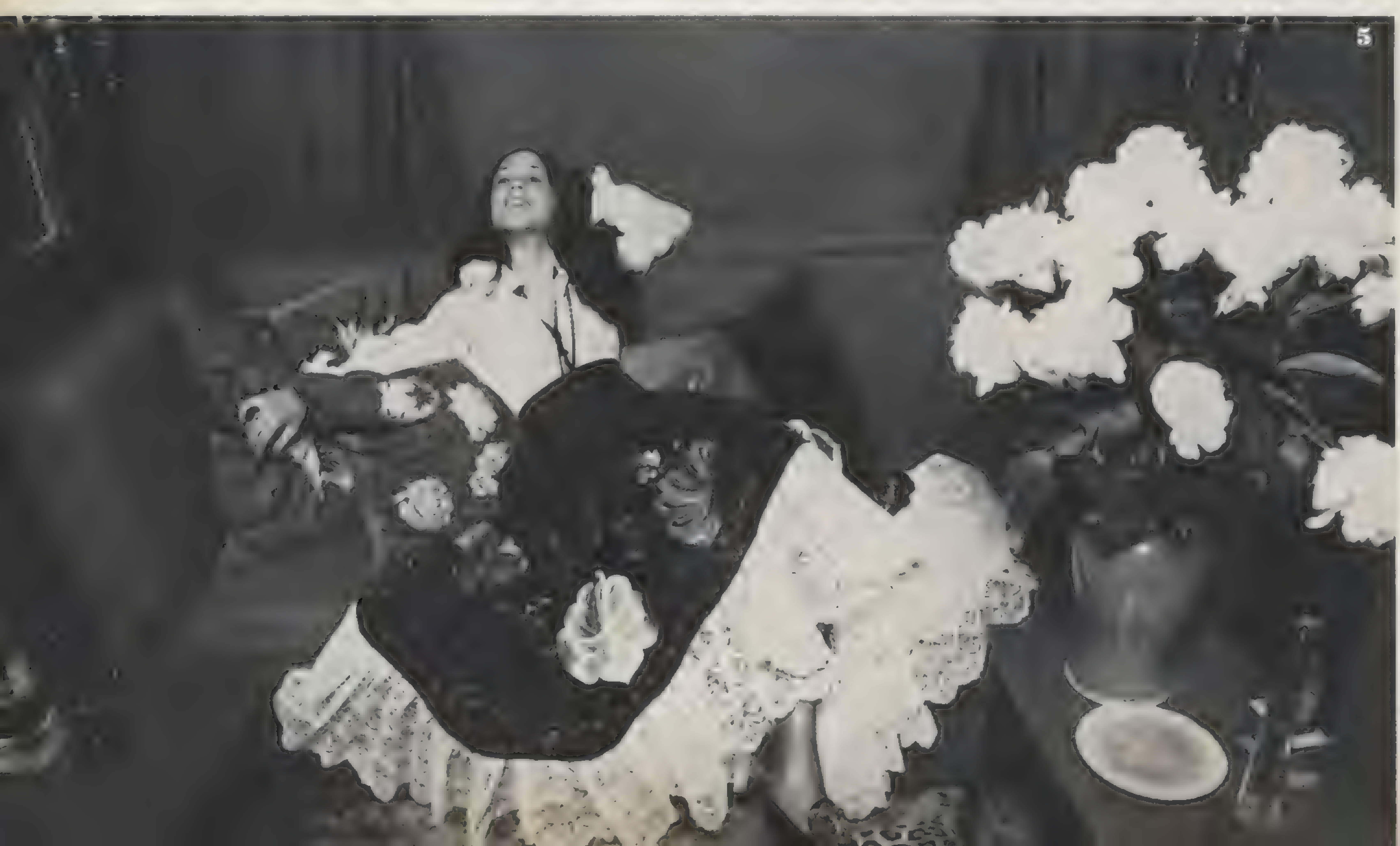
3

2

Let's follow Ingrid Boulting, **1**, into "Tender Buttons". **2.** Antiques from 1930's—plastic shaped and painted like fruit and vegetables—designed and made by Marion Weeber, the only designer we know who specialized in buttons. $.50-$3.00 each. **3.** "Calicoes"—19th century American china buttons covered with calico fabric patterns in delicate colours. $.60 each. **4.** A gold commemorative medallion of Sarah Bernhardt. $14. "Tender Buttons" is at 143 East 62nd Street. . . .

4

Because we love to play Carmen— it comes out in all of us one time or another, doesn't it? Whenever Angela feels the Carmen coming on she puts on her delicious Chantilly lace shirt, $200. From Rakes, 37 East 65th Street. And her voluptuous black velvet skirt embroidered in Carmen roses, petticoat frilled. From Fred Leighton, 177 MacDougal Street. Angela is playing Carmen in Inman Cook's apartment. . . .


5

HAIR COMBED BY
FRANKLYN WELSCH

JACK ROBINSON

A Walk . . .

(Continued from page 130)

are invaded, she is neither touchy nor temperamental. Indeed, she and the second lead, Anthony Corlan, Irish, witty, and talented, were a lovely source of humour and laughter on the otherwise piano set of *A Walk With Love and Death*. Even out of costume, pottering about the set in her own idiosyncratically pulled-together bits and pieces—her wide-brimmed hat, Mexican smock over blue jeans, cowboy boots, and a huge bag, like one Harpo Marx pocket—she didn't look in the least contemporary. And when she climbed into her mediaeval robes, with her short-cropped hair covered by bound and plaited hair, she had wandered out of an illuminated manuscript.

"How does one learn to walk in it?" she was asked, as she mounted her horse, wearing an intricately and delicately embroidered dress, its pink and gold threads glittering among the brocades. "One doesn't," she said grimly, heaving its folds over her arm, cantering off to join Assaf Dayan to rehearse a love scene. She viewed shooting love scenes with equanimity.

Equanimity is a quality Assaf Dayan lacks. He seems perpetually on the brood and boil, like a movable Etna, and curiously out of place in the limpid film. He has dark, good looks, and flashing eyes, enormous sexual appeal, but he lacks grace of body, elegance of bearing, and has little charm of manner. And although he has the toughness and resilience of the poet of the book, he seems to lack a poet's sensibilities. In the book, the hero is a leader, whose quiet and easy strength enfolds Claudia, although she is the more headstrong, arrogant, and impulsive. But in the film, on set, and in fact, Claudia overshadows him, her coolness underlines his darkling rages, and it is hard to envisage any situation where she would readily yield herself to one who seems at all times more a lackey than a lover.

A Walk With Love and Death was Dayan's first major film rôle and it was not an easy one. He laboured under many handicaps, one of which, he seemed to believe, was that he is the son of the famous Israeli, General Moshe Dayan. He never came to the same terms with this apparent stumbling block as did Anjelica Huston, and each day bristled in angry anticipation of some inane question about his father. But his major difficulty was in acting and reacting in English, which is for him a foreign language, and although everyone sympathetically recognized his difficulties, sympathy tended to wane when it appeared that at times he did not know his speeches or had lost lines and nuances. And then, too, the hero of *A Walk With Love and Death* has a poet's sense of wonder and words and it is unfortunate that Assaf Dayan used words so ill.

Huston defends him fiercely. He said, "Assaf *is* a poet. And he has served in the Israeli army. I couldn't possibly have known this when I first met the boy, but I instinctively recognized in him the sensibilities of a poet who is also masculine and strong." Dayan is more relaxed and at ease when in Huston's company than at most other times, for among Huston's many attributes that make people who work with him love him, is his implicit recognition of their abilities and scope (indeed, he is often ready to endow them with more of both than they have) and his gentle and generous care for their feelings.

There is a gentleness all through the film, as well as brutality and passion, for Hans Koningsberger, who wrote the book *A Walk With Love and Death*, also wrote the screenplay (usually just one day ahead of shooting). It is a relevant story of love and youth and protest, full of the stains of war and the taint of killings, and, reading it, luckier lovers realize how happy they are not to have been directly involved in a war. But *A Walk With Love and Death* also describes the pace, the mood, the emotions, and the drama of its filming—the extraordinary sum-

(Continued on page 166)

join the firm believers

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(Continued from page 165)

mer of 1968 when Europe was going through turmoil and the film reflected it.

Any set or location is a forcing ground for explosive clashes and affairs, for heightened tensions and wounded sensibilities, but the making of *A Walk With Love and Death* was surrounded by an uncommon share of drama, catastrophe, comic terror, private grudges, and public hysteria. Not many films are dogged and thwarted right from their inception by their very subjects and settings, but almost the first upset to the plans for filming in France was the student revolution there—an upheaval rather like the one in the book in scale, spirit, and locale.

Fatalistically, the film's producers changed all locations to Austria, around Vienna, where, reliable sources said, Burgundy-looking country was to be found, but with rescheduling and replanning, filming was postponed to late July and August—the gloomiest months in Vienna. There was one consolation—it seemed that, at least, the imponderable had arrived, nothing worse could happen. And then halfway through shooting, while the rain forever tumbled, while coordinators absconded, tempers frayed, and scenes were discarded, the Russians moved into Prague to crush the Czechoslovakian reform movement.

The Czech border was only thirty miles from the set, and a deep oppression fell over everyone, and in particular, Huston. He had known the earlier Czech leader, Jan Masaryk, and had suffered when he was betrayed. When Huston heard of the latest brutal action on the part of the Russians, his whole body appeared to shrink, his spread, generous face contracted, and his big, bolstering spirit retreated.

A pall descended; crew and cast broke off work often, huddling around a shortwave radio to hear outside news, and the prevalent air of impotence was emphasized with definitive bathos by the interminable shooting and reshooting of one lunatic, expendable scene, in which Dayan rides his tired horse to the edge of a stream. As the horse bends to drink, Dayan sees a piece of overt symbolism, in the form of a dead child, float by. The child was greased and regreased to protect him from the chilly waters, mists were manufactured, cameras rolled, and Dayan, radiating earnestness and unease on his horse, rode over and over again into the sylvan setting. The horse was coaxed, bullied, glared at, threatened, given salt to lick, and led to the water, but, as though proving a new proverb or filming a fable, the horse amiably refused to drink. Only Huston kept his dismal cool; he cried, "Abandon," closed shooting for the day, and everyone went home to ominous, sad Vienna.

Working with his daughter seemed to ignite, and then fan, the famous flickering Huston flame. How she got the rôle, besides Huston's confession of favoritism, is part of the carefully circulated lore of the film. Carter De Haven, the film's producer, while on a visit to Huston in Ireland, gloomily described how difficult it was to cast Claudia, to find a sixteen-year-old girl, with the right looks, who was also a clever actress. When he saw a photograph of Anjelica on the mantelpiece, he fell on it, all wide-eyed innocence, as an example of what they were looking for. Indeed, his choice shows considerable prescience, for in action, and on the screen, she wraps her scenes around her, commands attention, and gives thud and action to the rest of the drowsy film. Anjelica Huston said, "Up to a point, Claudia is like me. But I've never been in her circumstances and so all one can do is to give an interpretation of her."

Her appearance, as well as her abilities, helps: She has a splendid seat on a horse, beautiful posture, and if her containment at times makes her appear rather glacial and heartless, it all adds up to the part's credit. So do her highbred, gauche good looks, like one of those elongated, disdainful virgins who forever prance through mediaeval tapestries, high white brows unclouded, pale fingers plucking at embroidery, confined from the elements, and stamped only with a look of the exquisite.

Huston really believes that he treats Anjelica like any other actress, cheerfully ignoring the contradictions and ambiguities that appear even while he talks. "A director is a kind of father figure anyway, and so, in a way, directing my daughter is no different from usual . . . except that she's extraordinary. She surprised even me."

He *does* direct her with his usual rigorous and kindly dictatorships (a Huston command always sounds like a suggestion), but often they would both burst into laughter, their family sense of humour touched by some private ridiculousness; or, off set, would occasionally wander away, not even talking, sharing that common background of knowledge and family intimacy that excludes the need for explanation or speech.

"She has an instinct for getting to the essentials of a part," he said, "and the most extraordinary sense of timing. She can make a pause as important as a speech."

Anjelica Huston said: "I never said straight out, 'I want to be an actress,' but the thought was always there. I'd been around film sets since I was born, had no preconceived ideas, and wasn't all that excited, *until* the whole thing came to a head, and I began to love the part, which I now do—absolutely."

In a paradoxical way her father has given the filming of *A Walk With Love and Death* its qualities as much by what he has eliminated as by the things he has chosen. He has returned us somehow to that halting, ragged, rural world of violence, filth, peace, and stultifying boredom, before country was trammelled and tamed, shattered by noise, and diminished by roads. And that implicit feeling of electronics and machinery, of invisible but nonetheless apparent mechanics which invades period films is totally lacking in the world of *A Walk.*

Instead there is the lovely, rugged, clumsy look of reality, an extraordinary feeling for the texture and pace of mediaeval life. There is no gloss; nothing shines. The halts are more apparent than the hurry. The battle scenes show men trying to wound each other, frightened and vacant men for the most part, appalled by what has happened to their world. Huston has caught the slow and narrow terror of a land dependent on word of mouth, where alarms and rumours are long in coming and more frightening when, garbled in their retelling, they finally arrive; of a land ravaged by war, torn by injustices and dissent, a poverty-stricken world of too few peasants and too many knights, too few farms, and too much forest.

But this Huston world *looks* marvellous, a place for nature and of natural dyes, of greys and greens and russets, with distant harmonies of space and sky riven by the sombre glint of chain mail and polished thigh pieces on knights riding bullying horses with neurotic eyes. These horses of the Pinzgauer strain, standing sixteen hands high, and bred to carry knights in full armour, "are exactly what the knights would have chosen to ride out on," Huston said. "They show the balance between the knight and his animal." The careful felicitous choice, this concern for the look of life, is the outward result of Huston's original, secret eye, his often lazy, lovely imagination. His description of the horses sums up the look and feeling of his film, the thing that made it appeal, the touchstone of his creed: "I didn't choose them for their looks. They're not fancy, but, Lord, I love that touch of spirit."

Ronald Laing

(Continued from page 133)

is now another Mary Barnes—very different, people who knew her say, from the old one; still involved in her own experience but obviously happy. And last April she had an exhibition of her paintings at the Camden Arts Centre in London.

Mary Barnes is a living embodiment of Laing's thesis. And Laing, caught up in his own vision, has been expanding it into an existentialist philosophy of life:

> "I have seen the Bird of Paradise, she has spread herself
> before me, and I shall never
> be the same again.
> There is nothing to be afraid
> of. Nothing."

When I first saw Laing, five years ago or thereabouts, he looked curiously young for someone who had made such a name for himself. In his early forties, he looks the guru, at times infinitely sad, at times very vulnerable.

I wanted to meet him out of his clinical context: and he came to dinner to meet a television producer, an advertising tycoon, and a much-travelled journalist. It was an odd and occasionally unnerving experience. Silent at first, Laing was aroused when the talk turned to Eastern philosophy, losing the television producer and myself early on and shedding the advertising tycoon at the karma course. Afterwards, we sang, and Laing did a kind of dance, as if he were learning how to swing it—which in a sense, I suppose, is exactly what he is doing, still.

What we all need, he argued, is to be reminded that we have five senses (and maybe a sixth). Of these, we tend only to use two: sight and hearing. Why should we neglect the other three? Normally we experience other people through them only when making love: Why can't we feel people, without necessarily leaving the impression that we are making a pass at them? But it is not easy: "We live equally out of our bodies and out of our minds." It is at this point that Laing has begun to stir up criticism, even among those who are convinced that his earlier views were essentially wise.

When a person goes mad, Laing argues, "his centre of experience moves from ego to Self." Self, with a capital S—meaning, presumably, his real identity. But is this true? Madness, on Laing's own showing, is the end product of a period of long-continued mystification. It is as if the elastic that normally holds our conscious and unconscious selves together had been stretched and stretched until it snapped.

There may be a case for writing off the ego, in such circumstances, as only an elaborate conditioned reflex, double-bound out of all contact with reality. It may be necessary to begin again, as Mary Barnes did, from scratch. But not many people want to do that—or need to. Where the personality has not been too distorted by double-binding, the ego may have become an integral part of it, contributing its share to the Self (whatever the Self may be). We should not ignore its significance merely because society so often perverts it, any more than we should repudiate democracy because of the record of recent British governments.

And even Laing, when it comes to the point, is not all that confident. He must know from his own clinical experience that turning on can be an excuse for massive self-indulgence, and that some people have nothing to turn on to. "If I could turn you on," he concluded in *The Bird of Paradise*, "if I could drive you out of your wretched mind, if I could tell you, I would let you know." Don't ring me . . . I'll ring you. It is as if Laing, having travelled so far, were beginning to wonder exactly where he is going.

He is right to doubt, for it is the explorers' business to explore rather than to proselytize. Where they try to preach the results can be embarrassing. For the moment, though, it is enough that Laing has pushed open a long-closed door and through the grime and the cobwebs given us a glimpse—as F. W. H. Myers did and, later, Jung—of the treasure house of the unconscious mind.

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Beauty Bulletin

(Continued from page 141)

as it used to be with the classes. Kiosks on streets dispense, for a few kopecks, cupfuls of specially-endowed waters and soft drinks, plus white wine, beer, and Kvass, a bittersweet beer-like beverage made from fermented bread; the latter is served at Black Sea sanatoria, which says something about the healthy regard in which it's held. Heft of Russian women seems to say something about healthy appetites—but then Russian ice cream is deliciously rich and creamy, and fatally plentiful. . . . In England, an expert on hair is called a trichologist, and that's just what Phillip Kingsley is. To his Trichological Clinic—which occupies an entire house in London—everyone who has hair problems, or wants to avoid having them, is now making a bee-line . . . Lady Beatty, Virginia Blond, Viscount Hambleden, among others. Mr. Kingsley is a young man with a totally no-nonsense, un-chichi approach to hair problems; he starts with a microscopic examination of the client's hair and scalp, asks a good many relevant questions, then decides on the treatment. If he doesn't think he can be of any real help, he says so. . . . What one has at the Clinic is basically a magnificently thorough cleansing and conditioning that takes about an hour, ending with vitamin drops and a vibro massage; after her first one, a young American woman reported, "I suspect it's the first time my hair and scalp have ever been totally clean and alive." . . . Have you ever heard of bottling a Scotch mist—or the soft, moist air of a rainy day in the French countryside? Probably not—but what comes closest to it is the *brumisateur,* or spray mist, of Evian water, to which so many women in Europe are now addicted (as are many women in the U.S. who can now find the tall white aerosol cans at Caswell-Massey in N. Y. for $9). What emerges from the can is really finer than a mist—more like a drift of fog, cool and incredibly refreshing, to waft over face and neck whenever one's skin feels wilted.

Roy Lichtenstein

(Continued from page 145)

where he put words into paintings. Leo Steinberg asked Johns: "You nearly always use this same type. Any particular reason?" Johns said: "That's how the stencils come." Steinberg said: "But if you preferred another type face, would you think it improper to cut your own stencils?" Johns: "Of course not." Steinberg: "Then you really do like these best?" Johns: "Yes." Steinberg (despairingly): "Do you use these letter types because you like them or because that's how the stencils come?" Johns: "But that's what I like about them—that they come that way."

The certainty evaporates as soon as Lichtenstein starts talking about the cliché's relevance to life, as against its usefulness to art. When I asked him, not too seriously, whether he liked girls who looked like the cliché girls he painted, he threw the ball back by saying—and this wasn't sophistry—that the kind he painted were "really made up of black lines and red dots. I see the girls so abstractly that it's very hard to fall for one of these creatures. They're not really reality to me. However, that doesn't mean that I don't have a clichéd ideal, a fantasy ideal, of a woman that I would be interested in. But I think I have in mind what they should look like for other people."

"Obviously your attitude to the creatures is ironical: but how ironical?"

"Let me put it this way. I can realize that, when I was a child and looked at the comic books, these women were really convincing. I really thought these were very beautiful women. Now I see the drawing in it and they don't look that way to me. I mean, you could really have a love affair with these women as a child, and now these don't mean that to me in the originals, in the comic book.

"However, I realize that some are in a conventional sense drawn better—hit the cliché better—than others. I'm interested in getting the archetype, the kind that will hit this cliché but also be powerful as a drawing. It can easily be both. It has to be right to make it all work as a visual thing. On the other hand, there's very little sense in a painting of a girl looking at a photograph of her gentleman friend and saying, 'Good morning, darling.' It's kind of obviously senseless. At the same time it sums up a lot of things. Everybody believes in it on one level and everybody talks like this, in spite of the fact that it looks funny when you read it."

"I'm interested that you've already read a story into this picture by talking about her looking like this at her gentleman friend not at her husband."

"I wish you hadn't brought that up." (Loud laughter.)

"It does suggest that you're interested in the literary qualities of these images."

"I don't think I know why but I am. I think I can make up reasons as I've been making them up, but I'm not really sure they have anything to do with it. It's just that it has a certain kind of impact on me when all of it is right, even when the statement is a cliché."

"Is being interested in these clichés like people who care for Mozart and Beethoven also caring for Rodgers and Hart and The Beatles? They wouldn't do so in a patronizing way. Indeed, a piece of popular music might mean a great deal to them because of its associations. Is this your attitude to the strip cartoons or is it not that at all? Or is it partly that and partly something else?"

"I'm not sure that what I'm going to say is really true. I don't care whether they're good or bad or anything else, but they are subject matter and I'm only using them and I am reinterpreting them. I both like them and dislike them. I enjoy them, they're probably amusing in some way, and I really get a genuine kick out of them. When they're very well drawn and strong, they really may be good, but by and large I think I look at them as being kind of hokey."

"Are you, by using absurd subject matter, making your work say: 'I am using subject matter, I am not painting abstract pictures; at the same time, the subject matter is absurd, so it doesn't really count'?"

"No. I think I'm really interested in what kind of an image the thing has and what it really looks like as well as the formal aspect of it. Let it go at that. I'll just do it anyway. I'm interested in this kind of image in the same way as one would develop a classical form—an ideal head, for instance. Some people don't really believe in this any more. But that was the idea, in a way, of classical figures of godlike people. Well, the same thing has been developed in cartoons. It's not called classical, it's called a cliché. Well, I'm interested in my work's redeveloping these classical ways, except that it's not classical, it's like the cartoon.

"I'm interested because of the impact it has when you look at it, not because it does anything formally. As a matter of fact, it's really a restriction on the form. You have to take into account something else while you're forming this painting. The hair, the eyes, whatever it is, have to be symbols, which—it's sort of funny to say this—are eternal in this way. In realizing, of course, that they're not eternal."

I've been concentrating on Lichtenstein's women and their men friends, although they were mostly painted five to eight years ago, because among all his images these are the ones that come closest to the bone in the matter of our response to his subjects: These clichés have the same marvellous blend of kitsch and allure as Hollywood musicals. And certainly the crucial problem in talking about Lichtenstein is the problem of how he deals with his subject matter and how it deals with us. His formal qualities are pretty evident and scarcely need to be dwelt on.

But there is one of these qualities that I would single out—his mastery of scale. He will, say, take a school copy book, with marbled cardboard cover and stuck-on label, and blow it up to a height of nearly five feet, and by the nicest choice of scale in this enlargement will give us almost hallucinatory feelings about the relationship of our scale to that of a supposedly familiar object.

His most dramatic use of enlargement occurs in the blown-up brushstrokes of 1965-1966, which constitute, I think, his finest series. To draw what may be a crude distinction, Lichtenstein operates on two kinds of clichés: on the one hand, those in the field of mass communications, advertising, strip cartoons, travel posters, and the decorative style of the Jazz Age; on the other hand, those in the field of fine art, beginning with Picasso and Mondrian. The brushstroke paintings evoke, of course, Abstract Expressionism but with the difference that they don't actually resemble the work of any particular Abstract Expressionist whereas the others are unmistakable parodies, "like a five-and-dime-store Picasso or Mondrian . . . a way of saying that Picasso is really a cartoonist and Mondrian is too, maybe." The brushstrokes, as he has said, aren't "really so much a parody of anyone's paintings, more an epitome or codifying of the brushstroke in itself." Indeed, they look less like anything done by Kline or de Kooning or Motherwell than like the marks that anyone might make in daubing a wall with a house painter's brush.

So it may be that we wouldn't relate Lichtenstein's paintings of brushstrokes to Abstract Expressionism if we hadn't already seen his takeoffs of Picasso and Mondrian. Knowing his ironic glosses on other art, we see his meticulous imitations of slashing brushmarks as a joke about the Abstract Expressionist cult of heroic spontaneity—maybe remembering Rauschenberg's joke of doing a free gestural painting in the Abstract Expressionist manner and then producing a duplicate. But the basic irony is simply the notion of representing the appearance of *any* spontaneous daub with obvious deliberation and care.

What is marvellous about the irony is that Lichtenstein's carefully conceived and executed reconstruction of an explosively violent brushmark looks much more explosively violent than the real thing. While ironical, this is not paradoxical. The explosiveness derives from the way the harsh colours are edged with black and by the sharpness of the shapes. But, as to sharpness, I personally feel that the violence derives, above all, from a metaphor that I always see in the shapes: teeth and other jagged, tearing instruments. I asked Lichtenstein whether he meant to put them there. He answered that he didn't. "I did notice that some of the edges of the brushstrokes looked like explosions and things, but I really wasn't thinking of any other imagery except the obvious."

Here, for a change, he is utterly decisive about what the paintings mean to him. It turns out that something that for me is the most impressive feature of his most impressive paintings is something with which he is flatly unconcerned.

In the brushstroke series, as in the cartoon images of love and war, Lichtenstein takes subjects with a high, emotional charge and deals with them as commercial art would—"by a very removed method," as he puts it. "It's really not so much that I really use that method but that it appears as though I've used it and as though the thing had been done by a committee."

I feel that his best work is generally work in which there is this contradiction between cool in the treatment and soul in the subject matter—as against the still lifes, the landscapes, and the parodies of Jazz Age ornament. It is a contradiction that corresponds to one of our most needed mechanisms of defense: to joke about what we mind most about.

Lichtenstein's method of doing this is the inverse of Jasper Johns's, the artist whose ironic use of common emblems showed the way to Lichtenstein and the other creators of Pop. Johns takes cool subjects and paints them with soul, or what looks like soul. Lichtenstein takes soulful subjects and paints them with cool, or what looks like cool.

Tip sheet (Continued from page 159)

Music

MORE SWITCHED-ON BACH AND HIS FRIENDS: Sire: *Switched-on Bach.* Trainer: Walter Carlos with assistant Benjamin Folkman. ***Fast pacer.*** WILL DO WELL IF CAN OUTDISTANCE SIRE. RUNS WITH MOOG ELECTRONIC SYNTHESIZER. OWNER: COLUMBIA RECORDS. DATE OF RACE: SOMETIME THIS FALL.

CHAMBER MUSIC SOCIETY: **New entry at Lincoln Center, New York, at opening of new track, Alice Tully Hall.** Society has especially engaged group of international composers, including Ginastera, Chavez, Milhaud. ***Among fresh jockeys: Isaac Stern, Pinchas Zukerman, Leonard Arner, Richard Goode.*** MEET OPENS OFFICIALLY **OCT. 17.** WILL WIN GOING AWAY.

Ballet

STUTTGART BALLET: Will run **on U.S. tour only on off-New York City tracks.** Handicappers give it fast time, railbirds who watched races in New York City recently saw Marcia Haydée and Richard Cragun run the race of their lives. ***Top Trainer: John Cranko, who has own methods, doubles also as choreographer.*** RUNS AT BALTIMORE, MARYLAND, FIRST OPENING **OCT. 4.** IN THE STANDS, SOL HUROK. ODDS-ON FAVOURITE.

NEW YORK CITY BALLET: Railbirds believe tiring in the stretch. Top Trainer: George Balanchine, who brought up the entire stable. ***Best new ballet of spring season repeating as always a winner: Dances at a Gathering, sired by Jerome Robbins.*** IN THAT RACE—ALLEGRA KENT, PATRICIA MCBRIDE, PLUS EDWARD VILLELLA. TRACK OPENS IN N.Y. **NOV. 18.** ODDS-ON FAVOURITE.

Television

FROM HERE TO THE 'SEVENTIES: Television stake race on NBC track. A special, reviewing the '60's with predictions for '70's. ***Jockeys include: Paul Newman, Chet Huntley, Aline Saarinen, David Brinkley.*** LONG SHOT. MAY NOT RUN DISTANCE. TUESDAY, **OCT. 7.**

THE SURVIVORS: New filly on ABC-TV **track in an hour series.** Sire: Harold Robbins, stud whose other offspring are *The Adventurers* and *The Carpetbaggers.* ***He made it big with public but never with the wise money on book and movie tracks.*** AMONG THE JOCKEYS: LANA TURNER, GEORGE HAMILTON, KEVIN McCARTHY. MAY PROVE TO BE A DOG. SCHEDULED START, THIS FALL.

WOODY ALLEN: Neurotic horse running for the first time as star on television at CBS track on **SEPT. 21.** Has curious form with low-toned hustle. Weak hocks. ***Flashing with him in same stake race: Candice Bergen, The 5th Dimension, with evangelist Billy Graham.*** NO ODDS QUOTED.

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